Saturday Review

May 6, 1967 35¢

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PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE FINE ARTS

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If you're going to Scotland, take a bottle along.

That may sound like carrying coals to Newcastle, but the plain fact of the matter is that so many Americans have made 12-year-old Chivas Regal their brand, it's a very rare item in the country of its birth.

So, if you bring a bottle along, two things will happen. You'll have your favorite whisky. You'll be able to show a friendly Scot that even before you arrived, you appreciated the best his country has to offer.

Of course, you might create a small problem. "Who knows more about Scotch whisky than the Scots?" the question used to run. Maybe there's a new answer. The Americans.

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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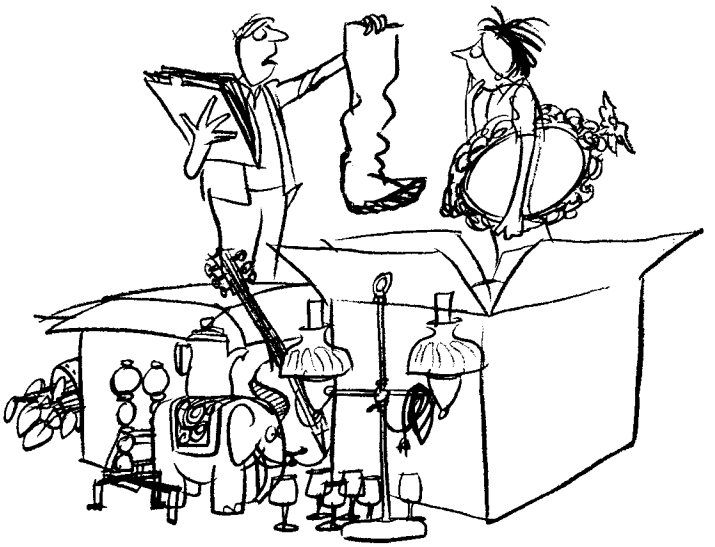

1. *I knew this would turn up when we moved.*

I threw the other one away last week.

2. *What happened to the decoy your mother sent me?*

I found it in the freezer.

3. *My hunting license was in the stuffed owl.*

The stuffed owl was in your overnight bag.

4. *Well, there's one thing we won't have to hunt for when we move—and that's an Equitable Man. With over 800 Equitable offices across the U.S., there's always a Man from Equitable nearby when you need Living Insurance service.*

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(Advertisement)

The woman's name was Erica Wallach. She left her American husband and two babies in Paris in 1950, and crossed into East Berlin to seek word of her foster parents, the Fields, who had disappeared. There, she was jailed as an American spy, held for two years, often in solitary confinement, interrogated nightly, and tortured.

Then there was a "trial," a death sentence, and eventually commutation—15 years hard labor in a Russian camp in Vorkuta, north of the Arctic Circle, a location more dreaded than Siberia.

Throughout (she was finally released in 1955), Mrs. Wallach kept both her femininity and her sense of humor. Her relationships with her jailers varied. For some she had nothing but fear or loathing, for others interest, even a kind of mutual attraction, for a few sympathy. She taught herself Russian, learned how to work, formed lasting friendships with her fellow prisoners, found something to laugh at—and so saved her sanity—in the most unlikely situations. Her book is called *Light At Midnight*. "Her descriptions of life in the Arctic tundra—58° below zero—are utterly absorbing," said the *Virginia Kirkus Bulletin*. "This is," *Publishers' Weekly* wrote, "an unforgettable record of one tough, brave, clever woman's experiences in Russian prisons."

Mrs. Wallach describes herself as an ordinary woman in an extraordinary world. The reader may disagree with the first part of the description. But she is unquestionably a person one can identify with. And somehow, out of the midnight of her five years' imprisonment, she has brought light.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Light At Midnight ($5.95), by Erica Wallach, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 48 Maryland Plaza, St. Louis, Missouri 63108.

Saturday Review

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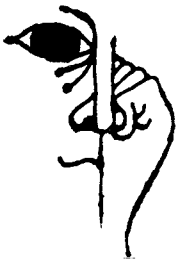

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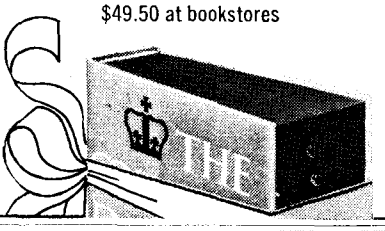

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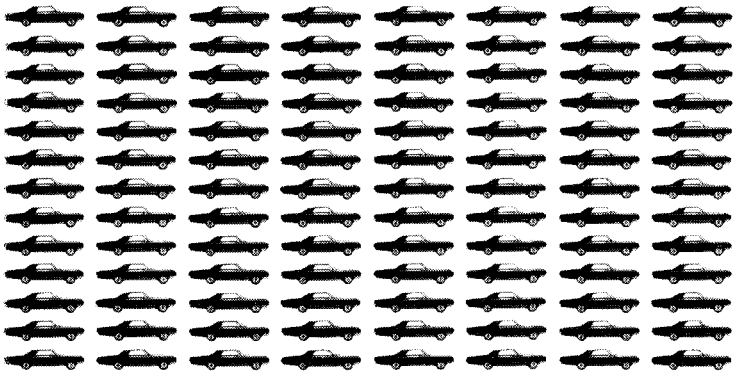

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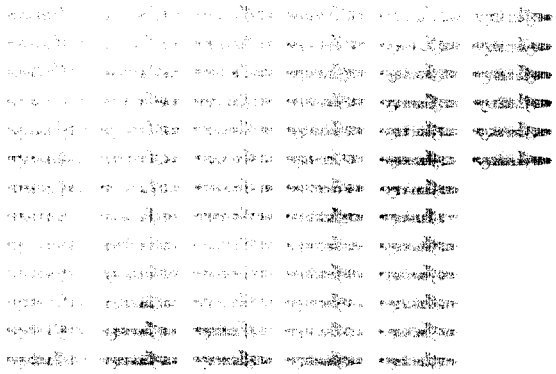

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We mention this because we can't have you thinking we may be out of shiny new Plymouths if you come in for one.

Maybe No.1 knows how far we've come, at that.

If we were all that small, he wouldn't have run those ads in the first place.

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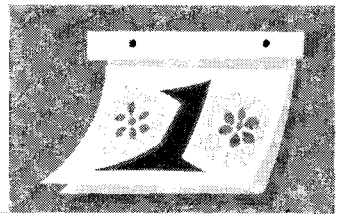
First of the Month



APRIL WAS THE MONTH of Oscar and Twiggy, of NASA and NATO, of AFTRA and EXPO. And even aftra the strike was over, and aftra the break of pay, Mr. Huntley's idea of a union for all news media was, we thought, particularly medium. Think of a strike of *them*—no news at all—just rumors and, of course, re-rumors.

• • •

As for New York's midmonth demonstration against the Vietnam war, it actually might have profited by no reporting—at least of the kind it got. ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE, said the reports, CROWDS NOT AS LARGE AS EXPECTED. We were there from early morning until late afternoon, and can testify that the only thing you could believe from such reports is that they emanated from the sources you might have expected. We would put the figure at well over 250,000 people—despite the inevitable handful of highly publicized, tasteless fanatics, easily the largest, best-behaved, and most moving demonstration we have ever witnessed for or against anything. And, for once, even the opponents of the marchers, seeing all kinds of people—older people, middle-aged people, and children—could not call it beatnik. So Secretary Dean Rusk promptly called it Communist-supported. Poor Secretary Rusk.

The simple fact is that the feeling against this war is very deep, it is very strong, and it is growing, every day, steadily deeper and steadily stronger. And it is inspired, if at all—because the war isn't very inspirational — by the equally simple fact that a constantly growing number of people are constantly growing more and more disturbed about it. The sooner Secretary Rusk understands this, the better.

• • •

It was quite a month for Robert Shaws. There was, first of all, the American Robert Shaw, one of three internationally acclaimed maestros who began rehearsals for the Cincinnati May Festival Concerts, May 19 and 20. Then there was also the appearance of the other Robert Shaw—the able English actor and author—who blew into New York and delivered a tirade against directors. In his entire life, he said, he had had only three good ones—and even they were frustrated actors.

• • •

On the critical front, it was the month of producer and director Otto Preminger vs. the critics in the matter of *Hurry Sundown*. On program after program, Mr. Preminger defended his movie by simply reading, every time an unfavorable criticism from a white was mentioned, a favorable comment from a Negro newspaper. The possibilities here beggared the imagination. We could hardly wait, for example, to read the African press reaction to that far more remarkable motion picture, *Africa Adio!*

All we know is that after a long conversation with the makers of this film Gualtiero Jacopetti and Franco Prosperi, we are satisfied with their statement that what is sensational is not only the film but also the facts. At one time they were lined up against a wall and a firing squad was taking aim—when they were saved by a native soldier "Don't shoot!" he shouted. "They're no whites! They're Italians!"

• • •

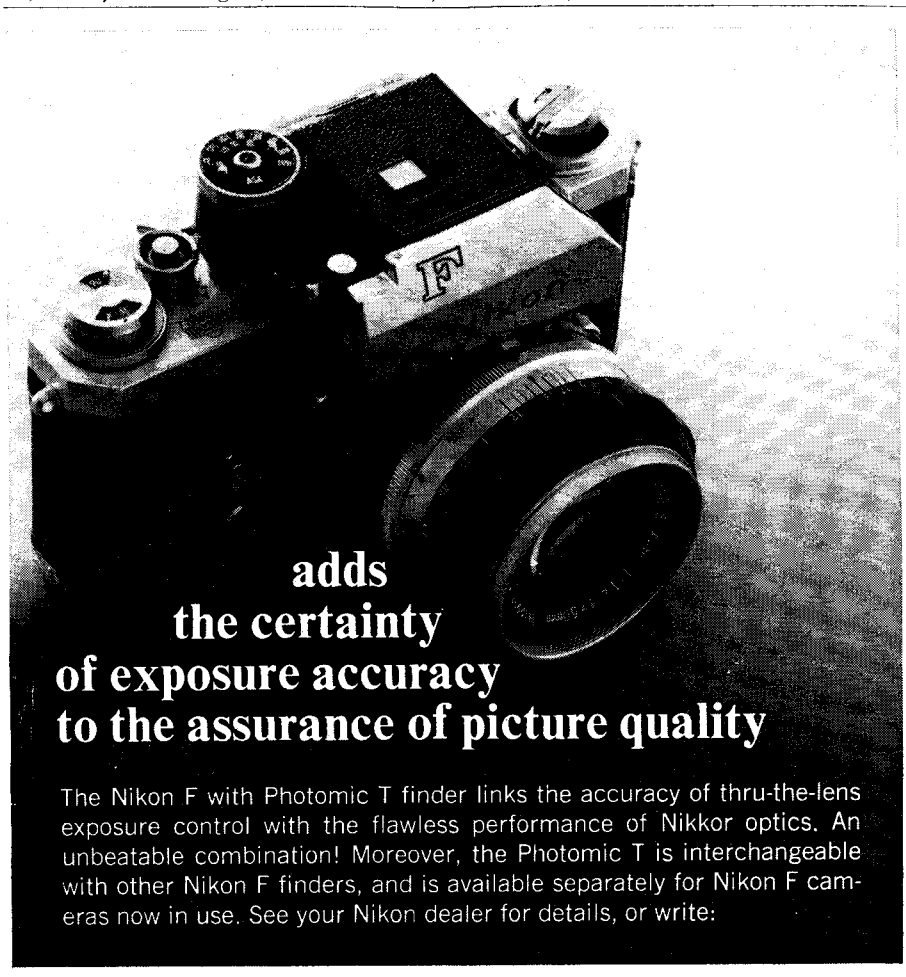
On the music front, we liked best the claim, on the part of Jerry Blaine, the president of Jubilee Records, that the sale of Adam Clayton Powell's record *Keep the Faith, Baby*, had been adversely affected by Mr. Powell's recent attitude. "If Mr. Powell," Mr. Blaine said "would only show a little bit more humility, it might help the sale of the record." The question was, of course, would it keep the faith, baby?

• • •

Down in Denton, Texas, on a lecture trip, we discovered that the town has elected for State Treasurer every two years for twenty-four years a man named Jesse James. The only close election was several years ago when, against Jesse, they ran a man named Warren G. Harding.

• • •

Meanwhile, out in Detroit during the month, Frank Gillie, a publisher, announced a new monthly magazine called *The Kennedy Letter*. It would, Mr. Gillie told *Insiders Newsletter*, be a magazine entirely devoted to Kennediana including every month not only fourteen pages of "news and features about the family," but also "two pages each month set aside for original material." The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Bernard B. Fall's

...on VIETNAM

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"Of the first edition of this book [now in its 9th printing] I said at the time that it struck me as the best balanced analysis of a complex situation I had yet read. I repeat it of this second (and, lamentably, last) edition. A good book has been made better, driving home how severe a loss Dr. Fall's death has been to objective reporting and analysis from Vietnam."—John Barkham, *Saturday Review Syndicate.* This extensively revised and expanded new edition remains the most authoritative and up-to-date work currently available. $7.95

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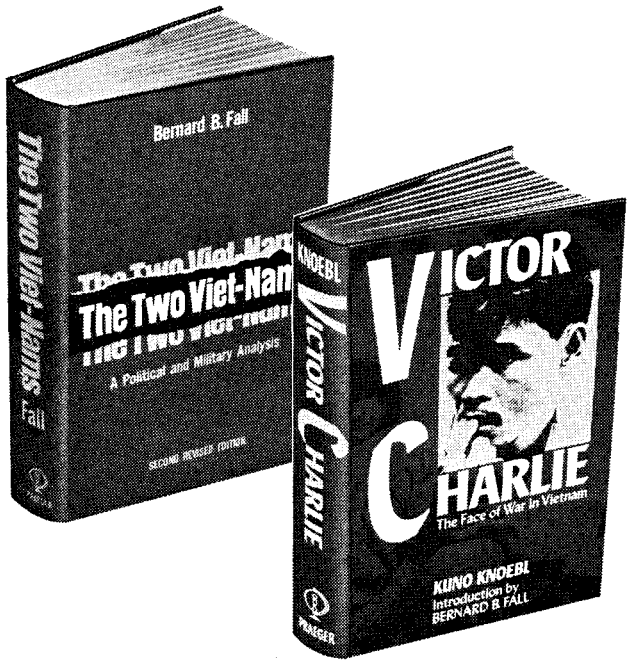
By KUNO KNOEBL. Introduction by Bernard B. Fall. "What we have here is the firsthand testimony, from direct observation in both camps, by a European neutral who is more concerned with people and what war does to them than with grand strategy. . . . He describes in detail the death by torture at Viet-Cong hands of a South Vietnamese Government informer. But Knoebl, firsthand observer, can also write that the South Vietnamese, and the American observers who advised them, 'failed miserably' in rising to the Viet-Cong challenge and were prisoners of their own self-delusions." — Bernard B. Fall, in the Introduction

"The great virtue of Kuno Knoebl's *Victor Charlie* is that he has seen the Viet-Cong from both sides of the lines — from the jungles where the Viet-Cong guerrillas operate and from the American lines where we attempt to grapple with them. . . . Kuno Knoebl's impressionistic reporting seems to me to bring out the feeling of the confused and tragic conflict as well as any reporting which I have seen lately." — Harrison E. Salisbury of *The New York Times.* $5.95



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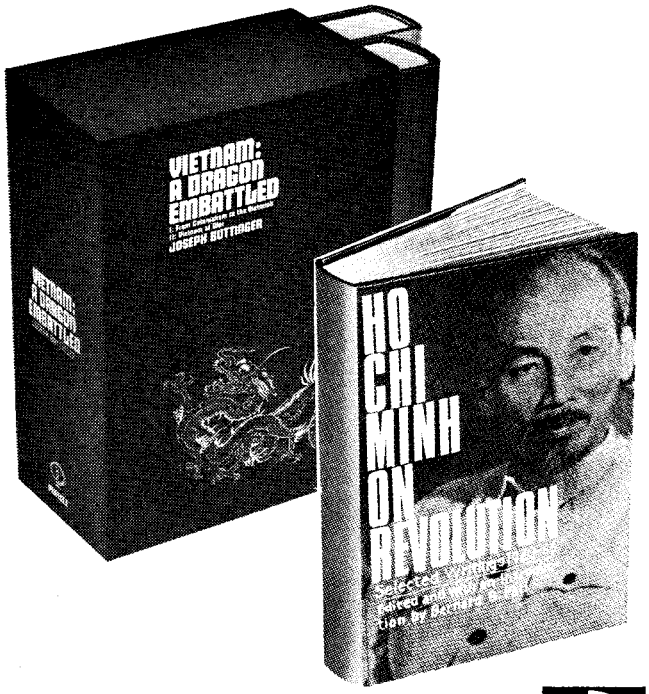

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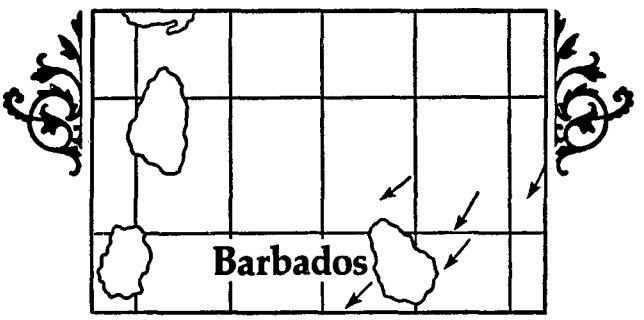
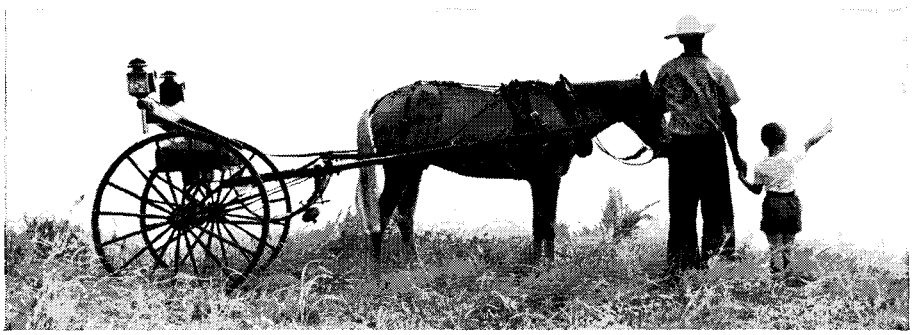
Why does Barbados have such low summer rates when Barbados has no summer?

Devilishly hot competition.



This map shows why Barbados doesn't get hotter in the summer. As the eastern-most Caribbean island it gets all the cool, refreshing Trade Winds first. Temperatures are always 70° to 85°, with sunny skies. And low humidity. In Barbados there are hundreds of new sights to see, new memories to keep, new things to do.



Order flying fish for dinner. Swim in two seas (the Atlantic or Caribbean). Cheer a cricket match. Stay in a buccaneer's castle, club, hotel or guest house. Come enjoy our British tradition and charm. Come where friendly people are delighted you came—and sorry to see you go. Come to Barbados—the singular island with the hot summer rates, though it gets no hotter in the summer.

Barbados

For complete information consult your travel agent or write
Barbados Tourist Board, Dept. SR4, 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

name of Mr. Gillie's publishing firm is American Data Processing Inc., a company which ordinarily puts out technical periodicals. All of which worried us. For one thing, we were afraid that those two original pages might be only *technically* original.

• • •

On the art front, the Andrew Wyeth Exhibition at New York's Whitney Museum came to a close—probably the most successful one-man show in the history of art. On the day we were there, we were lucky enough not only to be able to get reasonably near the pictures but also to corner, for a few moments, Mr. and Mrs. Wyeth—two of the most gracious people we have ever met in any field. Among other things, Wyeth told us that his father, N. C. Wyeth, was a firm believer in the proposition that no college has ever produced a great artist. "My father," he told us, "said your emotions are formed between the ages of seven and eighteen. And if you squander those years in a schoolroom, it may be all right—if you paint schoolrooms. But that's all."

Andrew started to tell us that he himself had left school after the first grade, but his wife gently interrupted. "I'm sorry," she said. "But I went to Andy's first grade teacher the other day and she said that Andrew did *not* complete the first grade." The Wyeths' son, Jamie, also left school at twelve—and, curiously, in order to get Jamie out of school, his father had to go to the same man that *his* father had gone to about him. The man considered the case of the son purely on the merits of the father. "Andy," he said, "I guess you did all right. So I'm going to let Jamie go, too."

Only once have Andrew Wyeth's educational shortcomings caused him embarrassment. This was on the occasion of his receiving, some years ago, an honorary degree from Harvard. With the ceremony in progress, just before Wyeth was to step up to be honored, Harvard's President Nathan Pusey suddenly turned to him, biography in hand. "Where," he whispered, "did you go to school?" "I didn't," Wyeth whispered back gently. "No," Dr. Pusey whispered nervously, "I don't mean college—I mean *school.*" "I didn't go there, either," whispered Wyeth, by this time as nervous as Dr. Pusey. "No, no," whispered Dr. Pusey, by now desperate, "I mean *grade* school." "Oh," said Wyeth firmly. "Why didn't you say so in the first place? There I *did* go." —CLEVELAND AMORY.

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You'll meet them all in this entertaining book about one of America's most colorful and least-explored national adventures. *With Brass and Gas* . . . the reading adventure of the year. Don't miss it!

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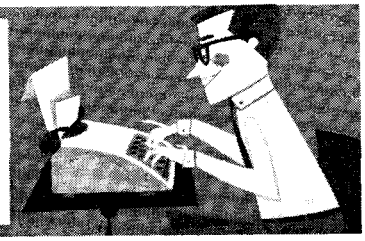
Top of My Head



An Old Story

ON A RECENT TV program David Susskind and a panel discussed in depth the effects of an old blacklist which existed in the McCarthy Fifties and which still insidiously lingers. The program was titled *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been.* Even today, the panel sadly concluded, although the list as such does not exist, there still remains an ineffaceable check mark against names that once appeared on the original list.

But here in the late Sixties there has sprung up a more secretive and invidious list. It came to light when the Department of Labor reported that in the midst of a booming economy in 1966, with industry scouring the campus and countryside for manpower, only 8.6 per cent of all new employees were forty-five years old or older.

This list is known as *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been Young?* It is designed to separate the boys from the men, the freshman from the fogram, the Head Start from Medicare.

The new list, however, has one saving grace. Where the old one assassinated character, this one is only a people-killer. Mature men and women are discovering that being young at heart (unlike neatness) does not count. For the losers the dirty word today is Mature. Once upon a time it was only a word that went with Victor.

Some time ago an advertising agency, Deutsch & Shea, Inc., placed a double page in this magazine defending the citizens who through some misbecoming misadventure were misbegot in the early 1920s. The ad decried the word that is going around the market places that "If you're over forty-five, don't call us, we'll call you." It works this way:

"Well yes, sir, we do have a chair open at the moment. You're lucky to have dropped in. By the way, how old are you?"

"Ninety-one."

"Oh. Well—uh—well, I'll tell you Mr., uh—where did I put your card—yes, here it is. Well, Mr. Casals, you see we're holding auditions and we'll notify you when we have them."

"Shall I call you?"

"Oh, no, don't call us, we'll call you."

Or this way:

"Yes, our magazine is looking for an illustrator. Have you any samples of your work?"

"I can bring them."

"Good. By the way, how old are you?"

"Eighty-six."

"Oh, well, we—uh—we are holding a sort of competition for the job. I'll be in touch. What is your name again?"

"Picasso. Pablo."

"Yes. Well, don't call us. We'll call you, Mr. Pablo."

"This reasonless rejection," the advertisement tells us, "was spawned in The Great Depression. Older workers were shunted aside to make room for the young in a stalled economy. Now, in 1967, a derivative of this thinking persists toward the person who is jobless and over forty-five. We have become the only nation in history to toss away mature ability and experience like a spent match. It is an extravagance we can ill afford."

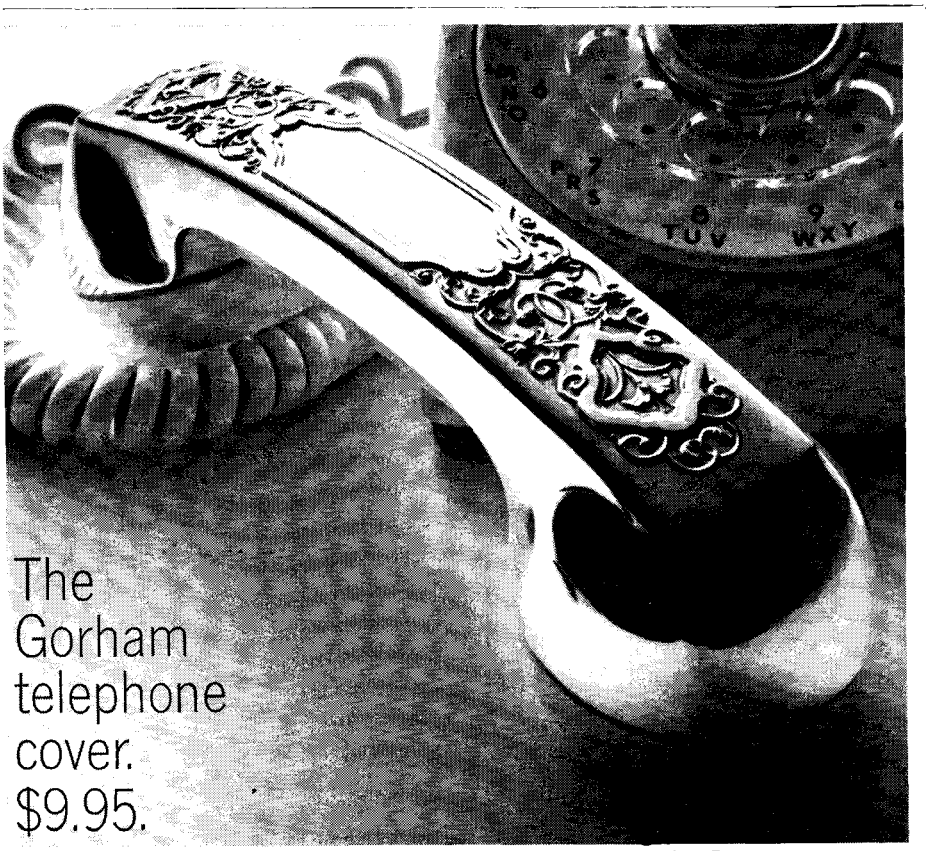
Aside from losing all this talent for his company, a personnel manager who is so preoccupied with pubescence that he won't hire anyone forty-five or over is doing himself a disservice. There is a saying: "The best way to look young is to hang out with an older crowd." If he hangs around the office with this array of striplings and debutantes, it won't be long till someone up front begins to wonder if the company doesn't need a younger personnel manager.

The chronology of years inexorably passing other years is chronic. There is nothing much you can do about it. In fact, today there are more years passing other years than ever before. Life expectancy now is more than sixty-eight for men, more than seventy-five for women. Which seems highly unfair, but with only sixty-eight at my disposal there is no time to go into that.

Medical science and tonics and lotions and plastic surgery have contributed their know-how to longevity, the nuclear bomb notwithstanding. And our President recently did his bit.

By proclamation, Mr. Johnson designated the month of May as Senior Citizens month. For once I doubt this is political. But the President's designating one month in their honor does seem to set aside Senior Citizens as a special group that needs looking after. The question: "Will he love them in December as he does in May?"

—GOODMAN ACE.



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BOOKS

Nonfiction

THE INTRUDERS: THE INVASION OF PRIVACY BY GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY, Edward V. Long. Praeger. $5.95 (*SR,* April 1)—To snoop or not to snoop, that is the question in this angry, authoritative survey by the Senator from Missouri of the history and techniques of eavesdropping.

THE MURDERERS AMONG US: THE SIMON WIESENTHAL MEMOIRS, edited by Joseph Wechsberg. McGraw-Hill. $6.95 (*SR,* April 15)—"Der Eichmann-Jäger" tells the extraordinary experiences of a life singly dedicated to the apprehension and prosecution of the more than 160,000 Nazi war criminals at large.

THE POLITICAL ILLUSION, Jacques Ellul. Knopf. $8.95 (*SR,* April 29)—For contemporary man's dangerous malaise of rushing to government with all his socioeconomic ills, a creative political thinker prescribes rediscovery of individual responsibility.

DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, Fred W. Friendly. Random House. $6.95 (*SR,* April 1)—The candid memoirs of the author's sixteen explosive years at Columbia Broadcasting System testify that "because television can make so much money doing its worst, it yet cannot afford to do its best."

MAIDEN VOYAGES: A LIVELY GUIDE FOR THE WOMAN TRAVELER, Rochelle Girson. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75 (*SR,* April 29)—With verve and wit *SR*'s book review editor delineates what every girl should know about vacationing abroad.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL 1872-1914. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.95 (*SR,* April 22)—The first volume in the personal narrative of a great figure of the Enlightenment manifests an impassioned and profound commitment to life.

THE PRIVATE SEA: LSD & THE SEARCH FOR GOD, William Braden. Quadrangle. $5.95 (*SR,* April 22)—An unusual assignment sends a distinguished reporter on a quest that culminates in a harrowing psychedelic experience.

CASEY: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CHARLES DILLON STENGEL, Joseph Durso. Prentice-Hall. $5.95 (*SR,* April 15)—For nostalgic fans who this year as well as last miss the double-talking, upstaging, living legend who provided baseball with some of its greatest moments.

LETTERS FROM VIETNAM, edited by Bill Adler. Dutton. $3.95 (*SR,* April 29)—This provocative collection of letters from the young men and women on the spot speaks frankly, bitterly, and with eloquence.

THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT: NOVEMBER 20-NOVEMBER 25, 1963, William Manchester. Harper & Row. $10 (*SR,* April 15)—A compelling, infinitely detailed record of the assassination of John F. Kennedy, from the chaos in Dallas to the agony in Arlington.

THE REDS AND THE BLACKS: A PERSONAL ADVENTURE, William Attwood. Harper & Row. $5.95 (*SR,* April 8)—A former member of the U.S. diplomatic team recounts his five eventful years as ambassador, mostly in a time of revolution, to Guinea and Kenya.

Fiction

THE BRIDAL CANOPY, S. Y. Agnon. Schocken. $5.95 (*SR,* April 22)—Structured like classical Hebrew picaresque fiction, this reissue of the 1937 English version of the Nobel Prize-winner's novel has nineteenth-century Galicia for its setting and concerns an impoverished father in search of three dowries.

THE CHOSEN, Chaim Potok. Simon & Schuster. $4.95 (*SR,* April 29)—A rabbi's first novel portrays the conflicts in the lives of two brilliant and serious yeshiva students, one led on by love, the other by unsparing severity.

THE EIGHTH DAY, Thornton Wilder. Harper & Row. $6.95 (*SR,* April 1)—Wilder's first work in nineteen years, a discursive novel of life in a turn-of-the-century Illinois town, demonstrates a creative power of abiding vitality.

JUSTICE HUNGER: A SHORT NOVEL AND NINE STORIES, Meyer Liben. Dial. $4.50 (*SR,* April 8)—A fusion of poetic vision and controlled diction evokes a unique and memorable picture of New York during the depressing Thirties.

THE DAY IS DARK AND THREE TRAVELERS: TWO NOVELLAS, Marie-Claire Blais. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95 (*SR,* April 29)—Two earlier works by the author of *A Season in the Life of Emmanuel* exhibit a poignant awareness of the sorrow and tragedy in the mortal adventure.

TALES OF MANHATTAN, Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95 (*SR,* April 8)—Keen insight and an urbane style mark these thirteen stories dealing with the world of wealth and social distinction.

AFTER THE WAR, Daniel Stern. Putnam, $5.95 (*SR,* April 8)—In a sensitive rendering of the painful transition from youth to maturity a girl poet, a drinking Irishman, and a disturbed lover prevent a young veteran from pursuing his philosophy of "disconnectionism."

THE 28TH DAY OF ELLUL, Richard M. Elman. Knopf. $5.95 (*SR,* April 15)—A prosperous family of Hungarian Jews negotiate a monstrous betrayal in a forceful tale of the effects of Hitler's "final solution."

JOHN AND MARY, Mervyn Jones. Atheneum. $4.50 (*SR,* April 8)—Examines with rare acuity the critical day-after-the-night-before when two lovers, newly met, must either move beyond an incidental affair, or move apart.

A RIDE ON THE MILKY WAY, Marguerite Dorian. Crown. $4.95 (*SR,* April 29)—In a glowing first novel a puppeteer with a magical touch enchants a child's summer and instills in her a dream.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE FINE ARTS—V, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. PFA's fifth exposure of amateur and professional works representing the preferences of its panel of museum directors. Through June 11 (see page 37).

THE PORTRAIT IN PHOTOGRAPHY: 1848-1966, Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University. In its first major photography show, the Fogg Museum divides honors with the Carpenter Center of Visual Arts for a seventy-five print selection that makes a convincing case for the camera's special contribution to the art of portraiture. Through May 15.

Books

TEILHARD DE CHARDIN ALBUM, by Jeanne Mortier and Marie-Louise Auboux. Harper & Row. $12.95. A sensitive blending of image and idea turns the life of wisdom into a dramatic human document.

THE AUSTRALIANS, by Robert B. Goodman and George Johnston. International Book Society/Time-Life Books. $18.50. This wide-angle view of life Down Under stars a fine complement of Goodman photographs.

MOVIES

ULYSSES (*SR,* April 1)—Utilizing a splendid company of Irish players, this skillful adaptation of the James Joyce novel provides a unique cinematic experience.

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE (*SR,* April 15)—Julie Andrews, Bea Lillie, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Carol Channing romp through the Twenties in a madcap story of white-slavery and the single girl.

ACCIDENT (*SR,* April 29)—The distinguished director of *The Servant* scores again in a subtle examination of the erotic tensions in a middle-aged academic community.

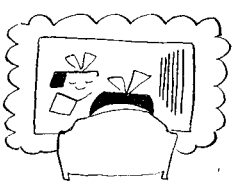
Also TAMING OF THE SHREW; BLOW-UP.

THEATER

WAR AND PEACE; BLACK COMEDY; THE HOMECOMING; THE WILD DUCK.

ART

JACKSON POLLOCK, at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Large retrospective exhibition of works by America's leading abstract expressionist painter, who died eleven years ago. Highly controversial during his life, Pollock now takes his place as the father of an important twentieth-century movement.



AMERICAN SCULPTURE OF THE SIXTIES, at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Representing virtually every new trend in three-dimensional art of the last decade, the exhibition includes eighty sculptors, some with as many as eight works. Pedestals, modest proportions, and modeling are out. Intense color, new materials, and new processes are in.

IN THE PRESENCE OF KINGS, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. An enormous exhibition of some 600 works, drawn almost entirely from the Metropolitan's own holdings, attempts to relate little-known and well-known objects in new context. Using royalty as its theme, the show spans 5,000 years of kingly power.

ART: AUTHENTIC AND FAKE, at the Graham Galleries, New York. About 100 works, half genuine, half fraudulent, underline problems related to art forgery. Paintings, sculpture, drawings, prints, and decorative objects from all periods and places are included. May 3 through May 20.

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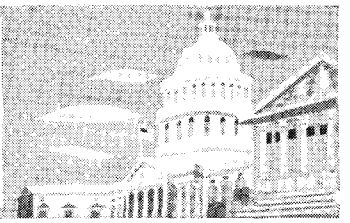
State of Affairs



Britain's Retrenchment

ON THE EVE of knocking on the door of the Common Market for the second time, Britain is in a very different mood from when it applied in 1962. The economic crisis, with its harsh restrictions, is perhaps more than anything else responsible for this. Most Britishers are appalled to find themselves living in the only country in Western Europe that suffers from constantly recurring financial and economic troubles, and they are asking themselves why it is that countries across the channel—especially France and the Netherlands, which, after all, also had overseas responsibilities—are so much better off since having shed them. The oversimplified answer to many is that these countries got rid of these responsibilities. As a consequence, there is now a growing feeling that this sort of overseas ballast should be disposed of just as soon as seems decently possible.

The postwar generation has no real sentimental attachment to the empire days, nor any special desire for Britain to continue to play a world role. Empire history and its memories have sunk into the past much faster than one might have expected. Two world wars have impoverished Britain, and the judgment of many is that Britain is living beyond its means and should look after its own fortunes. This generation lacks the sense of responsibility that its parents still have for the world beyond the British Isles; its horizons are narrower and it is more self-centered. Overseas service was the biggest attraction of enlistment in the armed forces until very recently; now, with the increase of British troops being brought home from abroad as strategic reserves, it has become more difficult to keep men in uniform (enlistment is based on a voluntary system, not on the draft).

Of course, there are still a lot of people who believe that nothing has changed, who don't want anything to change, and who do nothing to help a change. There are also the new, imaginative entrepreneurs who believe Britain could afford to think big if only it did more to put its own economy in order. But there are not enough of them yet. And so there has developed a growing consensus that the next-best remedy for reforming the economy (which cannot be done overnight) is to drastically cut the budget. Since the substantial savings could be obtained most quickly by sharply reducing Britain's presence in the Far East, a major military withdrawal from the regions east of Suez is now in the cards. That is not something that will please the United States, Australia, or New Zealand, especially while the war in Vietnam continues with full force, but the pressures within the Labor Government, the Labor party, and the British press all favor it.

Prime Minister Wilson resisted these pressures for a long time. He firmly believed in a world role for Britain and its continued military presence east of Suez. The United States, too, has been anxious for Britain to preserve a world role. It continues to insist that Britain should not reduce its troops either in Europe or east of Suez, with the State Department saying that if a choice had to be made, cuts east of Suez would be preferable, while the Pentagon contradicts expressing a preference for cuts in Europe. With Mr. Wilson ready to opt for a role in Europe, and the British Treasury warning that drastic savings have become imperative, the choice has become obvious. The argument for British troops staying in Singapore and Malaysia at least while the war in Vietnam continues has not been palatable to many in the Labor party; one or two ministers have said publicly that all the British troops that were sent to defend Malaysia against Indonesia would be withdrawn as soon as their confrontation ended. This confrontation has ended now and very satisfactorily, and the main consideration for delaying the troop withdrawal is to avoid displeasing the United States.

Some members in the Labor party have also maintained that Mr. Wilson somehow committed himself to staying east of Suez as a *quid pro quo* for the financial backing President Johnson gave sterling. Mr. Wilson has denied time and again that this was the case, and a good argument can be made that the United States helped to save the pound out of self-interest—to preserve the dollar. But the suspicion lingers on that Mr. Wilson had to make certain commitments and was not quite as free i

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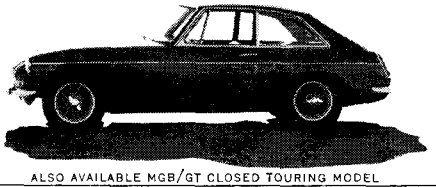

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making his own policy decision as he might have been.

Another reason underlying the current desire for disengagement in order to achieve economic solvency is the wish for greater independence from American policies. An illustration of that dependence, many believe, was the fuss Mr. Wilson's "disassociation" from the bombing of the oil depots near Hanoi and Haiphong aroused in the White House. In London, Mr. Wilson considered it a domestic political necessity to calm the tempers within his own party, but President Johnson considered it a stab in the back. The opinion in Britain was that only some sort of a commitment on Mr. Wilson's part, relating to the financial backing for the pound, could account for President Johnson's angry reaction.

However unrealistic, Britain's desire for control of its own policy decisions has grown. And it is unrealistic, because the idea of applying again for membership in the Common Market implies a far-reaching surrender of British independence. It came as a surprise to many —and not least of all to many in the Labor party—when it became evident that Mr. Wilson was anxious to enter the Common Market. The Labor party has for some time been less internationally minded than the Conservatives and until recently the majority in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet were against joining Europe. In fact, Mr. Wilson himself was always considered mildly anti-European, unconvinced that Britain's future lay with Common Market membership. I am not certain what made him change his mind, but it seems plausible that he decided that Britain's world role east of Suez is declining, and that sooner rather than later it will come to an end. At the same time, Mr. Wilson would not like to go down in history as the man responsible for having whittled down Britain to a "little England." He most likely came to the conclusion that the only part of the world where Britain has enduring interests and the prospect of exerting real influence is Europe.

Today this Europe is dominated by the austere and unbending figure of General de Gaulle. But the outward signs notwithstanding, the General will not live forever, and Mr. Wilson, in his own eyes anyway, seems likely to have a much longer political life. The actuarians would certainly agree with this view. Therefore if Mr. Wilson plays his cards right, he could, after General de Gaulle has gone, succeed him as the dominant figure in Europe. I would not be surprised if this idea has occurred to Mr. Wilson. —HENRY BRANDON.

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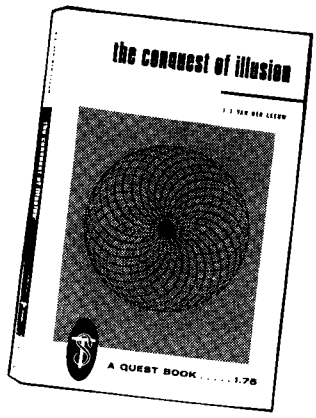

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Which way America? An upbeat answer to the "beat generation

The "hippies" are getting the headlines. The long-haired boys are making the scene. And draft-card burnings, campus riots and protest marches are what's happening, baby. Just look in any newspaper.

Is this the true picture of today's young Americans? Or is it a misleading image created by a small minority of widely publicized beatniks?

The fact is, most American youngsters are responsible, high-spirited, patriotic and unafraid of challenge, hard work and sacrifice. Exciting proof is in the resounding success of the "Sing-Out" explosion, the spectacular, unabashedly upbeat musical road shows sponsored by Moral Re-Armament.

"Sing-Out" is a lively and fun-packed production with a serious purpose: to debunk racial prejudice, satirize modern youth's kookier aspects and issue a rollicking call to patriotism and high moral standards.

In city after city, here and abroad, public response has been overwhelming, and thousands upon thousands of youngsters have volunteered to join the casts of "Sing-Out" companies.

The full story is told in the May issue of The Reader's Digest. "*Sing Out, America!*" is a heartwarming and vastly reassuring article. Just one of the many reasons why 50,000,000 readers will turn to The Digest this month, as every month.

Some other reasons:

Why TV is the way it is. Do you believe that wicked advertisers, stupid sponsors, deceptive audience ratings are responsible for all those bad programs? If so, you are wrong. "It is because of more complex realities that commercial television is as amenable to reform as the adult Bengal tiger." A report on where the fault lies, condensed from *Harper's Magazine*.

I was a Red Guard. "After we had denounced our teachers, we bound their hands behind them, put dunce caps on their heads, smeared their faces with ink and dragged them through the streets . . ." The first defector from China's rampaging teen-age hordes tells the exclusive and revealing story of a nation in chaos—and of Mao's ruthless betrayal of China's youth.

John Gunther on Brazil. "Multiform, variegated, prodigious Brazil is one of the most spectacular of countries, and the only nation in South America capable of becoming a great power." It is a gigantic land, with gigantic problems. A fascinating profile, condensed from the best-selling book *Inside South America*.

Everything But Money. Although Sam Levenson, the popular television humorist, grew up in a New York slum, he and his parents and brothers and sister considered themselves "the privileged poor"—rich in everything but money. Levenson writes about those early years with warmth, affection and stirring family pride. Condensed from the best-selling book.

Can local government be saved? Splintered and frequently incompetent, the ancient structure of village, town, city and county government that has been our mainstay for 300 years is suddenly falling apart. The reason: local government has shown itself unable to adapt to the 20th century. Here are the disturbing facts—which explain why the need to reverse this trend is one of the most urgent problems we face today.

The fight for America's Alps. "Everywhere the conservation issue is politically hot—but nowhere, in all probability, will it be hotter during the coming months than in Washington State's North Cascades. Here, in the last unopened corner of our country, we face the ultimate questions: What future do we want for the rei nant of wild America, and to whc shall we entrust it?" A provocati report, condensed from *The Atlan Monthly*.

Let's fight to win in Vietnam. A poli decision to hamstring our air pow has prolonged the conflict, is costing thousands of lives, billions of dolla Lift the restrictions, say military e perts, and we can destroy the enem war-making potential at its sour An incisive analysis, by The Diges Military Editor, Francis Vivian Dral

Also in the May issue:

Super-Cold: Hottest Thing in Surgery
The Case for Enlightened Sex Education
How to Get More Work Done
The "Blue Danube" Waltzes On
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What You Should Know About Flammable Fabrics
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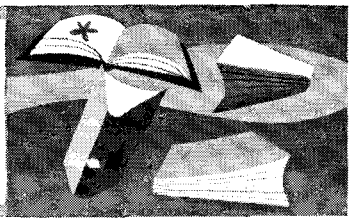
Trade Winds



The taxi drivers of New York City are getting a lot of criticism lately from the people. The city is investigating the situation and will soon come through with some recommendations for altering the system. Letters have been written to the local papers, even by such eminent residents as Alfred A. Knopf, who objects to radio-playing and smoking by drivers, and by such equally involved persons as Mrs. May M. Kirschner, wife of a cabbie, who defended her husband's profession and legitimately objected to the fact that *The New York Times* assigned its education editor to write about what's wrong with New York cabs.

We have very strict control of cabs by the Hack Bureau of the Police Department. I sent there for the rules and discovered a few interesting ones. Rule 2 states that "a driver shall not smoke while carrying passengers," so all Mr. Knopf has to do is cite it. Rule 57 says that the radio shall be turned off at the passenger's request, or if it is off, the passenger can ask that it be turned on and can specify what program he wants to hear.

One of the biggest complaints is that cabs seem to light up their off-duty signs just when they are most in demand. If you hail an off-duty cab, some-

times the driver will ask you where you are going before you get in. That is strictly against the rules (45c). If the cabbie has forgotten to lock the doors, you just jump right in and quote Rule 42c(1). He must take you where you want to go (unless it's outside city limits).

The driver does have a few rights, incidentally. Among them is the privilege of refusing to carry an unusual animal such as a chimpanzee or a boa constrictor (unless in a "suitable container"). The cabbie may also refuse a call when the would-be passenger is carrying an article which "would cause the vehicle to become stained or evil-smelling."

In his latest book, *Toys of a Lifetime*, Arnold Gingrich tells, among other things, about his never-ending search for the perfect blend of pipe tobacco. His wife was engaged in the search, too, and on one occasion she thought she could help by purchasing one of those variety kits that contain several basic kinds of tobacco. The smoker blends his own until he finds what he wants and then specifies that mixture from then on. Mrs. Gingrich went to Dunhill's in London and described what she wanted.

"Madam," the salesman asked, "where have you ever heard of such a thing?"

"Oh, I don't know, in America I think I've seen them, in store windows or ads, and I thought it would be sort of fun, because my husband—"

"Madam," he said carefully, "we English do not smoke for fun."

For fans of Edgar Rice Burroughs a biography called *The Big Swingers* by Robert W. Fenton is a must. The difference between the movie version of Tarzan and the way Burroughs wrote about him is interesting. In the book, *Tarzan of the Apes*, Tarzan, who thinks an ape is his mother, is in reality John Clayton, Lord Greystoke. He teaches himself to speak French—which was his first spoken language, not English.

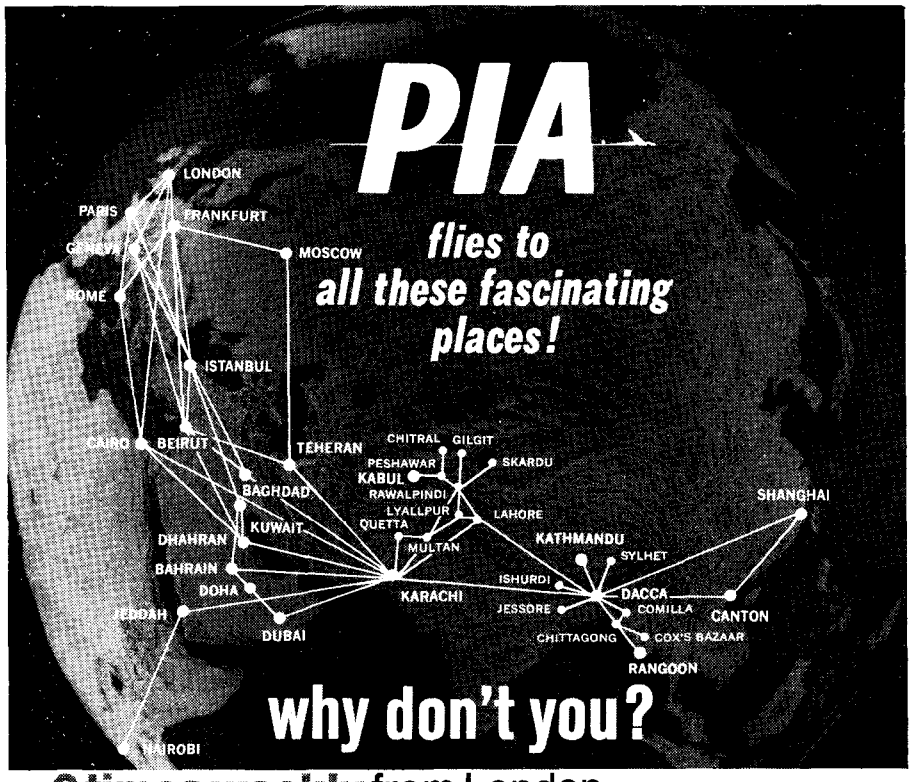
When he meets Jane Porter, who has been put ashore in Africa by a mutinous crew, he rescues her from a gorilla and then, "he did what no red-blooded man needs lessons in doing . . . smothered her upturned panting lips with kisses."

The rather tame "Me, Tarzan, you, Jane" exchange is from the motion picture only, not the book. In fact, *The Big Swingers* points out that the actual dialogue was merely, "Tarzan—Jane." There was no "me" or "you."

Fenton's book reveals that the world missed out on what might have been one of the greatest Tarzan movies ever. In the 1930s when Sol Lesser bought the rights from Burroughs to make some films, he found a clause that called for Burroughs's son-in-law, James Pierce, to appear as Tarzan in one of them. Pierce had been Tarzan on a radio show. Lesser found Pierce at the Hollywood Athletic Club, training for the part by trying to take off some weight.

It appeared hopeless: Pierce was just too fat to play Tarzan. Lesser recalls:

"I said that if he insisted on playing the role I would have to treat it as a



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to do a travesty in which Jane was the strong one and she would do things like boosting Tarzan up a tree . . . Pierce, realizing that he couldn't get his weight down, released me from that clause in the contract—and then I hired Buster Crabbe."

Sharps and Flats: Sign seen in Atlanta cafeteria: ROAST BEEF AU JUS WITH GRAVY.

► Of the ten men on the FBI's 1952 Most-Wanted-Criminal list, one is in prison. Two died in prison and a fourth was executed. The other six are out. (One was never caught.)

► Auren Uris, who is associated with the Research Institute of America, has written eight directional and inspirational books, of which the latest is *Executive Breakthrough*. He used to be amused when people got confused and asked him to autograph books by Leon Uris, no relation. Two weeks ago he rebelled when his son brought home from school a copy of *Exodus* which someone wanted signed. The boy took the book back the next day with the inscription: THIS BOOK HAS SOME MERIT AUREN URIS.

► On the steamships of the P&O Lines you can buy a dry Martini for 25 cents.

► Two GIs in South Vietnam have been sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of four Vietnamese, which means that some of our boys simply never learn the difference between the right time and the wrong time to kill somebody.

► I have been writing this column for ten years now, and I am grateful to Norman Cousins for many things; one of the biggest favors he ever did for me was to stop me from using the word *swell* as an adjective.

► Alfred D. Rosenblatt says, "Show me a nut who can't stop himself from going swimming and I'll show you a dipsomaniac." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1725)

PAUL WEST:
REVIEW OF J. R. R. TOLKIEN

(From *Book Week*, Feb. 26, '67)

Hobbitry must surely be seen to reflect the bad job the grown-ups are making of running the world. This, the future will say, was an age suffocated by its own conveniences: The people smelled good, never went gray, ingorged imperfectly understood chemicals; all other things it goofed up.

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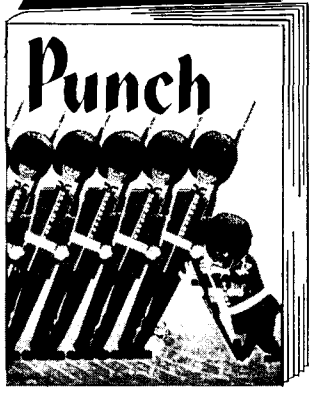

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

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THE MEANING OF MURDER. By John Brophy. Crowell. $5.95.

PRISONER'S BASE. By Celia Fremlin. Lippincott. $3.50.

VILLAINOUS COMPANY. By Ruth Fenisong. Doubleday. $3.95.

Fiction

DIARY OF AN OLD MAN. By Chaim Bermant. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

THE FALLING HILLS. By Perry Lentz. Scribners. $6.95.

FINDING OUT. By Thomas Baird. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75.

THE FLOATING OPERA. By John Barth. Doubleday. $4.95. (Revised edition.)

THE GIFT BEARERS. By David Walder. Coward-McCann. $4.

GREEN: A Novella and Eight Stories. By Norma Rosen. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

THE OLD MAN DIES. By Georges Simenon. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

THE PEOPLE VS. BABY. By Gertrude Samuels. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE SECOND INHERITANCE. By Melvyn Bragg. Dodd, Mead. $4.95.

WASHINGTON, D.C. By Gore Vidal. Little, Brown. $6.95.

A WEEK AT THE MOST. By Louise Field Cooper. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

YES AND BACK AGAIN. By Richard Grenier. Little, Brown. $4.95.

Government, Politics

THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY. By Samuel B. Griffith, II. McGraw-Hill. $10.95.

THE MAKING OF THE CONSTITUTION. By Charles Warren. Barnes & Noble. $15. (Reissue.)

History

THE BOMBS OF PALOMARES. By Tad Szulc. Viking. $6.50.

THE END OF THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER. By R. L. Storey. Stein & Day. $8.95.

ENGLAND AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH UNDER ELIZABETH. By Arnold Oskar Meyer. Barnes & Noble. $10. (New edition.)

LENIN AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Harold Shukman. Putnam. $5.95.

THE NINETIES: Glimpses of a Lost But Lively World. By the editors of American Heritage. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

NORTH AGAINST THE SIOUX. By Kenneth Ulyatt. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

THE POPULIST MIND. Edited by Norman Pollack. Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50.

THE RADICAL REPUBLICANS AND RECONSTRUCTION 1861-1870. Edited by Harold M. Hyman. Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IDEAS SERIES (eight volumes) and MEDIEVAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO MODERN CIVILIZATION (one volume). Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Barnes & Noble. Nine-volume set, $45; $5.50 each.

Literary History, Criticism

AMERICAN SOCIAL FICTION: James to Cozzens. By Michael Millgate. Hardbound, $7. Paperback, $1.95.

Miscellany

AFTER CARS CRASH: The Need for Legal and Insurance Reforms. By Robert E. Keeton and Jeffrey O'Connell. Dow Jones-Irwin. $4.95.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM. By Carlos Clarens. Putnam. $6.95.

THE STRANGE WAYS OF MAN: Rites and Rituals and Their Incredible Origins. By E. Royston Pike. Hart. $5.95.

TEACHING AN INFANT TO SWIM. By Virginia Hunt Newman. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

WASHINGTON OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN: A Guide to Part-Time Work and Study for the Educated Woman. Edited by Reyna Weisl, *et al.* Luce. Paperback, $2.

THE WASHINGTON WITS. Edited by Bill Adler. Macmillan. $5.95.

WILD SEASON. By Allan W. Eckert. Little, Brown. $4.95.

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Personal History

AS I RECALL. By Lord Boyd Orr. Doubleday. $5.95.

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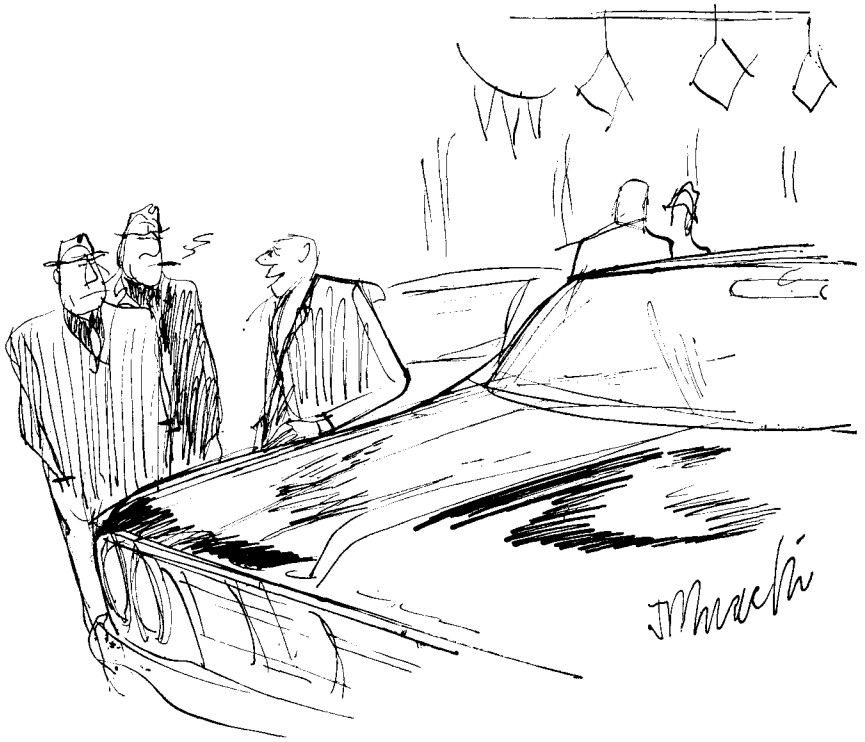
—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.



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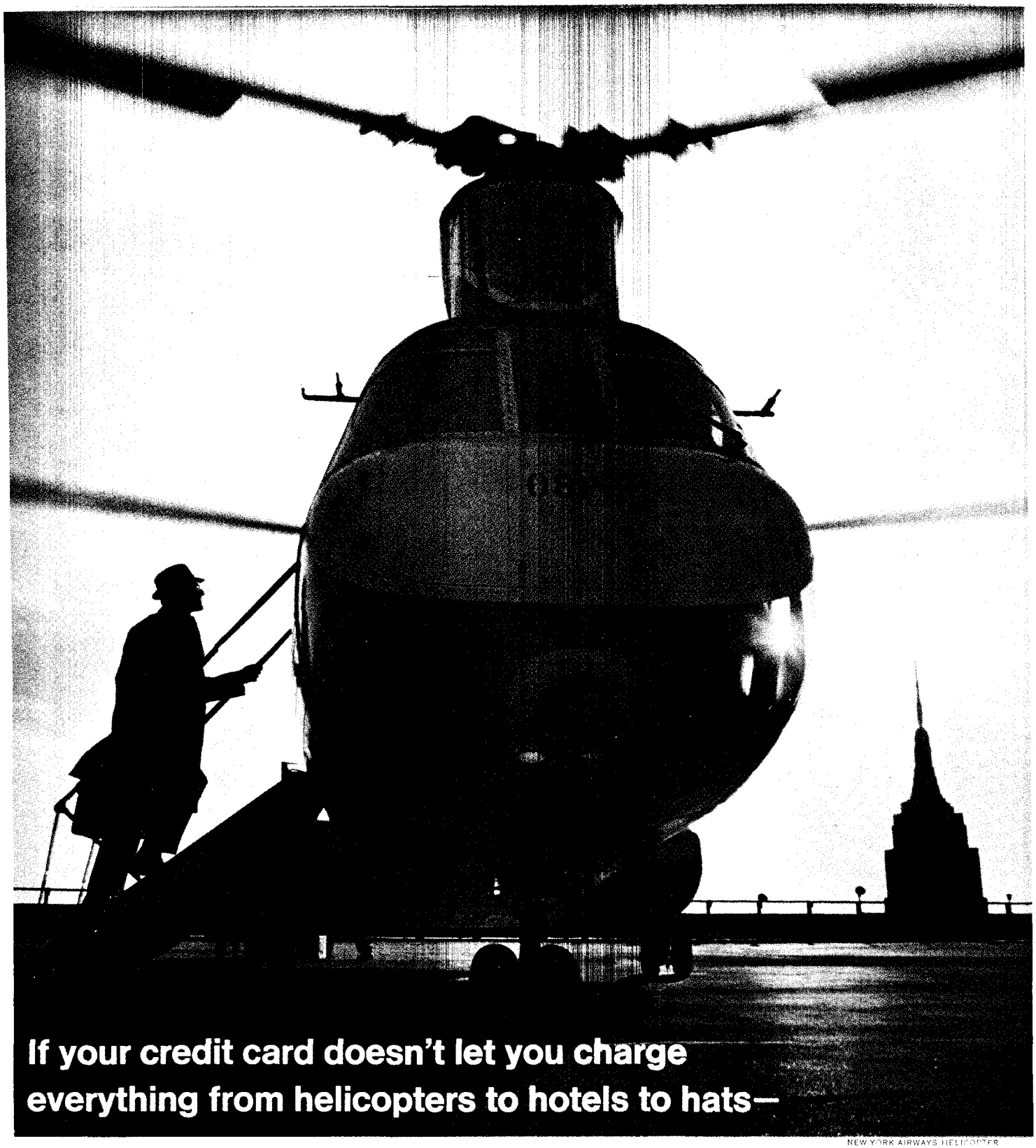

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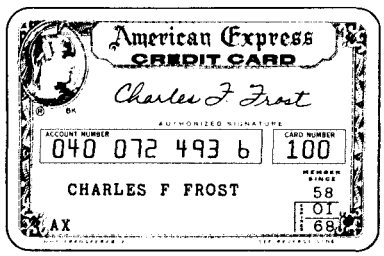

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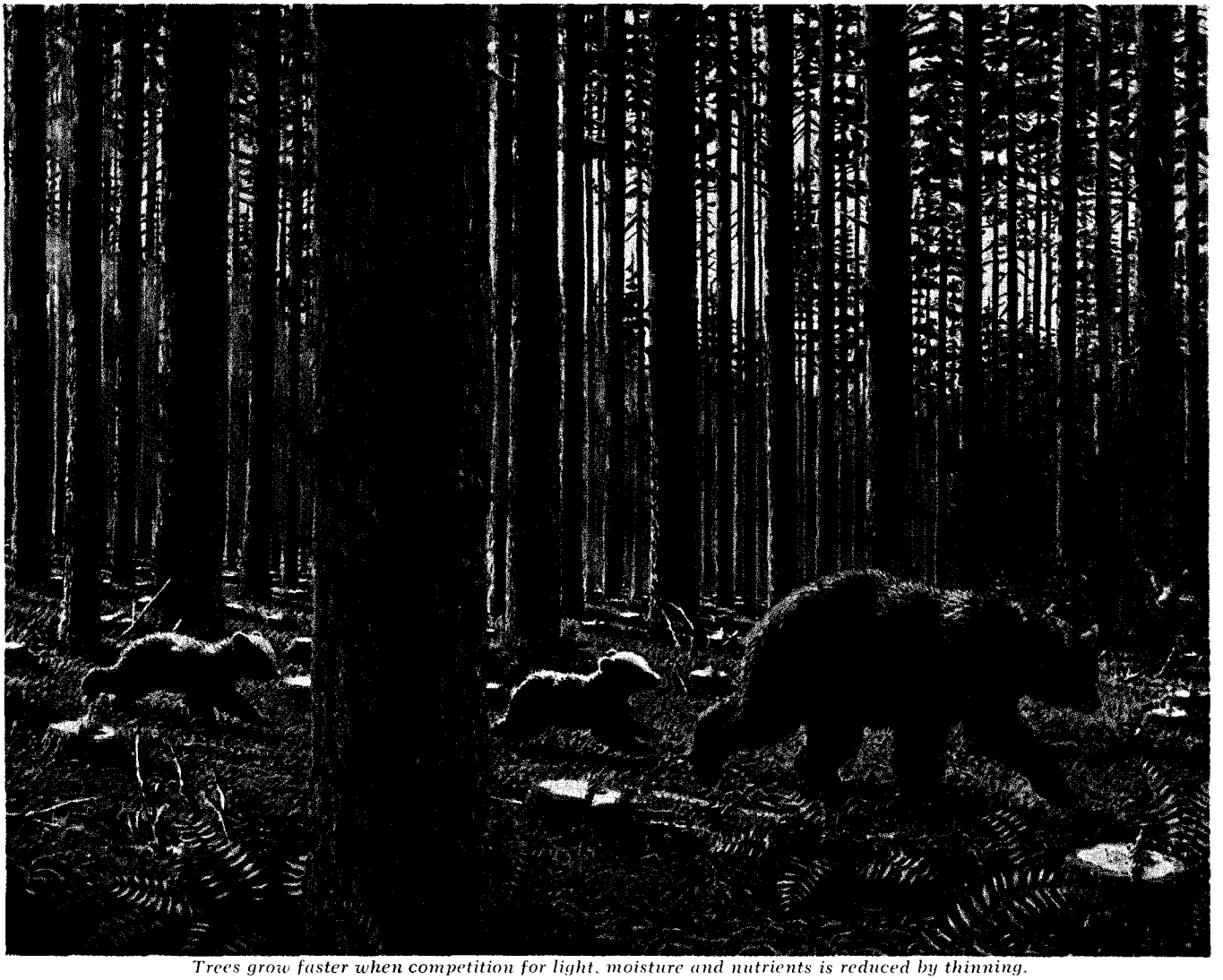

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Saturday Review
May 6, 1967

Must Writers Hate the Universe?

A perceptive critic reviews the case against the literary avant-garde—its emphasis on violence, perversion, and nihilism that seems rooted in contempt for the world.

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THERE ARE not many nations so indefatigably given to honoring men of letters that a cabinet minister would preside over a ceremony in which the principal speaker eulogized a *poet maudit* upon whose newly erected monument was inscribed the poet's own clarion call to his fellows: "We have set out as pilgrims whose destination is perdition . . . across streets, across countries, and across reason itself." Simultaneously, and in accordance with a French custom which always reminds me of the monkish habit of digging up old bones to make way for new ones, the name of a street was changed from that of a forgotten worthy to Rue Guillaume Apollinaire.

The cabinet minister involved was André Malraux; the sculptor of the monument was Picasso; the honored poet, Guillaume Apollinaire, was that champion of, successively, Cubism, Dada, and Surrealism, among whose own best known works are the volume of poems called *Hard Liquor* (*Alcools*), the novel *The Assassinated Poet*, and the play *The Breasts of Tiresias*. One of his more notable pronouncements was the prediction that the dominant influence upon the twentieth century might well be that of the Marquis de Sade—a prophecy which, incidentally, seems in the course of being fulfilled.

Even if we had in this country a Minister of Arts, we cannot quite imagine him officially honoring a poet who urged painters as well as men of letters to set out resolutely on a road leading to that pit of hell, the descent into which —so an elder poet said—is easier than the road back again. No, one can't imagine an American Minister of Culture doing that. In fact, the proponents of government support to the arts are most likely to fear that we would be, officially at least, oppressively pure, genteel, and middlebrow.

But if we are not yet quite up to the French in this respect, there is no doubt that the avant-garde, even when perverse and sadistic, is no longer without honor even in rather surprising quarters, and that mass-circulation magazines give frequent and extensive treatment to movies, plays, novels, and poems which in one way or another—extravagant concern with usually abnormal sexuality, violence, cruelty, or at least the nihilism of the absurd—seem to be headed along the road which Apollinaire bid them take.

In March 1966, Cyril Connolly, a leading English critic, was commissioned by the ultrarespectable *Sunday Times* of London to make a list of the hundred literary works which best presented various aspects of modernism in intellectual literature. He headed his list with that same Guillaume Apollinaire whom the French Minister of Culture was so eager to honor, and though it is true that his list does include certain works which are neither beatnik, sadistic, existential, nor sexually perverse, at least a half—and perhaps two-thirds—of them might, I think, be classified as guideposts to perdition.

Among them—and remember these are not offered merely as striking works of literature but as typical of the modern spirit—are *Nadja* (*Nothing*) by the surrealist André Breton; *Journey to the End of the Night* by the pro-Nazi and violently anti-Semitic Céline; *The Immoralist* by Gide; *Là Bas* by Huysmans; *Cruel Stories* by Villiers de L'Isle-Adam; *Les Illuminations* by Rimbaud; and many others more or less in the same spirit of world-weariness, world-hatred, or perverse indulgence. And he finds the quintessence of modernity in Baudelaire as translated by Robert Lowell:

> Only when we drink poison are we well—
> We want, this fire so burns our brain tissue,
> To drown in the abyss—heaven or hell.
> Who cares? Through the unknown we'll find the new.

Readers curious enough to consult the full text with Connolly's own comments on individual works will find that he calls Baudelaire's poetry "a beam of light glowing for posterity," even though, it would seem, the poet himself declares that he does not care whether it points the way to a heaven or a hell. Connolly also states that Breton, one of his heroes, proposed to "wring the neck of literature" and quotes with apparent approval the following sentence, of which it is said "nothing more surrealist has even been written": "Beautiful as the chance encounter on a dissecting table of an umbrella and a sewing machine."

Commenting on the list and Connolly's explanatory notes, *Time* (which certainly does not appeal to merely minority interests) remarks that though the list will seem perverse to many, it is, nevertheless, "an achievement in taste and learning."

I do not believe that more than a very small fraction of *Time*'s readers really share the convictions or admire the enterprises of such writers. Yet they are obviously much interested in them and they are timid about expressing any doubts. When they give deserved praise to, say, Tennessee Williams for his theatrical skill, they are half afraid of not taking seriously enough the implications of his extraordinary notions concerning

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sexual abnormality and are half convinced that their own normality needs to be apologized for. If a whole school of novelists (now a bit démodé) defines its conception of the good life as driving a stolen automobile at 90 miles an hour after a revivifying shot of heroin, almost nobody says merely, "Pooh," or, "Don't be silly."

Those of us who read such highbrow (or is it middlebrow?) weeklies as *The Nation* or *The New Leader* have come to expect a curious contrast between the front and the back of the book. Though the opening pages are full of schemes for improving the condition of this or that, the section devoted to the arts is occupied frequently by reviews of books, movies, paintings, and musical compositions which are bitterly cynical, pessimistic, and, by old-fashioned standards, obscene. This seems to reflect truly a similar contrast between the tastes and preoccupations of two different groups of "intellectuals." Most of them are either do-gooders on the one hand or, on the other, ready to entertain at least the possibility that the road to perdition is the wise one to take. If you are not a potential member of the Peace Corps, you are almost certainly a devotee of the absurd. You want either to rescue the underdeveloped countries or to explore once more the meaninglessness of the universe or the depravity of some version of the *dolce vita*. When *Time*, as it recently did, puts Sartre and Genet on its "best reading list" for a single week, neither of these writers can be said to be, by now, attractive to only a few.

DO I exaggerate either the violence, perversity, or nihilism of most of the most discussed modern writers or the tendency of even the mass magazines to select their works as the best or, sometimes, as only the most newsworthy books?

Let us look at a few excerpts from two or three publications which illustrate what I am driving at. Look first at a review in *The New Leader*. It concerned James Baldwin's so-called novel, *Another Country*, and it was written by the magazine's staff critic Stanley Edgar Hyman, who, though far from approving of the book, described it as follows:

> The protagonist of *Another Country*, a young Negro jazz drummer named Rufus Scott, kills himself on page 88, and the rest of the book is taken up with the adventures and misadventures, mostly sexual, of the half-dozen people who had been close to him. Of the important characters, only Rufus and his sister Ida are Negro, but almost everything in the book that is powerful and convincing deals with Negro consciousness.
>
> That consciousness, as the novel shows it, seethes with bitterness and race hate. "Let the liberal white bastards squirm" is Rufus's most charitable feeling towards Vivaldo, his best friend; his less charitable feeling is a passionate desire for the extinction of the white race by nuclear bombs. Ida is even fiercer. She regularly affirms, in language not quotable in this family magazine, the total sexual inadequacy of whites, as well as their moral sickness and physical repulsiveness. . . . The other Negroes in the book share this bitterness and hatred without exception. A big Negro pimp who lives by beating up and robbing the white customers of his Negro whore clearly does it out of principle; before robbing Vivaldo he stares at him "with a calm steady hatred, as remote and unanswerable as madness." The Silenski boys are beaten up by Negro boys unknown to them out of simple racial hostility and Richard, their father, automatically comments: "Little black bastards." Rufus's father, seeing his son's mangled corpse, remarks only: "They don't leave a man much, do they?" A musician who had been Rufus's friend, finding Ida out with a white man, calls her "black white man's whore" and threatens to mutilate her genitals twice, once for himself and once for Rufus.

Though *The New Leader*'s critic was by no means favorably impressed, the jacket of *Another Country* is able to cite the even better known and academically very respectable critic Mark Shorer, who called *Another Country* "powerful." Is that the adjective he would have chosen if this almost insane outburst of racism had been the work of some Southern Ku Klux Klanner—as it might easily be made to seem by reading "white" where Baldwin says "black" and "black" where he says "white"? Why is black racism "powerful," white disgusting?

Now for a movie, as admiringly described in *Time*:

> The *Naked Prey* spills more beauty, blood, and savagery upon the screen than any African adventure drama since *Trader Horn*. Squeamish viewers will head for home in the first twenty minutes or so, when producer-director-star Cornell Wilde swiftly dooms three last century white hunters and a file of blacks, attacked and captured by a horde of warriors from a tribe they have insulted. One victim is basted with clay and turned over a spit, another is staked out as a victim of a cobra.
>
> The only survivor is Wilde. In a primitive sporting gesture, the natives free the courageous white man without clothes, weapons, or water—and with ten stalwart young spearsmen poised to track him down. Hunted now, the hunter begins to run, and *Prey* gathers fierce momentum as a classic, single-minded epic of survival with no time out for faint-hearted blondes or false heroines.

It used to be said that the theater was often more searching, more bitter, and more "adult" than the movies ever dared to be. Today it can hardly keep up with them but it tries, as witnessed by this account of the latest play by a man widely regarded as Britain's leading playwright:

> *A Bond Honoured*, British playwright John Osborne's adaptation of an atrocious horror show by seventeenth-century Spaniard Lope de Vega, has a hero who commits rape, murder, treason, multiple incest, and matricide, and blinds his father—after which he is crucified in precise imitation of Christ. London's critics cast one look at the tasteless mayhem at the Old Vic and held their noses. Whereupon Osborne, thirty-six, flipped his Angry Aging Man's lid, firing off telegrams to the London papers. Osborne declared an

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end to his "gentleman's agreement to ignore puny theater critics as bourgeois conventions. After ten years it is now war, open and frontal war, that will be as public as I and other men of earned reputations have the considerable power to make it."

The account is again from *Time* but its pooh-poohing of this masterpiece got an angry reply from Kenneth Tynan, the drama critic who was for a time the regular reviewer for *The New Yorker:*

> Of the twelve newspaper critics, at least four held their breath. Herald Hobson in the *Sunday Times* said of Osborne: "He is not only our most important dramatist; he is also our chief prophet." According to Randall Bryden of the *Observer*, "The effect of *A Bond Honoured* in performance is marvelously theatrical." Allen Brien of the *Sunday Telegraph* thought it "a serious, ambitious, and valuable play which matures in the memory and fertilizes the imagination," while for Milton Shulman in the *Evening Standard* it was "a stunning parable with a magnificent theatrical impact."

"Excuse me, sir, your mama's on two."

Having glanced at a conspicuous American novel, a conspicuous movie, and a conspicuous play, let's look now at two serious American critics, taking first Leslie Fiedler. His well known contention is that the best American fiction from *Huckleberry Finn* to Hemingway and Faulkner is always concerned with a repressed homosexuality. In his most recent book he comes up with the following opinions:

> [On the death of Ernest Hemingway] . . . One quarry was left him only, the single beast worthy of him; himself. And he took his shotgun in hand, probably renewing his lapsed allegiance to death and silence. With a single shot he redeemed his best work from his worst, his art from himself.

> [Of President Kennedy and the arts] . . . John F. Kennedy, as Louis XV, seemed up to the moment of his assassination the true symbol of cultural blight; not only our first sexually viable President in a century, after a depressing series of uncle, grandfather, and grandmother figures, but the very embodiment of middlebrow culture climbing.

I have been leaning heavily on *Time* because it seems to me to be the publication which best gauges the interests, if not necessarily the opinions, of the largest number of literate Americans. But for a second critic—and, incidentally, an excellent example of the schizophrenia of the liberal weeklies—I will choose an essay by Susan Sontag, the most "in" of contemporary "far-out" critics. It was, paradoxically, published in *The Nation*, which has been for long the very paradigm of do-goodism. The article takes off from a discussion of Jack Smith's film *Flaming Creatures*, which is described thus:

> A couple of women and a much larger number of men . . . frolic about, pose, posture, and dance with one another; enact various scenes of voluptuousness, sexual frenzy, romantic love, and vampirism . . . to the accompaniment of a sound track which includes . . . the chorale of flutish shrieks and screams which accompany the group rape of a bosomy woman, rape happily converting itself into an orgy. . . . shots of masturbation and oral sensuality. . . . *Flaming Creatures* is outrageous and it intends to be. But it is a beautiful film . . . a triumphant example of an esthetic vision of the world and such a vision is perhaps always, at its core, epicene.

Just why an esthetic vision of the world is perhaps always, at its core, homosexual is not explained and suggests the same reply which Chesterton made to the estheticism of the Nineties. The art of those who professed it, so they claimed, was morally neutral, but, said Chesterton, if it really were neutral it would often find itself dealing sympathetically with respectability, virtue, piety, and conventional behavior. The fact that it never did treat any of these things in even a neutral manner was sufficient proof that the art of its practitioners was not morally neutral but actually—to come back to Apollinaire again—an invitation to take the road to perdition.

If Miss Sontag does not explain why an esthetic vision must be epicene, she does undertake to explain why modern art must be "outrageous": "Art is always the sphere of freedom. In those difficult works of art we now call avant-garde, the artist consciously exercises his freedom." This argument is obviously parallel with that favorite of the Sartrian existentialists, namely, the contentions that: 1) the unmotivated act is the only positive assertion of freedom; and 2) the best unmotivated act is one of arbitrary cruelty. Why this should be so I have never understood, nor do I understand why the freedom of the artist can be demonstrated only by the outrageous. In the atmosphere of the present moment, the boldest position a creative or critical writer could take would be one championing not only morality but gentility and bourgeois respectability. Even the article which I am writing at this moment will probably be more contemptuously or even vituperatively dismissed than it would be if I were defending sadism, homosexuality, and nihilism.

Look at how "square" and "fuddy-duddy" the American Telephone & Telegraph Company can be, as demonstrated by recent full-page advertisements which answer the question posed in headline type: WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT OBSCENE, HARASSING, OR THREATENING TELEPHONE CALLS? Doesn't AT&T know that one of the simplest beginner's techniques for achieving existential freedom in a splendidly unmotivated act is to make an obscene telephone call? From that one can easily work up

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LAST CHANCE FOR THE EVERGLADES

—F.S.N.B.

Campground in Everglades National Park—If, as authorized in January, a canal is "unplugged" along the park border, it "could complete the ruin of . . . a unique scenic and ecological treasure."

By WALLACE STEGNER

THE Everglades National Park, swarming with exotic bird life and crawling with delightfully shuddery reptiles, is a unique scenic and ecological treasure. Since 1961, it also has been a conservation issue of the first magnitude. For here a combination of inertia, conflict of interests, competing land uses, natural disasters, and human mismanagement have combined to place an incomparable million-acre preserve in danger of imminent extinction. This year may determine its fate.

Paradoxically, in view of the park's southern-Florida location—a region of usually heavy annual rainfall—the root problem is lack of fresh water. After a period of abnormally low rainfall beginning in 1961, the problem presumably was partially solved in March 1966 by an interim agreement between the National Park Service, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, and the Central and South Florida Flood Control District. The agreement guaranteed the Everglades's Shark River Slough minimal water when and as available until a permanent agreement could be worked out. The arrangement, however, did not guarantee that water would be provided through the Shark River Slough during low stages in nearby Lake Okeechobee or in the "conservation area" formed by the Corps' dikes.

A solution has now been postponed by an unexpected delay in completion of a study by the Corps of Engineers. The Corps had been scheduled to deliver a study report to Congress in June. Its report now has been postponed until fall. Meanwhile, at a meeting on January 24 involving Senator Holland and Congressman Fascell of Florida, as well as representatives of the Corps, the Park Service, the District, and other interested agencies, the decision was made to risk a major intrusion of salt water into the park by "pulling the plug" on Canal 111 on the eastern border of the park—something the park has been resisting, and the Corps, the District, and agricultural interests have been wanting for a year. If the decision sticks, this is a defeat for the park that could complete the ruin begun earlier by flood-control operations further north. The decision will probably stick unless every public pressure and some form of legal action are brought to bear on it, and unless the proposal of a diversion canal, made at a meeting in Jacksonville on March 24, should turn out to get all the contending agencies off the hook. That proposal is still under study as this is written.

WHY should anybody care? To answer this, one must know something of the history of the park and its present problems. The Everglades National Park, the most "unreclaimable" part of the watery wilderness stretching from Lake Okeechobee to the Florida keys, was authorized by Congress in 1939, and finally opened on December 6, 1947. It was a year of heavy rain, and floodwaters scouring the overdrained country south of the lake had badly flooded agricultural land and the Atlantic Coast communities. Even as the park received its first visitors, the Corps of Engineers was making preliminary proposals to Congress about a Comprehensive Flood Control Plan for central and southern Florida.

In the proposal were specific assurances to the new park: "The proposed plan of improvement . . . would not damage or interfere with this great national park as the purposes of the comprehensive plan are aimed at restoring and preserving natural conditions over areas which appear unsuited to agriculture. During large floods . . . substantial releases of water through the controlled Tamiami Trail embankment would result in flows into the national park area which would be similar to those which prevailed when the natural flood waters of the Everglades passed to the sea through that region. In dry periods it would be possible, because of the proposed conservation areas, to release water into the park area which would assist in reducing fires and other damages which accompany periods of drought. In brief, it is believed that this comprehensive water control plan and the national park plan are complementary features of federal activity necessary to restore and preserve the unique Everglades region."

As a result of this and other equally specific assurances, the director of the Bureau of the Budget and the National Park Service concurred in the plan, which was authorized by Congress on June 30, 1948. The entire Engineers' Report containing these assurances was incorporated into the act as HD 643. Presumably the Corps meant what it had repeatedly said while the project was under discussion. Nevertheless, it was tragic that the Park Service did not know enough about the ecology of its new area to demand more particular guarantees, for, as it turned out, the Central and South Florida Flood Control Project was not complementary to the national park; it was incompatible with it. Further, after construction began, the Park Service discovered that it did not have as much to say about pro-

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ject plans as it had expected to. It got to review plans already proposed, but if it objected to anything it had no power to get it changed.

As successive canals and levees cut off more and more of the slow ooze of surface water southward, the park, which was nearly all water, began to feel the drought, and it became ever clearer that what had seemed a simple, ageless swampland ecology was actually as fragile as a glacier meadow. It was balanced between land and water, fresh and salt, and a very slight upsetting of the balances threw countless interdependent communities of life out of adjustment and threatened the very thing for which the park had been created. Trying to make a partnership between that water-hungry swamp and a well-drained agricultural area was like asking for a partnership between a gar and an alligator.

On July 18, 1961, in the middle of a year of abnormally low rainfall, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall wrote to the Secretary of the Army expressing the Park Service's concern over the mounting effects of the water cutoff. He indicated his dissatisfaction with the way the park's needs had been ignored in project planning, and requested firm agreements covering amounts, places, and times of water release by the Corps and by the District. The Secretary of the Army let seven dry weeks go by before he replied. When he did reply, he said that in flood times the park would, of course, get the major part of the water, as in the past. But "during low-flow periods the water supply requirements may easily exceed the supply available and it may be necessary to allocate the available water to potential water users." The flood control project had become a reclamation project sympathetic to the needs of agricultural interests. Moreover, said the Secretary of the Army, the authorization for the Central and Southern Florida Project had placed the responsibility for water allocation "on the State cooperating agency"—the District, which was in direct competition with the park for water. And though the Corps had always considered coordination with the National Park Service essential, the Secretary of the Army added that "the authorization for the Central and Southern Florida Project does not provide for construction of facilities for the benefit of the Everglades National Park."

The West would have had a word for it: "euchred." The West would have had a law for it, too, since Western water law very early developed the right of prior appropriation. But Florida has no such law. And Florida had a land boom going in the regions north and east of the park which had been reclaimed by the Corps' canals and levees. Tomato growers got the water; the park stayed dry.

Through four years of continued drought, the sloughs dried up and the fish died by millions and the alligators and birds gathered to fewer and more savagely disputed holes. The Audubon Society and other conservation groups filled the press with angry questions, but the Corps steadfastly maintained that it had no authority to control any but the floodwaters. All other releases must be made by the District. Asked why, in infrequent flood periods, it continued to dump water into the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico instead of turning it into the desperately thirsty park, it said it had no authorization or appropriation to build structures or pay for pumping. Asked by what machinery it had turned control of all non-flood releases over to the state, it replied that it had given "formal assurances." Asked what those assurances were, and whether they were any more binding than the assurances of cooperation with the park incorporated into HD 643, the Corps did not, so far as I can discover, reply.

IN April 1962, Secretary Udall proposed a water study, to be made by the Corps, and in two successive resolutions in May 1962 and June 1963 the Senate Committee on Public Works requested it. That is the report which was to have been completed by June of this year and is now postponed.

Even if it had been completed on schedule, it was aimed at long-term solutions and could be of no immediate help. Meantime, 1962 was dry. It also saw the closing of the gates in the Tamiami Trail embankment and the complete exclusion of the natural flowage from the park. The year 1963 was dry; 1964 was dry; 1965 was dry. Yet in 1963 the Corps dumped 33,000 acre-feet of "excess" water through the Caloosahatchee and St. Lucie Canals into the Atlantic and the Gulf; in 1964 it dumped 163,000 acre-feet; in 1965, 186,000 acre-feet.

And in the park the remaining sloughs dried, the gator holes were fewer, thicker with suffering wildlife. Lacking their normal food, gators ate other gators. The crackling flats stank of dead fish and were lined with turkey buzzards, the only beneficiaries of the Corps' mastery of the floodwaters. Several years in succession the rare wood ibis, the only American variety of stork, abandoned their eggs and young to the crows because the food supply that must be within a few minutes' flight from the nest was simply not there. Destructive fires swept the River of Grass. Rangers, struggling to save what little could be saved while their superiors in Washington fought for water to rescue the park, blasted artificial gator holes in the limestone and captured a hundred or more alligators and a Noah's Ark selection of other wildlife and brought it to these inadequate sanctuaries.

In May 1965, the District was still releasing no water, the Corps was still declaring its helplessness. But the Audubon Society, which had been born of the struggle to protect the wading birds that had once made the Everglades a world wonder, had roused so much public protest that the executive director of the flood control district complained about the unfavorable publicity, including some in Miami papers.

By June, with the park in desperate circumstances, the Park Service had held meetings with Senator Holland, Representative Fascell, the District, and the Corps, and managed to get approved a sump-and-pump operation designed to provide 100 cubic feet per second of water for the parched Everglades. But no water source from wells within the park could be found, and the plan came to nothing. Even if it had, it would have been, as one conservationist remarked, like spitting on a forest fire.

By August, the grimly persistent Park Service and the growing chorus of public anger had forced the beginning of discussions to find some temporary relief. The interim agreement was finally worked out, and, on March 22 of last year, was approved by the Florida Board of Conservation. Ironically, shortly after the agreement went into effect, it began to rain—1966 was a year of near-record precipitation. The minimum of 280 acre-feet per day provided under the interim agreement, plus 67 inches of rain, rescued the Everglades just short of total

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—*National Park Service.*

Roseate spoonbills—"Many of the park's rarest and most beautiful birds [are] endangered."

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Saturday Review

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Slavery Still Plagues the Earth

A SHOCKING news story cabled by Dana Adams Schmidt to *The New York Times* reports that the buying and selling of human beings is by no means dead in the Middle East, particularly Saudi Arabia, though slavery was legally abolished by Crown Prince Faisal on November 2, 1962. To learn that Saudi Arabian slavery and the African slave trade that helps to feed it persist despite legal repudiation is likely to astound anyone aware of any history at all. The American Civil War ended slavery in North America, or so it was supposed, and Russia's freeing of the serfs in 1861 closed the door to European slavery, or so we were taught in school. Yet one has but to go to the United Nations building in New York or read the reports of world antislavery societies to realize that, as the human family approaches a hopefully enlightened twenty-first century, human slavery in one form or another has actually been on an increase since the end of World War II. It is an unbelievably persistent plague, this ancient pestilence of one human being's bondage to another.

When Ethiopia sought participation in the League of Nations in 1923 the existence of slavery within its borders was used as an argument against the country's admission. But the government pledged that it would, step by step, abolish slavery, so the League admitted Ethiopia, though it was not until 1942 that slavery was legally eliminated there. In Saudi Arabia the existence of slavery was officially confirmed in 1936 when King Ibn Saud decreed certain regulations regarding the condition of slaves, naming the terms under which they were to receive their freedom, though this same decree authorized the Saudi Arabian Minister of the Interior to license slave traders.

The question of slavery has been on every agenda of the League of Nations and the U.N. since these world assemblies began to function. But we have been told privately at the U.N. that the slavery issue has been downgraded once again in recent months and that little or nothing can be expected in the direction of a world resolution or edict to eliminate both slavery and the slave trade. Though all governments that are members of the U.N. publicly condemn slavery and almost all deny that slave trading exists in their territories, many are loath to bring the issue to a head on the floor of the U.N. Slavery is known to exist in many parts of the Arabian peninsula, as well as in several African countries. Middle Eastern and African governments are now in the majority in the U.N. and seem to resent the slavery issue or a discussion of it on grounds that it has been raised to discredit newly independent countries. Many of the newly elected African states oppose any U.N. action on slavery and have the secret support of much of the Middle East.

One of the reasons why debate on slavery is seldom heard anywhere in the U.N. stems, apparently, from the sensitivity of many of its members to current labor practices ranging from outright slave trading to unofficial governmental slavery and forced labor. As recently as March 22 the United Nations Human Rights Commission voted in Geneva to ask Secretary General U Thant for up-to-date material on the problem of halting slavery and the slave trade. The United States was one of the sponsors of a Geneva resolution coupling colonialism, particularly South African apartheid, with slavery and urging that all be eradicated as soon as possible. But, privately, those at the U.N. will tell you that a U.N. resolution along these lines stands no chance with the present membership.

Col. Patrick Montgomery, secretary of the Antislavery Society of Britain and a man who has struggled for years to persuade the U.N. to enforce compliance of international conventions prohibiting slave trade and slavery, stated recently that slavery still exists in twenty-five or thirty countries. Apartheid and the more severe colonial patterns are, of course, forms of slavery. So is the state's policy in many Communist countries of sending political prisoners to slave labor camps, from which few return. It is probably this overlapping of interests on both sides of the Iron Curtain that keeps the slavery issue from coming within the purview of world law.

THE British antislavery group has been moving toward its humanitarian goal for the last 144 years, first on a national basis leading to the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire in 1833, and since then fostering international measures against slavery. The Society exposed forced labor on King Leopold's rubber plantations in the Belgian Congo in 1908 and, in the following year, through the force of world opinion, made the Amazon Rubber Company in Peru end operations based on enslavement of Indians. It was, of course, deeply interested in America's battle to eliminate slavery in the South and Russia's equally dramatic antiserfdom movement at virtually the same historical time. After World War I and World War II it helped, first the League of Nations and, later, the United Nations, to draft antislavery conventions which have never been enforced in a hypocritical world.

The recent upsurge in slave trading now interesting the Antislavery Society has come about through increased purchasing power from oil revenues in the Middle East, where slavery has always been traditional. The Antislavery Society has even looked into the problem of European girls in harems who, either through enticement or kidnaping, disappeared without a trace, and the practice of taking children on pilgrimages to Mecca and selling them as slaves in the Middle East to pay for the return journey. A Roman Catholic organiza-

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Salisbury Report

HARRISON SALISBURY'S "Is There a Way Out of the Vietnam War?" [*SR*, Apr. 8] is altogether fascinating and of the highest value, because we can have complete confidence in his facts and in his conclusions as to the desirability of a negotiated peace.

As one who lived in China for nearly two years, I am glad to endorse his view of the Chinese people as "the world's most talented nation, a people of infinite capabilities," etc. This is a wholly sound and perceptive estimate of a great people. But Mr. Salisbury leaves out one characteristic that is so relevant—their highly suspicious nature.

The one weakness in his article is his suggestion of secret peace negotiations between Hanoi and the United States, so secret that even the Chinese Government would not know of them. Are secret negotiations possible? The Mao regime has its spies in Hanoi, spies close to Ho Chi Minh himself. Such negotiations would be difficult and prolonged. Secrecy, it seems to me, would be absolutely impossible.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER.

Spokane, Wash.

IN HARRISON SALISBURY'S thinking, peace is being detained by fear of failure in the peace efforts. We and Hanoi do not yet know how to make peace without having won first. Could we not try then for a failed peace?

ISRAEL BARAN.

Encino, Calif.

Staszek Jackowski

THANK YOU for Ruth Gruber's exciting article, "The Heroism of Staszek Jackowski," [*SR*, Apr. 15]. For everyone who cherishes human freedom and decency, his story is an inspiration; for those who relish examples of valiant courage and enduring faithfulness, it is a heart-filling joy to know what one man accomplished.

NORMAN A. ANDERSON,
Department of English,
Western Illinois University.

Macomb, Ill.

To the Planner

C. A. DOXIADIS's article, "The Coming Era of Ecumenopolis" [*SR*, Mar. 18], is extraordinary. I wonder if there is any possibility of having this reproduced so that it could be given to mayors and planning commissions?

Certainly the human values in planning are not often considered as deeply as they ought to be.

(REV.) ROYALD V. CALDWELL,
Pastor,
First Congregational Church.

Portland, Ore.

Faster Legislation

I COMMEND R.L.T. for his excellent editorial, "Dangerous Delay on the Hill" [*SR*, March 18]. As special assistant to the former chairman of the Education and Labor Committee (Adam Clayton Powell), I have watched the Congressional machinery cumbersomely clank out legislation. A number of proposed administrative and legislative changes would quicken the pace:

1) Each Congressman should have a closed-circuit television in his office to enable him to switch in to debates on the House floor.

2) There should be an electronic voting system to allow a Congressman to vote from his office.

3) There should be a limit on the number of quorum calls demanded daily. In the 89th Congress, out of a total of 782 yea-and-nay votes and quorum calls, 388—or 49 per cent—were quorum calls!

4) The Appropriations Committees of both Houses should publish a weekly procedural digest for Congressmen only, briefly outlining the salient points of all appropriations measures.

With all its shortcomings, Congress still manages to do an outstanding job—and occasionally an almost brilliant job—in meeting its legislative responsibilities.

C. SUMNER STONE, JR.

Washington, D.C.

"Alice! Alice! Don't you see this is just what they want us to do—start bickering between ourselves?"

Merton and Nihilism

THOMAS MERTON'S "Can We Survive Nihilism" [*SR*, Apr. 15] documents the lineaments of our spiritual disease in convincing terms. This article should be required reading for every thoughtful American, especially members of Congress and the State Department.

David Antman.

Forest Hills, N.Y.

Years of Mobilism

A SERIES of twenty-one gun salutes to Horace Sutton for his article, "From Motion to Mobilism" [*SR*, Apr. 22]. It was remarkable how he could condense in pungent detail a score of years in our history.

JACK W. DENIS.

Brentwood, Tenn.

WHAT ON EARTH possessed *SR* to run that stale "in and out" chart [*SR*, Apr. 22]?

To whom is the majestic mountain scenery of Switzerland ever "out"? Has the anonymous author of this feature heard that the Beatles, astonishingly, have emerged as serious musical innovators who have left their imitators way, way behind?

So Albania is out, Switzerland is out, the Beatles are out, and a de luxe barracks hotel is in. Tommyrot.

OTTO F. REISS.

New York, N.Y.

IN HIS ARTICLE, "Vets, Jets, Mods, and Minis" [*SR*, Apr. 22], Geoffrey Bocca finds it "the neatest trick of any week" that in 1947 King George VI could "at a stroke" turn a "Greek into a Scot, an Englishman, and a Welshman" by conferring British titles on Prince Philip of Greece—but neglects to point out that Philip was a Greek only on the principle that kittens born in an oven are biscuits. Titles borne by grandparents of the Greek prince and the British princess would have given varied nationality to both royal personalities.

DAVID F. ASH.

Toledo, Ia.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Britain's Royal Ballet, Britten's "Requiem"

THE ROYAL BALLET celebrated its first visit to the new Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center by opening with *The Sleeping Beauty* the hard way—after three preliminary evenings devoted to *Cinderella*. The audience which paid inflated prices for the "gala premiere" had the laughs and the *longueurs* of Frederick Ashton's staging of *Cinderella* to the music of Serge Prokofiev. Those who passed up the premiere and its two repetitions were, in fact, witnesses to the company's first full demonstration of the reasons why it is pre-eminent among dancing ensembles of the Western world.

Perhaps the opening with *Cinderella* was, in part, an effort to disguise the absence of Margot Fonteyn for the first time from a Royal (or Sadler's Wells) Ballet opening in New York. The issue still had to be faced, however, when the company addressed itself to the work in which she had her first, greatest success. That it was not merely faced, but faced down in a triumphant effort, proclaimed this grandest of ballets to be the house speciality.

Why this should be so goes beyond sentiment or nostalgic association with the company's beginnings here. There is, rather, in the combination of Oliver Messel's spacious décor with the production of Nicholas Sergueeff (after Marius Petipa) and the music of Tchaikovsky, a kind of graciousness which has an enormous affinity with the English temperament. It is built into this particular fairy tale, with its sleep of a hundred years for courtiers who then awake with clothes good as new and still in fashion. This may not suit the mood of Carnaby Street, where this month's mod is next month's mud, but around Bow Street, where Covent Garden stands watch as it has for a dozen decades past, it is readily recognizable.

It also suits the temperament of the Princess Auroras who have been nurtured in the company's ballet school against the inevitable day of Fonteyn's permanent separation from this role. The first in order of the season's sequence was the dazzling Antoinette Sibley, who made her execution of the role's technical difficulties seem almost too easy. Whereas Fonteyn had the miraculous ability to suggest a Princess who was also a dancer, Miss Sibley's emphasis tends toward a dancer who is also a Princess. In the following effort of the delightful Doreen Wells, the disposition of emphasis was a little more even, perhaps for the reason that she does not, yet, possess the assurance of Sibley.

But they are, together, two dancers of exceptional promise who are much more steeped in the Royal Ballet's tradition in this role than some immediate predecessors. Miss Wells was especially impressive in the *pas de deux* of the Wedding Scene where, with the gifted young David Wall as her partner, she executed the sequence of swooping, diving movements with remarkable poise.

The company manner, which has long been a pride of Royal Ballet personnel, produced not only such older favorites as Georgina Parkinson (Fairy of the Woodland Glades), Merle Park (Fairy of the Golden Vine), and Deanne Bergsma (Lilac Fairy), but also such a brilliant newcomer as Ann Jenner (Fairy of the Song Birds). In combination with Michael Coleman, at the Saturday matinee performance, Miss Jenner danced a version of "The Blue Birds" in Act III which has rarely been matched in recent years. If responsibility begets maturity, the Royal Ballet under Ashton's direction is breeding—from such younger dancers as Sibley and Wells, Wall and Coleman, Jenner, Vyvyan Lorrayne, and Jennifer Penney—a nuclear core which should remain radioactive for years.

Miss Penney was one of the adornments of *Cinderella*, in which she danced the Fairy Spring, in the second scene of Act I. Responsibility for the central role was entrusted at the opening to Svetlana Beriosova, who has, over a period of a dozen years, grown to domination of her exceptional equipment, and now makes a phrase of arms and legs, hands and torso, where she formerly made a series of movements. Her remarkable physical strength asserted itself when she survived a hard fall at the end of Act I (when the carriage in which she was riding tipped over and crashed to the floor) to carry on in Act II as though nothing had happened. Largely speaking, however, there is still one element of her endowment that participates too little in the total result: the face. More animation, a subtler play of expression, would add much to the results.

Despite the new décor of Henry Bardon (an elaborately somber affair which seemed more suited to Charles Addams than Charles Perrault) Ashton's treatment of the Prokofiev score strikes me as no more the subject for an evening-long ballet than when it was last seen in 1949. Its principal joy and chief delight are the Ugly Sisters played by Ashton and his incomparable helpmate, Robert Helpmann, whose action has been blown up, or camped out, in this latest version. This is the same as saying that a minor element has been elevated to major prominence.

Ashton knew better how to allocate priorities when he came to doing *The Dream*. Anthony Dowell, who is gradually asserting pre-eminence as the company's most versatile young male performer, added to the credit he earned in an ensemble part in *Cinderella* when he stepped into the place abandoned by Brian Shaw in the first *Sleeping Beauty* midway in the demanding variations of "The Blue Birds." One of the few remaining active links to the original Sadler's Wells visit in 1949, Shaw suffered a muscle tear which may take long to heal. Dowell, who had never performed the part on stage, picked up as the male Blue Bird in the Florestan costume he wore earlier for this portion of *Sleeping Beauty*.

It was, altogether, an English week at Lincoln Center, with Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem* entering the repertory of the Philharmonic Orchestra under William Steinberg's direction. This provided a second opportunity, for those so disposed, to reach a personal reckoning of a work now five years old and beginning to move away from the excitement of launching toward achievement of an orbit of its own.

So far as this person is concerned, it remains a major work of the imagination which buys no advantage from shock impact or uncommon idiom. Its purposes are clear to hear, its blending of passages from the Requiem Mass for the Dead with verses by Wilfred Owen an unequivocal expression of emotional intent. The music with which it has been affiliated by Britten leaves no doubt whatsoever that his intent has been to clarify, not to conceal, meaning.

It is also my impression that New York has yet to hear a performance of the quality to match the values in the score. Steinberg's direction—sober, meticulous, even-tempered—was altogether too much like the previous sober, meticulous, even-tempered effort of the Boston Symphony under the direction of Erich Leinsdorf in 1963. The stage did not permit the dispersion of choral and instrumental elements proposed by the composer, nor did the solo trio accord with the necessities of his writing. This takes in performance both in Latin and English, for which Gerard Souzay was only half-qualified, and Jon Vickers, who declaimed rather than sang the tenor's music, was barely better. Ella Lee, who was equally adept in both tongues, performed the soprano line with well-centered sound and musical understanding.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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36 "How the Fishes Live," by Joel Lieber
51 "Orbit of China," by Harrison K. Salisbury. "China after Mao," by A. Doak Barnett; "China: The Other Communism," by K. S. Karol
52 "The China Reader," edited by Franz Schurmann and Orville Schell
54 "Robert Morley: A Reluctant Autobiography," by Robert Morley and Sewell Stokes

LITERARY HORIZONS

Faulkner Through Three Decades

I HAVE *just been listening to a record* of William Faulkner reading his Nobel Prize acceptance speech and some extracts from *As I Lay Dying*. The speech, which he prepared with great care, is mostly just rhetoric of a fairly common kind. On the other hand, the passages from the novel, which Faulkner said he wrote in a few weeks, contain sentence after sentence that bear the stamp of the master; no one else could have written them. Faulkner was not a particularly good reader: on the other side of the record, reading a passage from *The Old Man*, he grows more and more breathless until one wonders whether he will hold out. He does, of course; and a great deal of the magnificence of the narrative comes through.

I suspect—without being able to prove it—that more words have been published about Faulkner and his work than about any other American writer. Some of what has been written is nonsense, but a lot isn't, and it is a good thing that Robert Penn Warren has brought together some of the more sensible and helpful essays in his *Faulkner* (Prentice-Hall, hardbound, $4.95, paperback, $2.45), a volume in the series "Twentieth Century Views."

Faulkner's reputation makes an interesting study in itself. In 1929, Warren reports, he read Faulkner's first novel, *Soldier's Pay*, which had been published three years earlier. It was, he felt, "no better than it should be," but he was impressed enough to want to know more about the author. In a way he was lucky. Most of us began with *Sanctuary* (1931), and, as we read the earlier books, interpreted them in its light, concluding that Faulkner was a novelist of Gothic terror. He was that, but how much more he was.

I still don't wonder that Faulkner was largely misjudged in the Thirties. The world in which he lived was simply not the world in which most of us were living—the world of Wall Street suicides, apple sellers, Hoovervilles, and hunger marches. It really seemed to us preposterous that he should expect us to spend on *Absalom, Absalom!* the hours of study the book demanded. We had, we thought, more important things to do, and we weren't wholly wrong; the novel would have to wait for a better day.

It took a while for critics to get on the right track. In 1939 George Marion O'Donnell published an essay in the *Kenyon Review* that came to have a large influence. He argued that Faulkner's work held together and that it constituted a myth, "built around the conflict between traditionalism and the antitraditional modern world in which it is immersed." The Sartoris family, he said, represented tradition, and the Snopes family its enemies. The thesis needed some qualification, but it showed critics what way to look. In the same year, writing in *The Atlantic*, Conrad Aiken did readers of Faulkner a similar service by showing them how Faulkner's style, which had been much ridiculed, accomplished what he wanted it to by compelling a reader to participate in the quest for meaning. Then in 1946, in his introduction to *The Portable Faulkner*, making good use of what O'Donnell and Aiken had written, Malcolm Cowley presented a coherent view of Faulkner's work, and printed selections to show exactly what he was talking about.

Warren includes these three documents, as of course he should; and then, to illustrate the growth of Faulkner's reputation in Europe, reprints essays by Claude-Edmonde Magny, Jean Pouillon, Jean-Paul Sartre, and Gunter Blöcker. After that he has a number of essays on particular novels—*The Sound and the Fury, Light in August, Absalom, Absalom!*, and others. All of the essays are well-informed and helpful, and most of them are free from the kind of pedantic ingenuity that has cursed so many studies of Faulkner. Alfred Kazin's piece on *Light in August* and Cleanth Brooks's chapter on *Absalom* are examples of what the critical analysis of a book ought to be—careful, sharp-witted, sympathetic, and humble.

In reviewing *The Faulkner-Cowley File* (*SR*, July 30, 1966) I suggested that 1946 was a crucial date in Faulkner's literary development: at that time he became a public figure; before that he had done his best work. I am struck that Edmund Wilson and Elizabeth Hardwick found indications of the disturbing transformation in *Intruder in the Dust*, which was published in 1948. Wilson said that for the first time Faulkner was forced to face the critical problems of the contemporary South and had been thrown off balance by the effort. Miss Hardwick wrote of the book: "It is less than his previous work, but fascinating because of that work and because it reveals the desperation of his present condition, the possibility that his inspired madness has disintegrated, leaving him, like everyone else, hollow and uncertain with the sickness and perplexity not of the past but of the present."

"Inspired madness" is a reasonably accurate description of the quality that is in the early novels and is missing from the later ones—save for a few passages here and there that show the old spark. Warren has included no detailed analysis of any novel since *Intruder in the*

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Dust, except *A Fable.* Norman Podhoretz's review of *A Fable* begins with the kind of wisecrack which notifies the pack that a hitherto much-praised writer is ready for the kill. But Podhoretz is too serious a writer to have much concern with being fashionable. He talks well about the virtues of Faulkner's early work, the great work; but he raises a serious question about it, too: is it relevant to the modern world? The question has been asked before; after all, Faulkner lived in and wrote about a kind of agrarian society that was on its way out before he was born.

It is to this problem that Warren addresses himself in his own essay, "Faulkner: The South, the Negro, and Time," with which he closes. He grants that Podhoretz's charges have weight, but he insists on re-examining the question of relevance. There is much to be said, he admits, in favor of "modernity," but there is also a great deal to be said against it. In portraying such "moderns" as Jason Compson, Flem Snopes, and Roth Edmonds, Faulkner pointed to the qualities in contemporary life that seemed to him destructive. On the other hand, he found in some of the men of the Old World virtues that civilization may not be able to do without. Faulkner was uncomfortable when he had to deal directly with problems of the modern world, but he had already made indirect comments of high cogency. It takes a long time to exhaust the relevance of a great writer, and as time goes on we are likely to find more that is significant for us in Faulkner, not less.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1239

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1239 will be found in the next issue.

JDXIX OZQ AXKXI NXJ HDVBSQS-

HDXI JDZJ YSPBF XAFPIX JDX

JSSJDZYDX HZJVXAJBN.

—OVBBVZT QDZUXQHXZIX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1238

It seemed so simple when one was young and new ideas were mentioned not to grow red in the face and gobble.

—L. P. Smith.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Trauma

Of all the reviews of *The Death of a President* that I have read, Margaret Coit's [*SR,* Apr. 15] is nearest to my reaction to the book. As I read it all the old emotions that I felt during those four days came back to me; all the agony and all the anger and all the pride I felt in just being of the same sex as Jacqueline Kennedy. Perhaps one day, a long time from now, someone will be able to write of the assassination objectively. As for myself, I think that is a book I never want to read.

Donna Lutz.

Warner Robins, Ga.

What confuses me is, are such phrases as "the most traumatic experience since the death of Lincoln" Miss Coit's or Manchester's? No matter who said them they just aren't true—not true for me—and I can't be exceptional. *Much* more traumatic were the Great Depression, Pearl Harbor, and an experience never mentioned in the review—the poignant death of FDR, almost at the war's end—that indeed was like Lincoln. Whereas Kennedy's death bore no more comparison with him than McKinley's or Garfield's.

Let's stop this movie-magazine approach now, please, and, of all places, let's stop it in a journal which should be above that, the *Saturday Review.*

Kathleen E. Case.

Sarasota, Fla.

Please thank Margaret Coit for her beautiful review of *The Death of a President.* It brought tears to my eyes as I relived those days—and it is the first review that made me feel I wanted to read the book after reading the extracts in *Look.*

Madeleine Heilbrunn.

Rochester, N.Y.

Secret Service Codes

"Lancer of the *Civil* Service Codes" indeed! Not bad enough under photo, but third line from the bottom, column one, to boot. And finally, column three, page thirty-one.

Barbara A. Hunter.

Port Washington, N.Y.

Troubled Ghost

The implications of a letter in *SR,* Apr. 8 criticizing *The Healers* and your favorable review of it are quite troubling to me.

It is by now public knowledge that the book is the memoir of an actual physician, rewritten by a professional writer. I am that writer and it was to make such statements as this that the publisher asked someone relatively reprisal-proof to make his identity known.

The letter, signed by an M.D. and two lay associates, is not alarming for its rather routine denials and rationales of corruption. We have heard all these denials before, despite the steadily mounting body of evidence in books like *The Healers* and in testimony before Congressional committees that corruption is unusually rampant throughout the medical profession. . . .

The letter was not written by corrupt hacks. Real criminals remain silent in the face of accusation. No, the letter was apparently written out of what seems to be an almost complete blindness to reality, the mindless ignorance that can lead a nation of Germans, for example, to swear they knew nothing about the crematoria.

The letter concluded with a demand for an apology. I agree. It would be more in accord with the horrifying realities of medicine today, however, if the apology came from the writers of the letter. In our world, as in the eyes of the law, ignorance is no excuse.

Leslie Waller.

New York, N.Y.

Liberating Exposé

I congratulate *SR* on publishing Walter Johnson's no-nonsense review of Robert Sherrill's long-overdue exposure of Lyndon B. Johnson in *The Accidental President* [*SR,* Apr. 8]. As an historian and reader of numerous biographies of the President—including Booth Mooney's *The Lyndon Johnson Story* and related apocrypha—I found Sherill's book liberating and reassuring. . . .

Walter Johnson might also have pointed out that Lyndon Johnson opposed President Truman's civil rights program as "a farce and a sham—an effort to set up a police state in the guise of liberty." (Pg. 112, *L. B. J., the Man From Johnson City,* by Clarke Newlon.) Senator Lyndon B. Johnson also opposed the repeal of the poll tax as a federal intervention in state affairs, deplored and opposed the Fair Employment Practices Commission, and voted for the Taft-Hartley Act over President Truman's veto.

Paul Wilson Sullivan.

Hackensack, N.J.

I thank God for writers like Robert Sherrill, men with guts, and for magazines like *SR* that will publish them. Thank you.

Charley Stookey.

Long Beach, Miss.

Crisis in the Classroom

Granville Hicks put his finger on the crux of the reading problem in "The Media Crisis in the Classroom" [*SR,* Apr. 15] when he said, "Boys and girls who did well in high school English came from homes in which the reading of books was a common practice."

What baffles me is that Mr. Hicks appears to straddle the fence in attempting to answer the problem. I'm sure he was able to come up with four books and I'm

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wondering if he would care to tell us his four? Here are four that I think meet all the conditions perfectly: *The Hobbit* and the three volumes of *Lord of the Rings*, all by J. R. R. Tolkien.

FREDERICK KELLERMAN.
Irvington, N.J.

HOW ABOUT THE NOVELS of Arnold Bennett? How about *Colin*, by E. F. Benson? How about *Rebecca*, by Daphne du Maurier? How about *I, Claudius*, by Robert Graves? How about *Lost Horizon*, by James Hilton? How about *King Solomon's Mines*, by Rider Haggard? How about *Those Barren Leaves*, by Aldous Huxley? Perhaps a bit too sophisticated for most high school seniors! So let's suggest *Treasure Island* or *Kidnapped*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. And then there's *Ben Hur*, by Lew Wallace. And the many breathtaking adventure stories by P. C. Wren. Also Nevil Shute's numerous and varied yarns, all intensely interesting, and all clean.

J. N. MEYER.
St. Louis, Mo.

Malinowski at Yale in '36

JOHN MIDDLETON SAYS Bronislaw Malinowski taught at London School of Economics until 1938 [*SR*, Apr. 8]. I met Malinowski at the Harvard Tercentenary in 1936, and he was then teaching at Yale.

LESTER ALLEN, SR.
Chatham, Mass.

Truths and Half-Truths

HOW GRATIFYING TO READ that Milton Konvitz has slain the jabberwock of Eric Hoffer [*SR*, Apr. 8]! Does a writer who, in his own words, "does not shy away from half-truths so long as they seem to hint at a new approach. . . ." merit the attention of a considerable part of the nation (*The True Believer* is read in many prep schools and colleges), or are we better advised to look elsewhere in our search for answers?

In imputing (by what right?) to "60 per cent of the population outside the South" his own aberrant ideology, he has written *finis* to his claim upon our time.

JEAN M. BAGLEY.
Avon, Conn.

IT IS DISGUSTING to have to admit that most of the whites in this country are on Hoffer's side, but I feel it is true.

KEN KASSNER.
Madison, Wis.

IT IS FRIGHTENING to think that Eric Hoffer could possibly be a "research professor" at any institution of higher learning.

GILDA G. EDMONDS.
Los Angeles, Calif.

MR. KONVITZ IMPLIES that the Negro revolution, particularly in the South, has moved forward "against overwhelming odds." Any movement that draws support in the form of hundreds of activists and thousands of dollars from other parts of the country, is almost universally favored in the national press, and has at its back the economic and military might of the federal government cannot justly be classified as a struggling minority group. It is easy to lead a "minor-

(*Continued on page* 56)

European Literary Scene

One of Paris's more curious plays of late is *L'Architecte et l'empereur d'Ethiopie*, by the young and independent Fernando Arrabal, born in Spanish Morocco in 1932. At odds with Spanish censorship since 1955 (a relationship hardly improved by his *Guernica* of 1960), Arrabal has chosen, like Miguel del Castillo, to live and work in France. In this more congenial milieu he writes plays abounding in surrealism and the absurd. His new play at the Théâtre Montparnasse consists wholly of a dialogue between an architect and an Ethiopian ruler who adopt successively other identities: tyrant and victim, actor and spectator, judge and culprit, etc. As a final act of communion the architect devours the emperor, drops one of his bones, and ducks down out of sight to search for it. Yet it is the emperor who bobs back into view, dressed as the architect. Despite Arrabal's allegation that his play clothes no message, Professor Charles Aubrun of the Sorbonne reads into this zany *vis-à-vis* a "tragic farce in which our age recognizes itself." Aubrun even decides that "there is almost no theater like that of Arrabal to purge my emotions so radically, as Aristotle said."

Despite this accolade and a prize last year from the Société des Auteurs, Arrabal is not really being taken seriously in France, if one is to believe the critic Colette Godard. Of his role as maverick she writes, "Our epoch is one of those that turn their backs on francs-tireurs even as it gives them awards."

As if this grudging acceptance were not enough, Arrabal has suddenly found himself a *cause célèbre* in Spain. He recently submitted an essay, "A Panic Opera," to the conservative daily of Madrid, *ABC*, criticizing intellectual and theatrical life in Spain today. It unleashed a torrent of vituperation. The newspaper *Ya* headlined its reply "Arrabal Is a Madman." Barcelona's *Vanguardia* echoed, "Arrabal wants to set the theater at his own level: a meter and a half high." *Primer Acto* dismissed him as a "grotesque character." Even *ABC* turned around and called him a hayseed *(paleto)*. Only *Insula*, the most serious literary monthly left in Spain, kept its head and published an open letter defending Arrabal's talent and his right of criticism. Among the names appended were Camilo José Cela, Juan Goytisolo, and Luis Buñuel, the film director who has had even more trouble than young Fernando with Spanish censorship.

As early as 1903 Rainer Maria Rilke wrote to his wife, Clara, of his desire to visit Spain. It was not until the winter of 1912-13, however, that he made the pilgrimage expected of all European lyric poets since Byron. The complete story of this mutual contact has now been chronicled in Jaime Ferreiro's *España en Rilke* (Taurus, Madrid). It is far more thorough than Hans Gebser's *Rilke und Spanien* (Zurich, 1946). Whereas no Mediterranean retreat could have proved such an inspiration to Rilke as the tiny cliff-state of Duino, both Toledo and Ronda did influence him greatly. In Ronda he wrote "The Spanish Trilogy," "The Angel," and "Ariel, the Airy Spirit." Strange to say, he did not take to Seville; he admitted to the Princess von Thurn und Taxis, "I expected nothing of Seville but the sun, and that's all it gave me. We have no reproach to make to each other." Rilke's admiration for the Spanish painters of the past — Greco, Goya, Velázquez — was great. At twenty he had written a sonnet to Velázquez. But the greatest living painter of Spain, Zuloaga, had been his personal friend since 1903. We possess several letters of Rilke's to this fine artist, who recorded the variety of the Spanish provinces and who inspired Rilke's two poems "Ballerina española" and "Corrida."

Ferreiro's scholarly book is divided into three parts: Spain as Presentiment

—*Bettmann Archive*

Woodcut by Orlik of Rainer Maria Rilke —Spain was the poet's inner landscape.

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(before 1912), Revelation (1912-13), and Resonances (post-1913). After Rilke left the peninsula the landscape of Spain remained forever with him. It was to become, as José Luis Cano claims, the poet's inner landscape, even during his final residence at Muzot in Switzerland. Ten months before his death, in March 1926, he confessed to Veronika Erdmann that there in his solitary life at Muzot he saw, reawakening in the light of the Valais landscape, the memories of Spain, with which he was ever more deeply identifying himself.

The mod, beat, and miniskirt generation of England may not know what to make of it, but BBC is spending over a quarter million pounds to film a twenty-six-episode serial based on *The Forsyte Saga* of John Galsworthy. The "man of Devon" was born just a century ago. Despite a Nobel Prize in 1932, Galsworthy has been slipping out of view even more quickly than his coevals Bennett, Wells, and Conrad. (Galsworthy's enduring friendship with Conrad began when he was a passenger under first-mate Conrad on a voyage from Adelaide to the Cape of Good Hope.)

It is hard to predict how understandable to younger Britons a man will be whose style progressed from that of Kipling to that of Turgenev. Still, in its day this *roman fleuve* on the dramas and feuds of an upper-middle-class family was supposedly a vehicle of protest against Victorian values. There was a humanitarianism in Galsworthy (his own generation even compared his novels to Shaw's plays). And his personal life was more unconventional than that of his fellow alumni of Harrow and New College. His long affairs with his cousin's wife (whom he later married) and with the young dancer Margaret Morris showed a fine unconcern for Victorian codes. It was only D. H. Lawrence who found him as hidebound as the yeomen and country squires from whom he was descended. Lawrence tried to undermine him: "When he comes to sex Mr. Galsworthy collapses finally. He becomes nastily sentimental. He wants to make sex important and he only makes it repulsive." BBC's costly attempt at rehabilitation is welcome. The Jolyons and Soames and Fleur and Philip and Irene will all be reliving their personal problems on the telly. England will have a chance to see whether, as Oonagh Morrison hopefully writes in *Books and Bookmen*, "the pendulum of taste is swinging back in his favor."

The premiere of Bertolt Brecht's 1919 comedy *Die Fischzug* (The Haul of Fish) took place not in his beloved *"Spitzbart"* Germany but in Heidelberg. Its farcical plot is evocative of a medieval novella, though it has also been compared to the story of Vulcan, who was roundly punished and incidentally crippled by Jupiter for "hauling" the latter's querulous wife, Juno, back to Olympus, whence her spouse had expelled her. In Brecht's play an unhappy fisherman returning home without a catch has overconsoled himself with drink. Finding his adulterous wife and her lover, he captures them in his net and has them cast into the sea, presumably to drown. However, the latter-day Juno makes her way home again to resume henpecking her husband. This was apparently the last pure farce Brecht could write. His next two comedies, *Mann ist Mann* and the *Dreigroschenoper*, were much funnier but laden, too, with social significance. A decade later his espousal of a Marxist theater ruled out any such uncommitted burlesque as the *Fischzug*.

Jean Prasteau publishes in *Le Figaro littéraire* a slight but amusing essay on the headaches of scholars whose life work is the collecting, editing, and publishing of elusive letters by French authors. Georges Lubin, editing the correspondence of that vociferous, cigar-smoking novelist George Sand, has been too lucky for his own comfort: he expected to be coping with 6,000 letters, but now faces the preparation of 16,000 instead. Henri Mitterand, publishing Zola's works, admits that there are scores of letters he cannot trace, including sixty or more sold at auction in London as recently as 1928. Thousands of autograph pages of Zola held by Fasquelle, Zola's literary executor, have disappeared into thin air. M. Del Litto, the Stendhal scholar, is stymied by a collector in Florence who keeps a tight grasp on Stendhal's library and manuscripts. Perhaps the unhappiest of this confraternity last month was Philippe Auserve, who had published in *Le Figaro littéraire* a few of the hundred unedited letters of Baudelaire from the edition he has now completed for Grasset. A rival Baudelairean in Switzerland, who holds only fifty *inedita*, attacked poor Auserve in a violent and confused tirade obviously grounded on professional jealousy. Maurice Chapelan slashed back in Auserve's defense. One recalls the noisy but futile clash of the two warriors in Baudelaire's sonnet "Duellum."

The Slovenians are sensitive about the fact that Serbo-Croatian is the official language of Yugoslavia—the same sensitivity the Cataláns feel about Castilian. Still, Slovene is an active literary tongue. The PEN Center for Slovenia has sent me its bulletin *Le livre slovène*, along with a fine volume of Slovene poetry, which I have enjoyed. The sociopolitical content is at a minimum, and reminiscences of war, partisan fighting, social problems are treated quite vaguely. Thus Matej Bor, who translated ten plays of Shakespeare and wrote the first

(Continued on page 53)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

L U V

What the Bard hath joined, let *SR* readers not leave sundered. New Yorkers Sara Fleming of Manhattan and Rita D. Jacobs of Flushing, who have both contributed to this mixup, ask you to restore the lovers to each other and to their play. All ends well on page 53.

1. Angelo	A. Anne	*All's Well That Ends Well* ( )
2. Antipholus	B. Bianca	*As You Like It* ( )
3. Bertram	C. Celia	*A Comedy of Errors* ( )
4. Claudio	D. Helena	*Love's Labour's Lost* ( )
5. Dumaine	E. Hermia	*Measure for Measure* ( )
6. Fenton	F. Hero	*The Merry Wives of Windsor* ( )
7. Florizel	G. Julia	*A Midsummer-Night's Dream* ( )
8. Lucentio	H. Katharine	*Much Ado About Nothing* ( )
9. Lysander	I. Luciana	*The Taming of the Shrew* ( )
10. Oliver	J. Mariana	*Twelfth Night* ( )
11. Proteus	K. Olivia	*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* ( )
12. Sebastian	L. Perdita	*The Winter's Tale* ( )

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A Way of Seeing and Saying

***Poems 1957-1967**, by James Dickey (Wesleyan University Press. 299 pp. $6.95), collects verses by a poet for whom the impact of an event acts "like a welcome blow." Poet Louis Untermeyer edited "Modern American and British Poetry."*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS volume, which includes the best of four previous books and twenty-three new poems, is a most exciting collection. It presents the work of a still young, affirmative, and—why boggle at a usually misused adjective? —major poet.

James Dickey's debut was not spectacular; it was accompanied by that of two other poets in the seventh volume of *Poets of Today*. His development has been so recent and his fecundity so rapid that the appraisers and compilers have not caught up with him. Practically everything he has written has been accomplished in a ten-year span. *Into the Stone* appeared in 1960; *Drowning with Others* was published in 1962; *Helmets* in 1964; *Buckdancer's Choice* won the National Book Award in 1965. Yet he is not to be found in the voluminous *Poet's Choice* (which includes William Dickey but not James), published in 1962, or in Brinnin and Read's *The Modern Poets*, which runs to more than 400 pages and came out in 1963, or in *Contemporary American Poetry*, issued only a few months ago.

Nevertheless, Dickey's welling power was there from the beginning. If his first book had contained nothing besides "Sleeping Out at Easter," with its assembly of terse, single declarative sentences ("All dark is now no more./ This forest is drawing a light./ All Presences change into trees./ One eye opens slowly without me./ My sight is the same as the sun's."); "The Underground Stream," with its blend of full rhymes and half rhymes; "The Other," with its dream-compelled surrealist imagery, and "Near Darien," a strangely insinuating love poem, these pages would be sufficient evidence that a new and persuasive voice was declaring itself.

The subsequent poems revealed various advances: an almost total rejection of literary backgrounds, a scorn of poems distilled from poems, and a continual remaking of firsthand happenings. The gamut of subject matter widened to include sensations roused by a son recovering in a hospital while another son waits to be born, a brother making string constructions as he lies dying of fever, a dog sleeping on the poet's feet, the sexual paintings in the ruins of a brothel in Pompeii, an invalid mother gasping for breath but recalling snatches of a minstrel song, a fantastic heaven for animals where the creatures fulfill themselves everlastingly hunting and being hunted. These subjects are vivified in a unique utterance that combines the clarity of the thing keenly observed and the shifting images of the thing remembered, a union of directness and dream. What in a clever craftsman would have been merely a device becomes a natural, compelling way of seeing and saying.

There is, for example, Dickey's use of the flashback, his simple yet subtle juxtaposition of past and present. "The Firebombing" does this incomparably. The poet, "twenty years overweight," is eating a snack in his half-paid-for pantry in the suburbs

> Where the lawn mower rests on its laurels
> Where the diet exists
> For my own good . . .
> where the children
> Get off the bus where the new
> Scoutmaster lives

and he remembers that twenty years ago he was a pilot, a "technical-minded stranger with my hands" dropping 300-gallon tanks filled with napalm and gasoline, destroying neighborhoods much like his own.

"The Fiend" is another remarkable accomplishment. It starts out to be a study of a voyeur, an ordinary man who is not only a Peeping Tom but a potential Jack the Ripper; beneath the surface, however, there is cumulative horror that, in its paradoxical delicacy, is devastating. At the mercy of his lust he peers at a girl beginning to undress

> and rigor mortis
> Slithers into his pockets, making everything there—keys, pen,
> and secret love—stand up.

Detail by detail the interior drama mounts until a commonplace worried accountant, invisible and omniscient, becomes a murderous monster.

> It will be something small that sets him off:
> Perhaps a pair of lace pants on a clothesline gradually losing
> Water to the sun filling out in the warm light with a well-rounded
> Feminine wind as he watches having spent so many sleepless nights
> Because of her because of her hand on a shade always coming down . . .

The same gathering excitement intensifies "Slave Quarters." Here the speaker tries to exorcise the guilt of his mixed blood in a climax of intellectual agony:

> What do you feel when passing
> Your blood beyond death
> To another in secret: into
> Another who takes your features and adds
> A misplaced Africa to them . . .
> What happens when the sun goes down
> And the white man's loins still stir
> In a house of air still draw him toward
> Slave quarters? . . .
> When you think of what
> It would be like what it has been
> What it is to look once a day
> Into an only
> Son's brown, waiting, wholly possessed
> Amazing eyes, and not
> Acknowledge, but own?

"Falling" had its origin in a news-

(*Continued on page* 55)

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America's Ecumenical Encounter

John F. Kennedy and American Catholicism, *by Lawrence H. Fuchs (Meredith Press. 271 pp. $6.95), examines the historical development of the Church in the U.S., culminating in the election of a Catholic President. Edward Wakin, a member of the faculty at Fordham University, is co-author with J. F. Scheuer of "The De-Romanization of the American Catholic Church."*

By EDWARD WAKIN

WHILE the question of whether a Catholic can or should be President has been made pointless by John F. Kennedy's Thousand Days, the past and present context of the argument is important to Catholics and other Americans. Are only Catholics of the Kennedy type suitable for the Presidency? And what kind of Catholics are they? Do they represent a newly emerging variety? And from what do they emerge?

In *John F. Kennedy and American Catholicism* Professor Lawrence H. Fuchs of Brandeis University has drawn on the record to answer the last question in historical terms. He has done this with distinction, and the book's particular achievement is its summing up of the past experience of American Catholics, their confrontations with anti-Catholicism, and their own internal dialogue, particularly in the nineteenth century. The result is sound historical perspective for what Professor Fuchs rightly pinpoints as the "recurring tension within American Catholicism between the forces of encounter and separatism."

The heart of the book, as announced by the title, is Kennedy as the climactic hero who personified the forces of encounter in the mid-twentieth century. It is here that the presentation is disappointing. Indeed, the author is more probing and authoritative in treating the American Catholic experience before Al Smith than after. Yet, beginning with Al Smith, America and Catholicism began to come to terms; it was the period of greatest interest and significance.

As a product of careful examination of the formal record the book succeeds. But where the material and the situations are more current and call for first-hand research and contact, the author lacks a feeling for the Catholic context. For instance, he skims over the post-Al Smith mixture of isolationism, unionism, pacificism, jingoism, materialism, and idealism, and, at a crucial point, wanders off on a digression about American preference in the past for state governors or military heroes as a source of Presidential nominees.

The author remarks that Kennedy had "a sense of detachment" about his religion. He was committed, but not tortured; he neither agonized over his faith nor felt defensive about it. He lacked, indeed, the intellectual stigmata of the New Breed Catholics who are worrying over their Church. There is much paradox here between the cool Kennedy style and the intensity of the new generation of Catholics, as well as between the centripetal and centrifugal forces in American Catholicism. The author does not probe these paradoxes, nor does he explore the relationships between the various forces and personalities. He is presenting the record, which for many will be a familiar one.

YET there is no doubt that Professor Fuchs grasps the vital aspects of American Catholicism. Repeatedly he hits the point exactly: "The vast majority of Catholics have always been bread-and-butter and status-Democrats." "[Senator Joseph] McCarthy hit every raw nerve of suspicion, resentment, and prejudice which American Catholics had developed in years of exclusion."

Finally, he highlights the irony of Pope John and the Second Vatican Council: they "endorsed doctrines associated sixty years before with the errors of Americanism." The reference is to Pope Leo XIII's warning in 1899 about threats to papal infallibility, excessive concern for activism and for natural virtues, and a rush to ecumenism. These are the very trends being encouraged today in American Catholicism. The appearance of the two Johns in Washington and the Vatican signaled, personified, and accelerated changes that were already in motion. In America the Kennedy phenomenon had a much greater impact on relations between Catholics and non-Catholics than on what was happening to American Catholicism.

Viewed from the standpoint of evolution of American Catholicism, John F. Kennedy was an important personality but not a major figure. By inclination he was too much out of what was going on in the Church. To make the connection adequately it is necessary to answer questions boldly on Kennedy as Catholic in relation to developments in American Catholicism. Professor Fuchs has viewed this scene with care, but from a disappointing distance.

—*Wide World.*

Richard James Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, and President Kennedy in Rome in 1963—JFK neither agonized nor felt defensive over his faith.

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In the Shadow of Sagamore Hill

Theodore Roosevelt: The Man as I Knew Him, *by Nicholas Roosevelt (Dodd, Mead. 205 pp. $5.95), is a cousin's-eye view of the late President, whose personality was a blending of the immature and the mature. J. Donald Adams, a contemporary of TR, is the author of "Speaking of Books and Life."*

By J. DONALD ADAMS

THIS book performs two functions, and performs them very well. Primarily, *Theodore Roosevelt: The Man as I Knew Him* is a portrait of one of the greatest of our Presidents, secondarily—and not, I would guess, by intention—a primer in the art of diplomacy and the nature of that *Realpolitik* which the United States of today needs so badly to understand. Nicholas Roosevelt is eminently qualified to carry out the dual task. Theodore Roosevelt's father and his were first cousins; the young Nicholas grew up in the shadow of Sagamore Hill, and both as boy and man saw much of his famous relative. In spite of their closeness, the author, though admiring, is singularly objective. To the book's subsidiary function Mr. Roosevelt brings his experience as a young diplomat in Paris during part of the First World War, his more mature service as Minister to Hungary under President Hoover, his broad acquaintance among the world leaders of our time, and a mind well stocked in history and the theory of government, both of which he approaches with acute perception.

To the youth of Nicholas Roosevelt's and my generation TR—the first American, I think, to become universally known by his initials—was like a blazing meteor. And, like a meteor, he was phenomenal. He had the widest range of intellectual interests of any President after Jefferson (whom he disliked); Sir George Trevelyan, whose history of the American Revolution TR greatly admired, said that Roosevelt was the only man he had met whose memory could be compared with that of Macaulay. And Lord Bryce, whose book about the United States is one of the few by a foreigner fit to stand on the same shelf with Alexis de Toqueville's, thought that TR's ability to "go straight to the pith of any matter" showed "mental power of the first rank."

This book will, I hope, do much to reaffirm Theodore Roosevelt's great contributions to the American life of his time, and—if we pay him the heed that he merits—reveal their potentiality for ours. Roosevelt was the most effective force for conservation the White House ever had; our debt to him in this respect is enormous. By stubborn zeal he won for us a canal between our two oceans. He also inspired in at least some of his fellow-patricians a sense of political and social responsibility; indeed, he was as fiercely denounced as a traitor to his class as FDR was a quarter of a century later. But Teddy Roosevelt was the pioneer and, to some of us, much the greater President. The first to predict Russia's role in this century, he knew and understood Europe as FDR never did. Had he, or somebody like him, been President from 1914 down to the Bay of Pigs, French students might not today be burning the American flag.

Although Nicholas Roosevelt illuminates all this, he never flinches in describing TR's faults or his errors, among them his ill-judged effort to command a brigade or division in World War I. What is better worth remembering is that the great push Theodore Roosevelt gave to adequate preparedness before it was too late enabled the United States to play an effective part in a war that Germany almost won.

Nicholas Roosevelt's book has a great deal of charm. The chapters describing the tumult characteristic of Sagamore Hill in the days when a President could go camping without the Secret Service under foot give delightful glimpses of a man who knew how to get on with boys, who never condescended to them—partly because he never completely grew up himself. The blending of immaturity and maturity is one of the fascinations of TR's personality. His letters to his children are the best that I know about, because they were written, not simply as a parent, but as one human being to another.

In addition to the Roosevelt clan, the men who were close to TR in that many-faceted life of his are vividly pictured. The rift with Taft, of whom TR expected so much, is understandingly handled, as are his relations with Woodrow Wilson, with whom, under the best of circumstances, he never could have been close.

THE sole person whose disapproval Teddy Roosevelt seemed to fear was his wife, Edith, engagingly portrayed in this book. Only she could curb TR's impetuosity and his frequent indiscretions. Her New England background and training served him in good stead.

This is a book for all Americans, whatever their calling, whatever their background, written by a man who not only loves his country, but knows it. The definitive biography of Theodore Roosevelt is still to be written; whoever accomplishes that will find guidance and perception of the truth in Nicholas Roosevelt's modest venture. In my estimation it is the most vital yet balanced picture of TR that we possess, and as such is a remarkable achievement.

—From a chromolithograph by George S. Harris & Sons, 1898.

Roosevelt and the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill, July 1, 1898—"like a blazing meteor."

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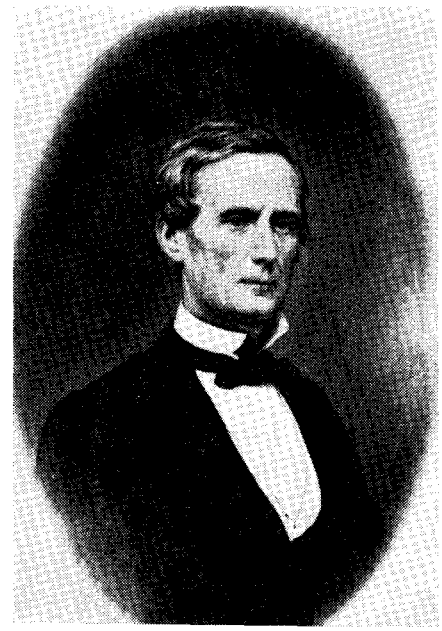
Beyond the Aid of History



Jefferson Davis —"more success than failure."

The Messages and Papers of Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy, Including Diplomatic Correspondence, 1861-1865, *edited and compiled by James D. Richardson (Chelsea House/Bowker. Vol. I, 643 pp., Vol. II, 760 pp. Set, $28.50), makes available a valuable sourcebook recording the hopes, fears, plans, and squirmings of the embattled Southern government. Frank E. Vandiver is professor of history at Rice University in Houston, Texas.*

By FRANK E. VANDIVER

ALLAN NEVINS habitually puts the historical profession in his debt. With his introduction to this new edition of Richardson's 1905 *Messages and Papers of the Confederacy,* he does it once again. Strangely enough, this excellent compilation of important source material escaped reprinting during that great regurgitation, the Civil War Centennial. One reason may be the importance of Richardson's collection: it was too good for the dross of centennialism.

There is another likely explanation: that Richardson's work became outdated amid the flood of "new" material that appeared in the years after the United States Congress gave permission in 1900 to publish "the State papers and diplomatic correspondence of the late Confederate States." Coming only four years after the staggering 128-volume collection *The Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* in 1901, *Messages and Papers* might well have gone unnoticed. But Richardson's careful attention to all the state papers of the Confederate President, his reprinting of resolutions of the Confederate Congress and of President Davis's veto messages and proclamations, his painstaking gathering of such diplomatic correspondence as he could locate, made his books invaluable to Civil War students. Not until the publication of the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies* in 1927 was there any substantial addition to this compendium.

Allan Nevins, who used Richardson extensively in writing his splendid series on *The War for the Union,* has a keen appreciation of the merits of these volumes, and this new edition is buttressed with his own impressive appraisal of both the books and their subject. His opening essay, "The Embattled Confederacy: Its Tasks and Its Leadership," adds another dimension to the source material. He writes a short reassessment of Confederate history, and in so doing reassesses much of his own previous work.

Nevins has that happiest of scholarly gifts, a changing mind. Some years ago, in a slim volume titled *The Statesmanship of the Civil War,* Nevins assayed Lincoln fondly and shrewdly; he treated Jefferson Davis much as history has done, always finding him narrow, picky, inflexible, a large cause of his country's ruin. In "The Embattled Confederacy" he looks at Davis with a different eye, sees him the anguished leader of a crisis-ridden nation, and finds him more success than failure. "We may agree with William E. Gladstone's . . . remark," writes Nevins, "that by Antietam and Fredericksburg he and like-minded men had created a nation." Nevins's total appraisal of the South's effort is judicious, sometimes generous, and always enlightening. A few of his interpretations, notably his castigation of Davis's "increasing intemperance and abusiveness" toward the North, may involve him in mild historical combat, but his overview is lofty, his information awesome, and his style persuasive.

AT the end of his introduction Nevins says that "those who attentively examine these papers . . . will find a memorable drama unrolled before them," and he is right. Here in handy pages are all the hopes, fears, fancies of the Southern government; here, too, all of the plans, schemes, measures, and squirmings of an embattled and increasingly desperate nation. In time the history-conscious Confederacy passed beyond the aid of history, on to a fate unknown to Americans, on to the horrors of losing. The messages, laws, and proclamations of the last Confederate year are especially revealing, for they show Americans caught in a totally un-American circumstance.

In this reprint Allan Nevins offers a primer of democratic wartime politics, one that deserves close reading.

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The Life Beneath the Lines We Wear

***Tropisms,** by Nathalie Sarraute, translated from the French by Maria Jolas (Braziller. 59 pp. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.95), gathers early sketches that foreshadow the themes of the author's subsequent novels. Leon S. Roudiez has published a study of Michel Butor as well as numerous articles on other contemporary French writers.*

By LEON S. ROUDIEZ

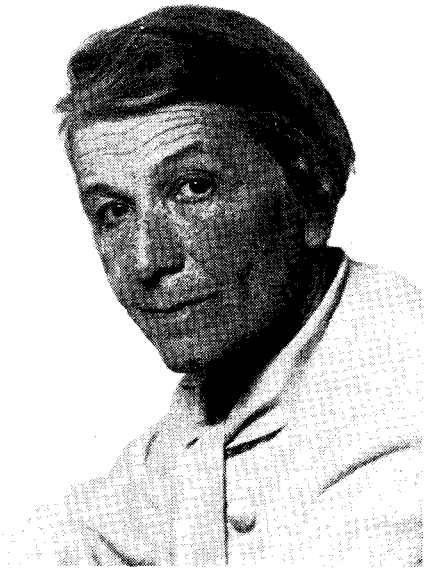
LIKE God, publishers move in a mysterious way: some twenty-eight years after its first French publication and more than three years after its appearance in England *Tropisms* is finally offered to the American public. Naturally we are delighted to have the book, which, like the rest of Nathalie Sarraute's work, is well translated by Maria Jolas; for it does afford us the opportunity, now that all the fiction she has written to date is available in this country, to assay her contribution to the art of the novel.

A tropism, according to biologists, is the involuntary movement of an organism in response to outside stimuli such as light, heat, or chemical agents. Mme. Sarraute's tropisms, as she explained in *The Listener* some years ago, are those instinctive movements within us that are caused by other people or by the outside world: they "glide quickly round the border of our consciousness, they compose the small, rapid, and sometimes very complex dramas concealed beneath our actions, our gestures, the words we speak, our avowed and clear feelings." Nathalie Sarraute is widely read in Russian, French, English, and German; her concern for imponderable aspects of life stems not only from intense self-awareness and hypersensitivity, but also from reading beyond the text of writers like Dostoevsky, Proust, Joyce, and Kafka.

On the whole, the twenty-four sketches in this volume are, in spite of its title, less "tropistic" than the author's subsequent novels. One can understand why Max Jacob, in 1939, called Nathalie Sarraute "a profound poet": these are prose poems, often tinged with melancholy or irony. The opening twenty-six-line sketch describes people walking in the streets, stopping in front of shop windows, gazing, hardly capable of going on, while their bored small children wait patiently for them to move. Absorption of the individual into an aimless crowd, the druglike effect of vulgar window displays, resignation of children in the face of an incomprehensible adult world—such might be the unexpressed reactions Mme. Sarraute intended to translate. These, however, being passive, are apt to be overshadowed by active feelings of compassion arising within the reader.

Consider also the eighteenth sketch, framed in an English suburban setting. A dignified lady sits reading a magazine, knowing "that in a few moments the bell will ring for tea," while in the kitchen the cook is peeling vegetables, knowing "that it will soon be time to toast the buns, and ring the bell for tea." There is no outward activity of mind, for again it may be assumed that unconscious anticipation is the reaction provoked by the approach of a given time of day, by awareness of another person's presence. But it is hard not to read irony into the scene, to ignore the more delicate tropisms in favor of social criticism. In the ninth sketch, on the other hand, there is no distracting interference; when "he" comes to visit "her" and begins at once to talk compulsively for fear that "she" might talk about herself, "show her real self," there is no problem in identifying the inner workings of the psyche.

Clearly, Nathalie Sarraute has since learned to be wary of her readers, and her novels may be viewed in part as stages in her education of her audience as well as in the mastery of her own art. She has written in *The Age of Suspicion*, a collection of essays, that "even the most experienced reader, if left to his own devices, tends to create types; he simply can't resist it." Not only will he "create types," corresponding to people or characters he thinks he knows; he will also create situations, plots, or themes. He will latch on to anything in order to appropriate for himself the text he is reading. The answer to that kind of aggressiveness is to reduce characterization, plot, and setting to a bare minimum, as in *Portrait of a Man Unknown*. That work is on the order of a naked novel, for decor, social masks, and what Sartre has stigmatized as "adventure" are stripped away, leaving us with authentic reality. The title, which refers to a painting by an anonymous artist the narrator has seen in a museum, is a metaphor of the novel. The anonymous "I" attempts a portrait of an unknown "he"—and both painting and novel stare at the reader, sounding a call that is "pathetic, demanding," and at the same time tragically silent.



—DiGésu.

Nathalie Sarraute—animal metaphors and religious imagery.

There lies the essential theme of Nathalie Sarraute's entire work: an urgent need for true communication, for companionship, as expressed by sensitive human beings, only to be thwarted or crushed by falsehood, artifice, and social codes. The fronts we put up and the conventions we adhere to provide a semblance of security and communication, but they merely disguise the reality of our solitude. It is behind appearances and beneath protective shells of our social structures that tropisms take place. Martereau, the character who has given his name to Nathalie Sarraute's second novel, appears solid and secure, especially when confronted with the delicate, nameless narrator and his equally nameless relatives. Gradually, however, the name he bears is shown to be no more than a mask; as it crumbles away, all his uncertain gropings and his ambiguous feelings are brought to light.

First-person narrative technique, here really a modified interior monologue, adequate for the purposes of *Portrait of a Man Unknown*, in which a hypersensitive narrator describes either himself or the supposed and imagined actions of other unmasked beings, hits a few snags in *Martereau*. To penetrate Martereau's protective shell the reader needs an intelligence other than the narrator's; as the author does not provide it, Martereau's inner reality and the narrator's daydreams become confused. What save the novel are the elements of suspense and ambiguity contained in the plot, but they are not essential to the theme.

With *The Planetarium* (a false sky in which stars only appear to be located)

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Nathalie Sarraute wisely adopts a stance halfway between omniscient author and recorder of many different points of view, thus inhabiting the consciousness of a larger number of characters without creating confusion. Some of these are readily identifiable by name, and their activities do seem to converge into a gossamer plot which, metaphorically, constitutes the dome of the planetarium. But the successful efforts of the main character to deprive his spinster aunt of a spacious apartment so that he and his wife can move into more comfortable quarters make up the merely superficial sound and fury of life. Hidden to the naked eye like quasars in space, tropisms manifest their parallel existence as everyone responds or seeks a response, strives for approval or identification. On the plane of such movements it matters little which character is involved, for, as one of them says on the last page of the book, "I think we are all pretty much alike."

By now, presumably, the reader is aware of that—if he has kept up with the author's works. He is willing to accept the two levels of activity, allowing the masked characters to engage in social pursuits but reserving the better part of his attention for the anonymous tropisms. He is ready for *The Golden Fruits*, Nathalie Sarraute's latest novel and also the most barren of extraneous decor, the most accomplished from the standpoint of her esthetic aims. The slender plot involves the rise and decline of a contemporary novel's reputation. Tropisms of an indeterminate number of characters, presented from a point of view similar to that of the previous book, grow in intensity as the imaginary work, "The Golden Fruits," becomes quite the rage among members of the Paris literary set, reach paroxysms as the opinion-makers impose their views, recede as the novelty wears off and a new fad takes its place, eventually pushing the book into oblivion. At the core of *The Golden Fruits* there seems to be a hollow, for we know little about the other "Golden Fruits" save that it is a novel very different from those of Nathalie Sarraute; like the image it brings forth, it is attention-getting, deceptive, imitative of the real thing, defined by an absence of fruits. But in *The Golden Fruits* the apparent hollow is filled with authentic fruits—tropisms.

If point of view presents a problem in such novels, adequate ways of expressing tropisms, which by definition are unvoiced, must also have been awkward to come upon. In *Tropisms*, as I have suggested, the technique is too delicate; in *Portrait of a Man Unknown* and *Martereau* it tends to be a bit heavy-handed. Descriptive elements are pushed aside and imagery is brought to the fore. The solution, I believe, was correct, but Nathalie Sarraute perhaps erred in relying too much on tactile imagery and animal metaphors. Such emphasis has led at least one French critic to speak of her "sadism" and to characterize her view of human relations as "both a slimy aggression and a somewhat vile complicity." He apparently was overwhelmed by her metaphors, and the danger of any reader's being misled is quite real. While her stress was already more attenuated in *The Planetarium*, she has, in *The Golden Fruits*, achieved a balance that is far more effective; religious imagery, for instance, serves to counteract any feeling of repulsion some of the metaphoric animals might provoke.

Nathalie Sarraute believes the artist's task is to reveal new aspects of reality that earlier generations have ignored. If she is right in that assumption, her success is undeniable. In order to convey her discoveries she has painstakingly perfected a singularly appropriate technique. But the most unusual aspect of her rhetoric, to my mind, is her attitude towards the reader. There is something devilishly Gidian about it, and it seems an exacerbated distortion of the author's role. Her fiction, however, does indicate that the mistrust she bears is not as complete as a reading of her essays might indicate. Creative spirit, while guided by the theorist and craftsman in her, has carried the day.

In a Darwinian Nightmare

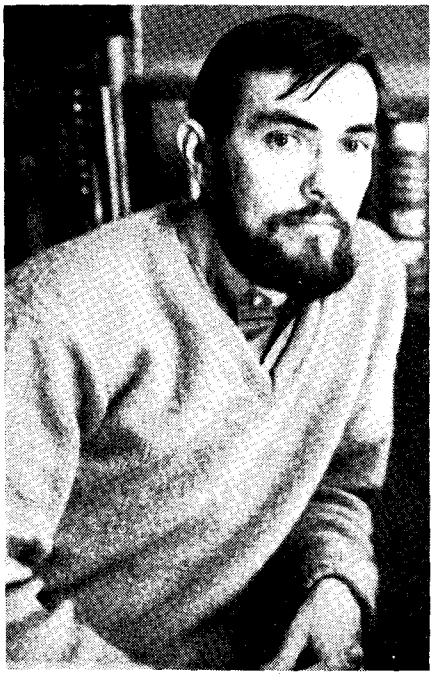
How the Fishes Live, *by Joel Lieber (McKay. 375 pp. $6.50), probes the meaning of survival under conditions of irrevocable dishonor. Samuel I. Bellman, professor of language arts at California State Polytechnic College, Pomona, writes frequently on contemporary literature.*

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

On a superficial level Joel Lieber's provocative novel bears out the basic precept of elementary McLuhanism: the medium is the message. *How the Fishes Live* is a "lifeboat" story, and we may therefore expect to read about humans under agonizing stress in a Darwinian nightmare. Only the fittest will survive, quite possibly at the expense of the weakest. Endure, survive, prevail against impossible odds; this is what the shipwrecked victims must do. The refinements of civilization are stripped away and men turn into animals or, rather, reveal their true nature. And the old folklorism of "devil take the hindmost" becomes, finally, the watchword of faith.

This, in essence, is the way Lieber handles his massage of the reader's mind. One of his many subtle ironies, by way of commentary and foreshadowing, is the book's headnote, a quote from Shakespeare's *Pericles*. A fisherman answers the question of how the fishes live in the sea: "Why, as men do aland; the great ones eat up the little ones."

The nuances and inner vibrations of the story are what really matter, for Lieber is a young writer of enormous talent, admirably in control of his material and capable of evoking a hypnotically fascinating world of sensations and conflicts. His book has the literary quality and



Joel Lieber—"esthetic resonance."

esthetic resonance of a Conrad sea tale with overtones of Crane's "The Open Boat" and Porter's *Ship of Fools*.

Time: the present. Place: the Atlantic, 300 miles from the Azores. Event: an explosion in a large passenger liner, the *Republic*, followed by panicky, chaotic abandoning of the doomed ship, with about 300 people saved and more than 700 missing or dead. Result: eleven survivors find their way into one of the large lifeboats and wait to be rescued, but through an agonizing series of bad breaks it is three weeks before their boat is picked up. Question: what happens aboard the lifeboat during the three hel-

(*Continued on page* 56)

Additional book reviews start on page 51

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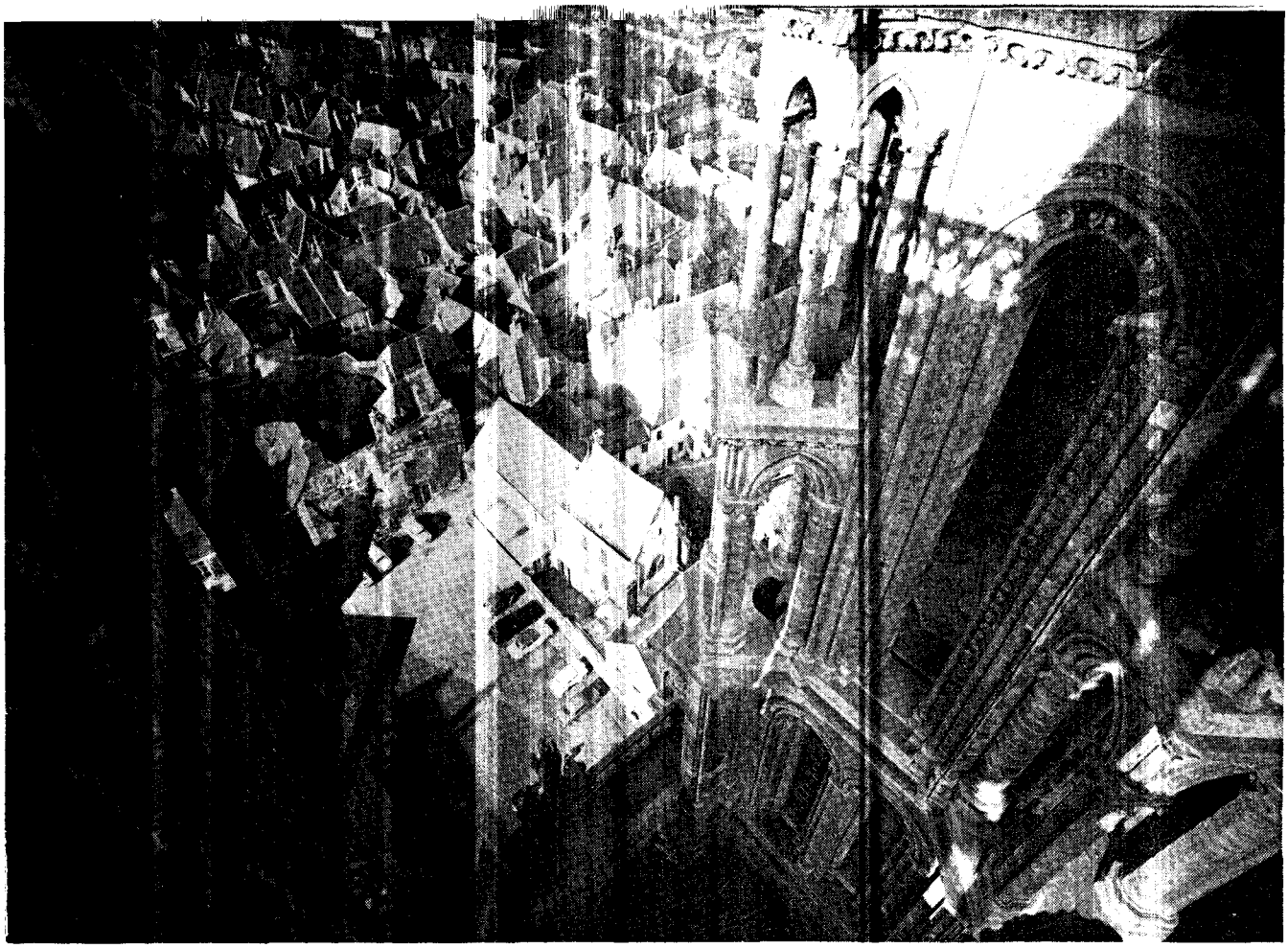

Cathédrale de Laon, by Gilles Ehrmann (original in color).

PFA—V:

THE MUSEUM IS THE MESSAGE

By MARGARET R. WEISS

PFA should be a familiar cipher to *SR* readers. For during the past eight years we have periodically reported on the activities of the organization Photography in the Fine Arts, established in 1959 by its director Ivan Dmitri for the promotion of museum interest in photographic exhibitions and acquisitions.

Currently on view in the Metropolitan Museum of Art's special exhibition galleries, PFA-V is the latest of Dmitri's exposures of photography "as a valid member of the arts." And an impressive exposure it is, for 179 prints have been installed with every advantage of space and full-scale salon treatment.

The ninety-one black-and-white and eighty-eight color prints represent the final choices of PFA's National Board of Selection, a panel of eleven museum directors and curators who reviewed approximately 1,200 submissions previously screened and qualified by a wide variety of cooperating photographic sources here and abroad. (In a catalogue note of acknowledgment to these sources, Dmitri pinpoints the assistance of the Photographic Society of America, the Colorado Photographic Arts Center, the Professional Photographers of America, the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, and the Photographic Society of Japan, as well as "instructors at art and photography schools, curators of picture libraries and photography galleries; print curators of art museums and of university and college photography collections; UNICEF, NASA, and the National Film Board of Canada; agents and representatives of professional photographers; book publishers; picture editors of news services, national magazines—*Life, Look, National Geographic,* etc.—periodicals, and photography journals; and the Eastman Kodak Company.")

To have mobilized such a heterogeneous cohort in its behalf, the PFA organization itself must be credited with a formidable job of organizing. A corollary of good scouting, however, is that the wider the hunt and the larger the quarry, the more rigorous the screening must be. In the current show there are evidences that not all the participating sources were using equally rigid criteria in qualifying submissions, for a disproportionate number of undistinguished prints have managed to slip by even the scrutiny of final review.

Avowedly giving the edge to the purely pictorial, PFA-V offers the viewer much to please the eye, though not nearly enough to excite the imagination. Some of the prints provide a cool intellectual exercise through appreciation of the photographer's technical virtuosity; only a limited number so expertly fuse subject and supporting technique that the viewer experiences the first-degree emotional burn any memorable photograph instantly induces. Nor is this a

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***Louis Kahn*, by Arnold Newman (original in color).**

***Pretini*, by Mario Giacomelli.**

matter of subject or story content alone, for even a still-life can be a *moving* picture. In contrast to some of the emotionally static prints, the view of a sly-humored lion in its treetop refuge, the *danse macabre* gloom of an old burying ground, the childlike abandon of seminarians frolicking in the snow, the all-too-human tears of a tough Marine are images that engage the eye and produce instant emotional response.

These are the quick-frozen flashes of insight that the expert photographer can communicate so effectively and uniquely through his medium. His special art of seeing is just this: sensing the instant, and seizing it, when picture elements, viewpoint, and light compose into an order that conveys the subject seen through the filter of his own subjective responses to it. Where insight and technique meet is where an outstanding photograph is born — whether on a camera-club field trip or in combat coverage at the front line.

Though PFA-V presents a full spectrum of "salon" subjects, only a few news and documentary pictures have found their way into the show. In fact, there are so few that even the several excellent ones on view seem alien intruders among their more pictorial neighbors. PFA's photographic sources may have been lax in their search for such submissions, for there is certainly some exceptional camerawork being accomplished in these categories. At least several members of the PFA Board of Selection appear to share this opinion. One spokesman observed, "The documentary photograph in terms of quality is lacking — whether it's because the prints which have been shown us are lacking in quality or not, I don't know. . . . I found this disappointing." Another colleague selected as "one of the greatest pictures of the day" a news photograph, which still another member agreed was "one that told a story but at the same time was truly composed so that the effectiveness of the reaction to the photograph did not depend upon just the shock value of the story, but it [the photograph] had its own intrinsic esthetic quality."

FOR the less familiar names in the exhibition—the usually anonymous industrial and advertising photographers—and the as-yet-unknown amateurs and students, PFA-V has provided a welcome showcase. There is nothing non-

(*Continued on page* 43)

Color insert reprinted from PFA-V exhibition catalogue, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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(Above) Yellow Flower Arrangement by Taber Chadwick (Right) Wales Chimneys by Thomas Nebbia

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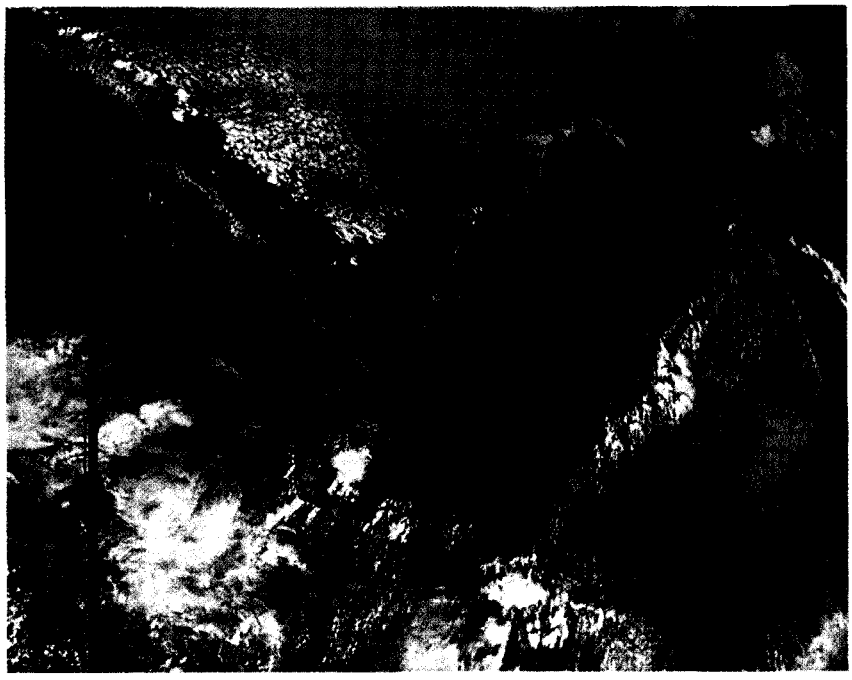
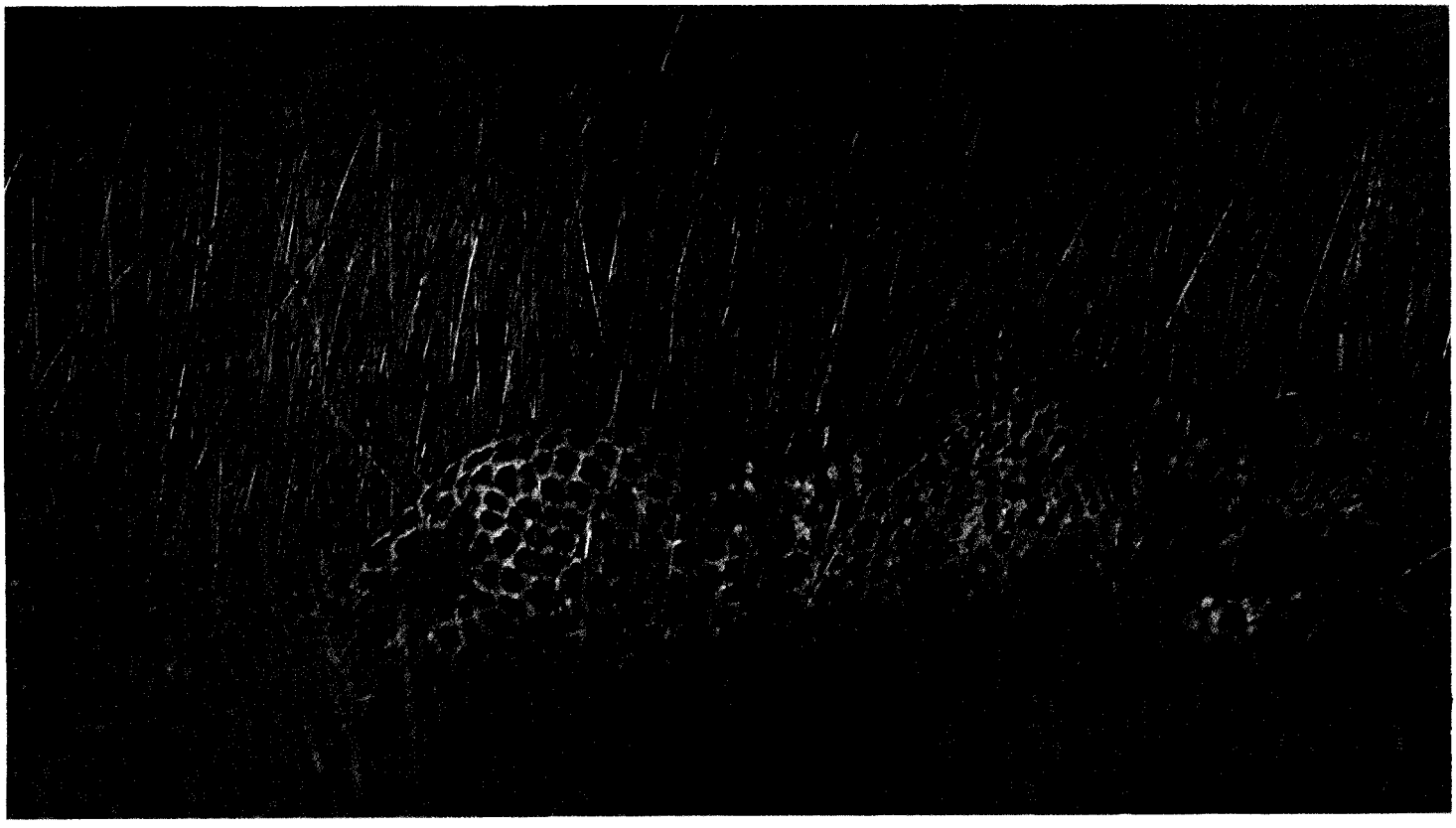


Arabian Peninsula and northeast Africa photographed from the orbiting Gemini XI spacecraft by Richard F. Gordon, NASA (Below) A Leopard in Serengeti by David Ming-Li Lowe, A.I.A.



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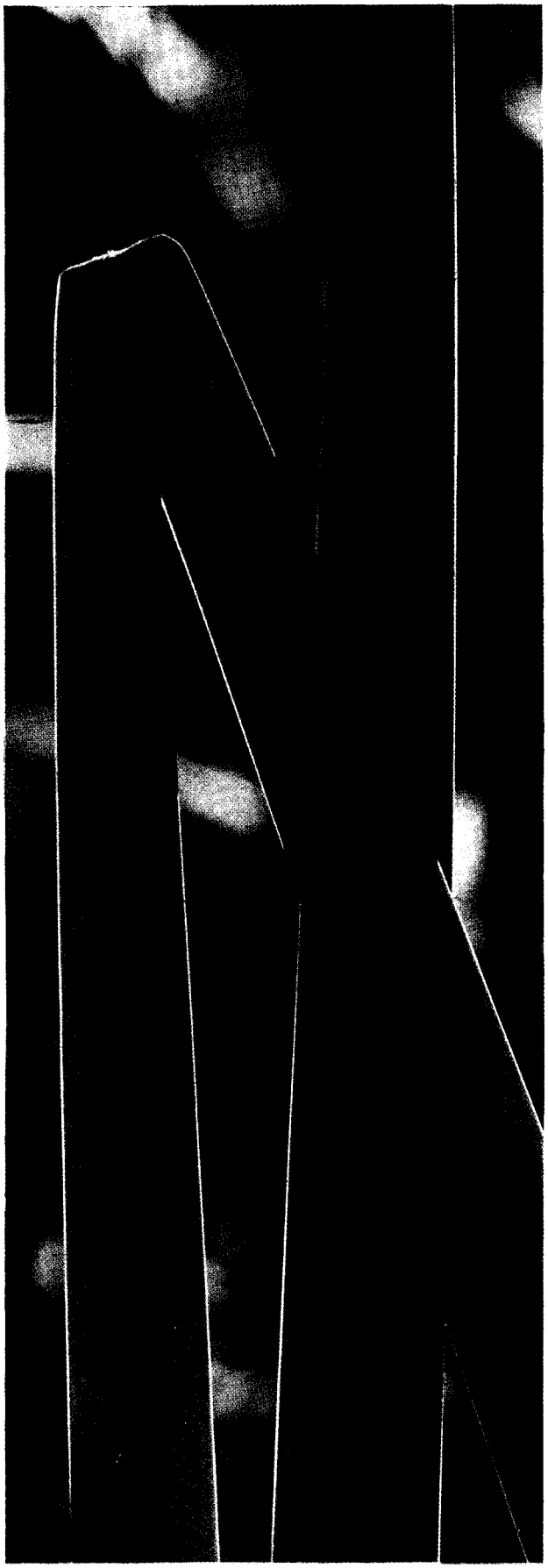
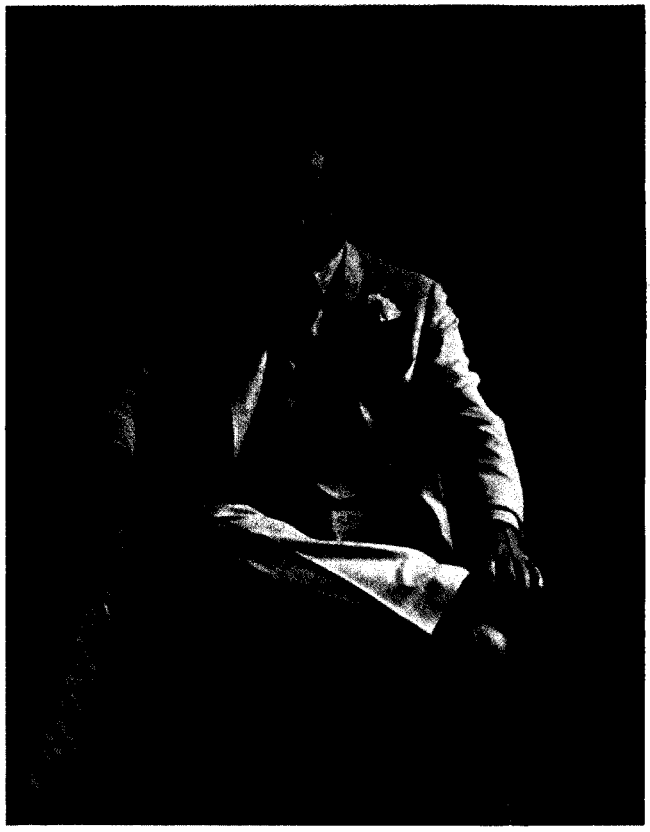


Bent Blade by Richard Quataert
(Below) Richard Merkin by Marie Cosindas



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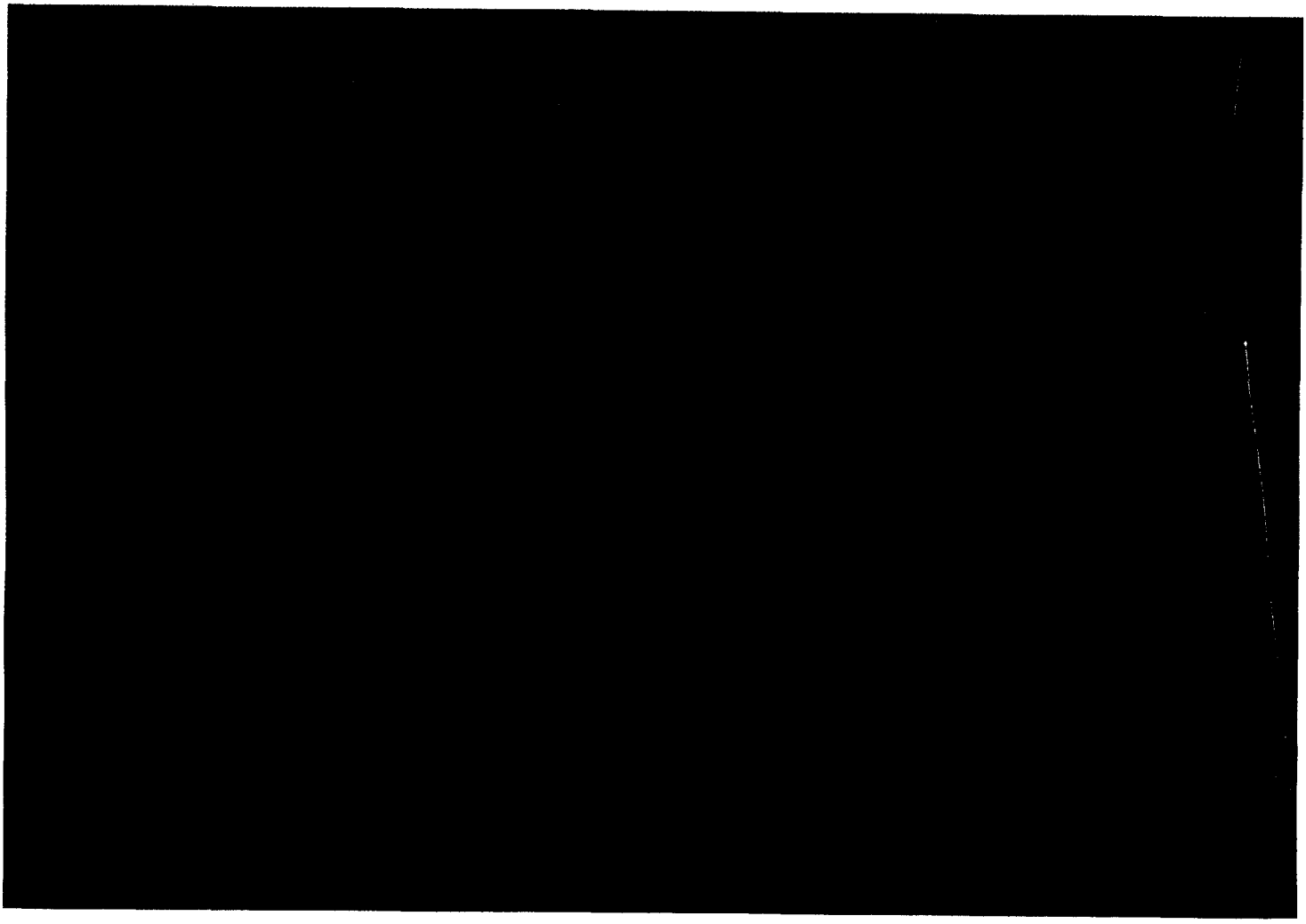
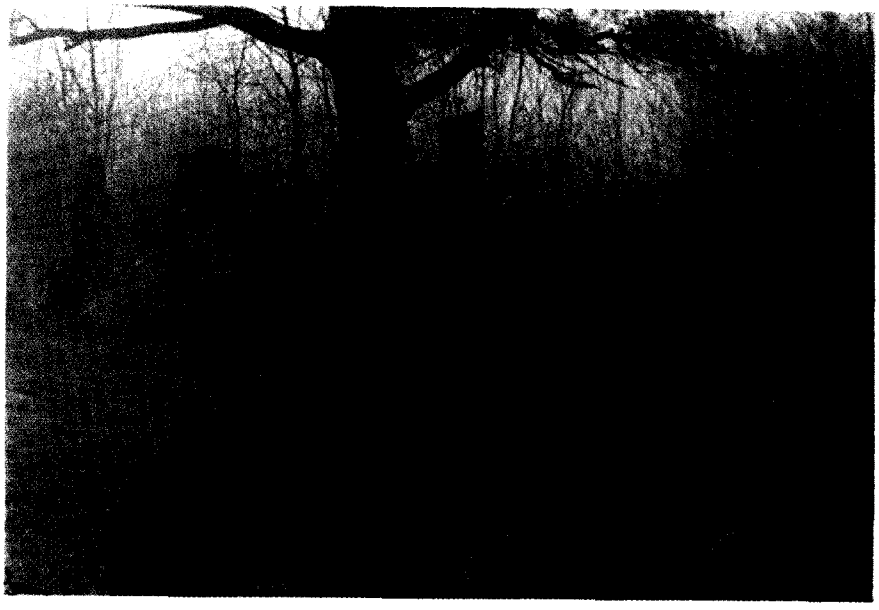


The Giraffe by Pete Turner
(Right) Rutland Burying Ground
by Daniel Farber



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Continued from page 38

professional about the quality of some of the amateur efforts on view—a fact that brings up the old question of the precise denotation of "amateur" and "professional." (In the interest of accuracy, however, we should point out that the exhibition catalogue errs in implying that Charles Trainor is merely the bright young graduate of a home-study course. After having been an award-winning staff photographer of the Miami *News* for many years, he entered a photography competition that netted him a home-study course as a prize!) [See "The Baffling Black-and-White," *SR*, Sept. 12, 1964.]

Checking off the "name" photographers represented in PFA-V — Richard Avedon, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Ken Heyman, Barbara Morgan, Gordon Parks, Brett Weston, among them—one might conclude that some professionals are unconcerned about sharing the spotlight with amateurs. What does continue to concern other professionals is PFA's operating procedure on submissions. Though conceding that they are not necessarily the ones best equipped to judge their own work, many photographers contend that they are still the best judges of which of their pictures they would *like* to have judged by a jury. Their argument has validity. After all, PFA is not conducting competitions *per se*, but organizing compilations of what its panel of art-museum experts prefers among the pictures presented for review. Under the present submissions system, the Board of Selection can review only what representatives of PFA's photographic sources have remembered from previous publication or retrieved from old files.

DOUBTLESS many of the works displayed in PFA-V—such as the studies by Marie Cosindas, the big-cat subjects by John Dominis and David Ming-Li Lowe, the Karsh portraits, Mario Giacomelli's *Pretini*, the Indian scene by Robert Ishi (kawa) that previously took top honors in *SR*'s 1963 World Travel Photo Contest, Richard Gordon's Gemini XI space shot—would be on the photographers' own preferred list for submission. But is it likely that André Kertész would have chosen as his "outstanding contemporary" work the view of Mondrian's studio that he photographed in 1926?

Bartlett Hayes, director of Andover's Addison Gallery and a veteran member of PFA's Board of Selection, raised this question about the method of scouting and submissions: "To what extent does the artist have a chance to say, 'Well, I prefer this one but it's not being selected because somebody else has made the selection'? I'm suggesting only that instead of doing this at random, maybe you (Dmitri) should pick the consistent

***Lion in the Tree*, by Marc and Evelyne Bernheim (original in color).**

***Morris Graves*, by Imogen Cunningham.**

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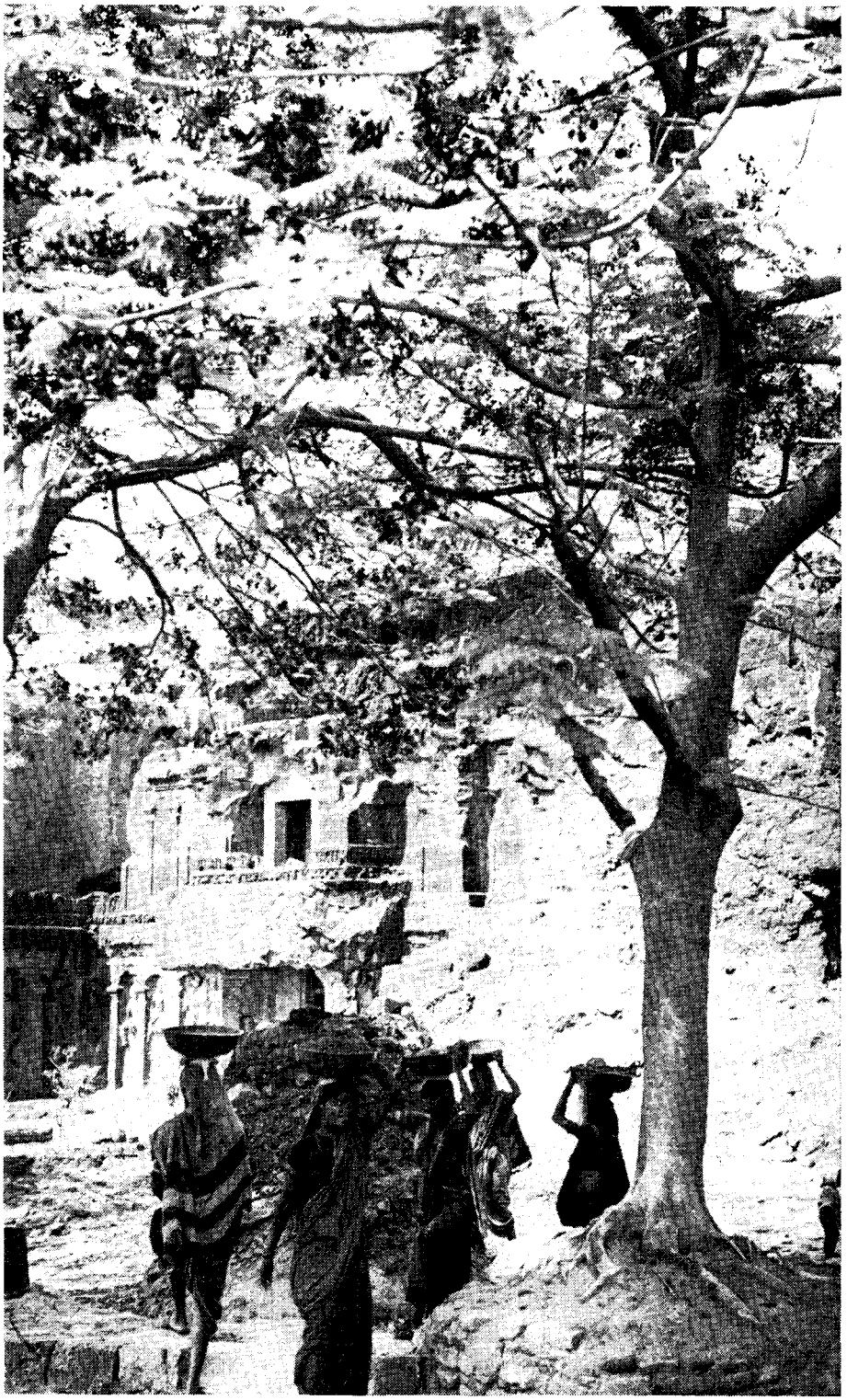

***Ellora, India*, by Robert Ishi (original in color, *SR* World Travel Photo Contest top prizewinner).**

top people and just say, 'What have you got?'" And Hayes has proposed this blueprint: "I would like to go back over the past five shows and somehow arrive at a selection of maybe twenty people who seem to have been consistently worth noting, and to invite those twenty to submit three or four or five prints each for maybe a special show."

THAT may be a good idea for a future PFA effort. Anything that would bring a sense of cohesiveness to what is exhibited as well as eliminate the mediocre and the dated stereotype would be to both the viewer's and PFA's advantage.

In the meantime, PFA-V is installed in the Metropolitan until June 11, when it starts its tour of other museums and university art galleries across the country. Previous PFA shows have been viewed by 6,500,000 museum-goers; the fifth will add many more audiences to the record. And though PFA-V is an uneven show, representing the median rather than the "outstanding" of its promise, the museum *is* the message.

Members of the PFA National Board of Selection: Jean Sutherland Boggs, director, National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa; Leslie Cheek, Jr., director, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts; Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr., director, Addison Gallery of American Art; A. Hyatt Mayor, former curator of prints, Metropolitan Museum of Art; John J. McKendry, associate curator in charge of prints, Metropolitan Museum of Art; Joseph V. Noble, vice director for administration, Metropolitan Museum of Art; Perry T. Rathbone, director, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; Alan Shestack, assistant curator, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.; Laurence Sickman, director, William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City; Evan Hopkins Turner, director, Philadelphia Museum of Art; Otto Wittmann, director, Toledo Museum of Art.

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A la Mode

STANLEY DONEN, in *Two for the Road*, has put together most of the elements required for a fashionable movie entertainment. He has, first of all, cast Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney as a pair of marrieds whose emotional vicissitudes are unfolded during a series of vacation trips they make from England to the Riviera. Bound to appeal, one would think—that combination of two important, personable, and professionally capable stars. His scriptwriter, too (Frederic Raphael of *Darling* fame), is right up there in the current swim. And Mr. Donen himself has no mean reputation as a director and producer of chic, if not style. From *Singin' in the Rain* through *Funny Face* and *Charade*, he has entertained us through novelty and flair, albeit of the inveterately commercial kind.

He is aware, too, of some of the more applauded effects achieved in recent years through advanced editing and camera techniques by such as Resnais, Godard, Kubrick, and others, and so, instead of revealing his story in progressive chronological episodes, he has mixed them all together so that the viewer must sort out for himself just when something happened during an accumulated period of twelve years. The clues, for time-orientation purposes, are to be found in the clothes worn at each stage by Miss Hepburn and Mr. Finney, and, more important, their autos.

When they first meet, Finney is an architectural student and Miss Hepburn a virginal student of some unknown species; by the time they have hitchhiked their way to the Riviera they have become lovers. Later, as newlyweds, they travel the same route with another married couple in a 1957 Ford station wagon. Donen's view of the kind of family life represented by that couple and their obnoxious little girl is amply expressed by the unchic car he has the husband (William Daniel) drive. On their own, a couple of years later, Finney is driving an aged but sporty little MG; and, when he begins to meet success in his profession, the couple travel in a bright new Triumph Herald. As an architect of affluence and reputation, Finney naturally takes his wife through France in a dazzling Mercedes 230.

Donen also makes sure that his couple stay in just the right places during their travels: a colorful old abbey turned into an inn, an atmospheric chateau that serves as an expensive hotel, a magnificent Riviera villa owned by a rich friend (Claude Dauphin) they've met on the road. And, reckless almost to the extreme, he avoids clothing Miss Hepburn in her usual Givenchy apparel, and picks and chooses for her from boutiques no less than eighty-nine pieces representing, according to Twentieth Century-Fox statistics, "a wide range of perky and fashionable styles—from blue jeans to couturier evening wear."

As for the story, it is just the properly modish mixture of the gay, the unexpected, the wistful, and the wry. Both commit their infidelities, and both manage to survive the indignity and the strain of these critical experiences. They learn to accept each other with what might be termed, I guess, graceful maturity. All this is diverting enough, if not sensationally enjoyable, and I suppose it's the calculation behind it that keeps the adventure from sparking into vivid life. Miss Hepburn is handicapped during her more immature periods by the fact that she is now a distinctly aging ingenue, and someone of her delicate bone structure just shouldn't wear such brief swimsuits. And Finney seems too young to play a mature architect. But fashion, in stars as well as in clothes and cars, must be served by Donen, and the trouble with *Two for the Road* is that it is.

DONEN, however, has come off far better with his effort than has Tony Richardson, another director of high reputation, with *The Sailor from Gibraltar*, adapted by Christopher Isherwood and others from a novel by Marguerite Duras. This is a gloomy epic about a young British clerk (Ian Bannen) who finds his mode of living, as well as his long-term affair with another clerk (Vanessa Redgrave, of all people!), unendurable, and who takes up with the rich owner (Jeanne Moreau) of a yacht called *Gibraltar*. While wandering from Italy, to Greece, and to the interior of Africa, it wanders between the inane and the incredible. Mr. Richardson appears to have been at a loss to determine just what kind of tale he was telling. Aside from the fact that it doesn't make sense, he seems puzzled about whether the dialogue is pretentiously serious, or intentionally funny. I haven't a clue, myself, and I would think that both Miss Redgrave and Mlle. Moreau would want to avoid Richardson as a director in the future. For one thing, he makes both *look* terrible.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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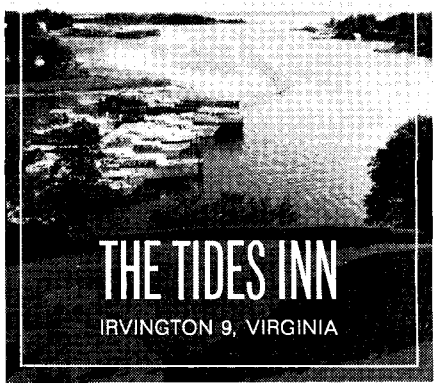

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The Lesson of Auschwitz

AUSCHWITZ was in the news again recently. On an April Sunday, 200,000 Europeans gathered at the site of Hitler's No. 1 death camp in Poland to dedicate a granite monument to its 4,000,000 victims, most of whom were Jews. The same afternoon, in New York City, an estimated 600,000 television viewers watched *The Investigation*, Peter Weiss's drama about the Auschwitz murders, on the local NBC station. A basketball game on ABC-TV had the highest share (15 per cent) of the local audience for the time period; but the NBC play was close behind with a 14 per cent share.

NBC's Sunday presentation of *The Investigation* was a repeat performance. Ulu Grosbard's adaptation of the play had been presented first on the NBC network on the preceding Friday night, in prime time. The repeat was scheduled when NBC realized that many Jews throughout the nation might be attending Friday night services and would miss the opportunity to see the play. The program's New York audience share that Friday night was 26 per cent, second only to a Dean Martin movie on CBS, which drew a 33 per cent audience share. NBC estimated that 18,000,000 viewers saw *The Investigation* nationally. Out of 207 stations which comprise the full network, 187 carried the play on Friday and 131 accepted the drama on Sunday.

The original stage version, which was constructed by the author in documentary fashion from court records of a trial of Nazi war criminals, had been edited for television audiences; yet the meticulous, unsparing realism of the accounts of tortures, medical experiments, and crematoria proved too much even for tough-minded viewers who tuned out. Several Jewish organizations told NBC that they were affronted because the play never mentions the words Auschwitz or Jew. But the author meant to universalize his theme of the potential moral degradation inherent in human beings: In the play Auschwitz became simply "The Camp," and the Jews and the Nazis were, respectively, "the prisoners" or "the prosecution witnesses" and "the accused." Of the 200 Jewish organizations advised of the telecast in advance, almost all endorsed it.

It was extraordinary that NBC bought the television rights to the play before it had appeared on Broadway, then put it on the network twice at times when large numbers of viewers were available. This is obviously not a presentation that attracts sponsors. Its basic theme is violence, but not the controllable kind that is presented in a context of reassurance and the final triumph of the good and the right. *The Investigation* has no hero, no villain, no suspense. It tells, directly and with little characterization, what people did to each other at Auschwitz and how they justified what they did.

THE impact upon the viewer may be that of a confrontation with a cesspit in himself—his own fear, cowardice, and hidden impulses to strike back at authority figures. It is Peter Weiss's somber challenge that, given the accident of circumstance, the victims could have been the guards at Auschwitz. "The Camp" is, the author asserts, still here in the present world. Viewers sense this, and that fact would explain the rather surprising size of the audience.

The important question is: What will viewers do with the experience of watching *The Investigation* on television? Can the horror be transmuted into some meaningful action? The play itself offers hardly any hope. One or two witnesses in the drama, however, noted that some Nazi doctors in the camp did take stands against inhuman conditions. One doctor refused to help select victims. In these cases, the witnesses said, nothing happened to the rebellious doctors. If men can make tiny gestures of defiance in a totalitarian death camp, there is larger room for individual responsibility in a democracy.

I wonder how many viewers who watched *The Investigation* were aware of the fact that today, nineteen years after the United Nations General Assembly unanimously adopted the Genocide Convention, the United States Senate has still not ratified the agreement. The Genocide Convention makes it a crime to commit acts intended "to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group, as such; killing members of the group; causing serious bodily or mental harm . . . deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part. . . ." Viewers, reminded of Auschwitz and *The Investigation*, have the power to let their Senators know how they feel about ratification.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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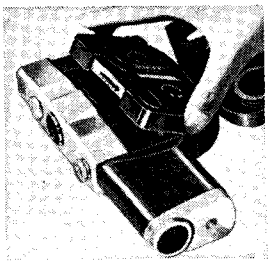

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Universe

Continued from page 21

to the various vandalisms so popular with teen-agers and, finally, to unmotivated murder. What can so triumphantly demonstrate an existential freedom as torturing and killing for kicks? Didn't Apollinaire himself say that de Sade was the freest man who ever lived?

What, precisely, is the road—or are the roads—which have led to the state of mind illustrated by the quotations in this article? I do not think that any analysis ending in a satisfactory answer to that question has ever been made. Someone with the stomach for it might undertake a study as nearly classic as Mario Praz's *The Romantic Agony*, which traces so brilliantly the origin and destination of 1890 decadence to which modernism is more closely parallel than is usually admitted, and of which it is, perhaps, only another phase. Cyril Connolly has this to say:

> [It] began as a revolt against the bourgeois in France, the Victorians in England, the Puritanism and materialism of America. The modern spirit was a combination of certain intellectual qualities inherited from the Enlightenment: lucidity, irony, skepticism, intellectual curiosity, combined with the impassioned intensity and enhanced sensibility of the Romantic, their rebellion and sense of technical experiment, their awareness of living in a tragic age.

All that is true enough and familiar enough but it doesn't go far enough. It does not explain why the most obvious and unique characteristics of the current avant-garde are not any of the characteristics of the Enlightenment or of any romanticism except that commonly called decadent. How, for instance, do lucidity, irony, skepticism, or even intellectual curiosity become preludes to "the century of de Sade"? How did an assault on Victorian complacency and hypocrisy end by practicing a sort of unmotivated vandalism? In London a recent city-wide series of "happenings" in which forty "artists" from ten nations took part was publicized as a reminder that "society will ignore the manifestations of destruction in art at its peril." Perhaps, as we say, the publicist had something there. Were certain members of the public justified when they objected to the performance of Juan Hidalgo, the representative from Spain, whose specialty, it seems, is cutting off the heads of chickens and flinging them at the audience?

I suppose that anyone who undertook to trace the development of modernism would have to begin by asking whether or not there is a single dominating characteristic of this latest development, any one which, at least by its frequent emphasis, seems to distinguish contemporary modernism from the movement out of which it is said to have grown. True, this modernism does indeed seem to be compounded of many simplicities and not all who represent it include all of them in their mixtures. Thus one distinguishing characteristic is the tendency to elevate raw sexual experience to a position of supreme importance so that the Quest for the Holy Grail becomes a quest for the perfect orgasm. Other characteristics are homosexuality, nihilism, and that impulse to self-destruction typified in the cult of drugs. Still another is that taste for violence which, as in the case of Baldwin, becomes unmistakably sadistic. If I had to answer the question, "What is most *fundamental*?" I should be inclined to say "the taste for violence." The belief that violence is the only appropriate response to an absurd world is the one element most often present in any individual's special version of the moment's avant-gardism.

PSYCHIATRISTS often say that suicide is frequently motivated by the desire for revenge against some person who, so the self-destroyer likes to believe, will be made to suffer. And psychiatrists are inclined to call this motive irrational. But in modern literature and modern criticism it is sometimes accepted as the ultimate rationality—as in these two examples:

In Friedrich Dürrenmatt's much discussed play *The Visit*, the principal character explains her conduct by saying, "The world made a whore of me, so I am turning the world into a brothel"; and in *The Nation* the reviewer of a novel calls the self-destruction of its hero "an alcoholic strike against humanity." In common-sense terms all such retaliations and revenges come under the head of biting off one's nose to spite one's face. But that seems to be what some modernists advocate.

Seldom, if ever before, has any of the arts been so dominated by an all-inclusive hatred. Once the writer hated individual "bad men." Then he began to hate instead the society which was supposed to be responsible for the creation of bad men. Now his hatred is directed not at individuals or their societies but at the universe in which bad men and bad societies are merely expressions of the fundamental evil of the universe itself.

It was once hoped that the iconoclasts who flourished during the early years of our century would clear the ground for higher ideals and truer values. Somewhat later it was argued that existentialism, having demonstrated that the universe was in itself morally and intellectually meaningless, now left man free to construct meanings and morals for himself and in his own image. What that has come down to, the Baldwins, the Burroughses, and the Jack Smiths have demonstrated in our language; the Apollinaires and the Genets, in theirs.

There is, of course, always the literature of social protest to which one may turn if one has had enough of sadism and the absurd. But sometimes the reviewers sound as though they were getting the same sort of sadistic kick in a less open way. Here, for example, is the way in which a recent novel is praised in (of all places) *Vogue*:

> *The Fixer*, a brilliant new novel by Bernard Malamud, is harrowing. It is a dreadful story that cuts and lacerates without relief; it is a drama of ferocious injustice and then more injustice.

If anything except unrelieved violence in one form or another is "escapism"; if human nature, the world, and even the universe itself are what so many esteemed artists declare them to be, then what can anyone reasonable choose to do except escape in either life or literature—if he can? Perhaps that is why 18,000 people recently crowded a London exhibit devoted to memorabilia concerning the creator of Peter Rabbit.

Imaginary Companion

By Jeannette Nichols

SHE has spilled the water
and *SHE* is running
away and away is where
SHE is safe and light as sea-spray.

SHE makes each day's plans
using my hands
to play them out.
SHE she says is never
going to die and
SHE never cries.

I go with her, talk
with her, reason with her.
SHE owns everything,
wins everything, is going
to get everything.

Only one day *SHE* is pale
as lilac wind, and laughs
softer than the sound
of the water
I find myself
spilling.

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Covered with Old Glory

IN YEARS PAST newspapers have headlined anti-American demonstrations in Tokyo, Lima, La Paz, Jakarta, Pnompenh; Algerian riots in Paris; fighting by Greeks and Turks over Cyprus; border raids between Syrians and Israelis. "Was it foolhardy of me," I once asked Ambassador John Allison, "to have at such times visited Japan, Peru, Bolivia, Cambodia, France, Greece, and the Holy Land? Even though I sensed no malice toward me as an individual tourist, let alone evidence of turmoil?"

"I see no reason," he said, "why a single girl should not travel in Asia or the Middle East or areas other than the more stable ones in Europe, provided she uses her head and doesn't try to be a smart aleck.

"If she is wise, she will find out where the nearest American embassy or consulate is and call there as one of her first actions in the strange country. If she is in the capital of the country, she should go to the embassy and ask for the consular section. Embassies are found only in the capitals, as the ambassador is the personal representative of the President of the United States to the chief of state of the country in which he is located. Consular officers are scattered around the country and deal with the local officials. As such, they are the officers of the American Foreign Service who most frequently come into contact with American citizens abroad.

"I suggest," continued the Ambassador, "that the young lady ask the consular officer if she can make a temporary registration. This should cost nothing but a little time. The consular officer will make a note of the number and date of her passport, where she is staying, and what her plans are during her visit in the country. Should she thereafter get into any sort of trouble, or lose her passport, the consular officer will have on record that she is an American citizen, and he will be able officially to go to her aid. In most cases this first visit to a consulate will also be the last.

"In the more unstable or newer nations it can happen that an American tourist may quite innocently fall into the hands of the local police as the result of doing something that would be perfectly normal at home but is offensive abroad. In such an event she should yell and scream until she is allowed to see an American consul or vice consul. If he is good — and most of them are — he will probably be on friendly enough terms with the local officials to get her off. Unless she has really done something bad. However, even then he can help, so she shouldn't hesitate to appeal to him.

"And whatever happens, she should keep smiling. She may not be on *Candid Camera*, but it sure helps."

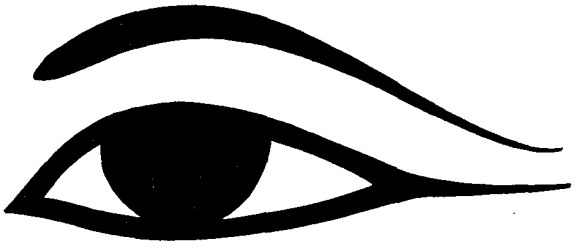
As do discretion and tact. The Indonesian consulate's advice that American visitors in that country should refrain from publicly criticizing the political leaders or government officials applies to many other nations that have suffered a bad press in the United States. There is wider application, too, in the suggestion by the Governmental Affairs Institute pamphlet "Soviet Russia: A Guidebook for Tourists": "We who are accustomed to throwing candid remarks back and forth with perhaps too little thought must be careful lest we inadvertently jar . . . sensitivities. . . . Americans are well advised to be cautious about making direct and invidious comparisons between American and Soviet conditions." It's the most companionable thing in the world for Americans meeting as strangers in buses, trains, and planes to compare notes and laugh about experiences they have had traveling in various countries—little realizing that such comments may irritate nearby foreigners who understand English.

Americans who would not dream of bragging about their personal standard of living to a less affluent neighbor sometimes forget how gauche it is to do so on a national scale, especially when they are guests in another country. And it takes great restraint not to retaliate when taunted about unfavorable aspects of the United States—an equally tasteless practice on the part of citizens of a host nation.

In Madurai, a city in the state of Madras, I was meandering about the small temple in the center of the Teppakulam tank when a blue-black, fine-featured Tamil started to chat with me about the comical, brightly garbed, and walrus-mustached statues leaning against the columns. He had been to America and, like all Asians I encountered that autumn of 1963, was deeply shocked by the murder of President Kennedy.

"Of course," he remarked on the return sailing across the artificial lake, "there was an anti-integration plot behind the assassination." I said, no, I

SEE EGYPT TOO



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didn't think so—and immediately was challenged by first one then another of the boat's excited occupants about the condition of Negroes in the States. I tried to answer as truthfully and objectively as I could.

There has been a considerable improvement in their lot, I said, but they still have a long, long way to go before achieving economic equality with white Americans. Nevertheless, it is the policy of the United States Government to raise the Negroes' status. I wished I could cite the number of Negroes prominent in public life. Lamely, I concluded that even the poorest Negro in the States lived better than the average low-caste Indian.

When I was in Budapest, I got into a conversation with a woman sitting next to me in a restaurant. Her English was quite good, so I seized the opportunity to quiz her about conditions in Hungary. She spoke of them proudly, noting that under Communist rule there was no unemployment and the government had a retirement plan in which everybody participated. People could quit working at the age of fifty-five and get a pension from the state. She told me about new housing developments, the expansion in education. Then abruptly she blurted out, "Could you tell me, please, what is your salary?"

In rapid succession I answered a number of similar questions, trying at the same time to give her a picture of the average situation when mine deviated from it. "Oh," she conceded, "Americans have much more than we." "But," I reminded her, "you have that government retirement plan." "Isn't it the same as your Social Security?" she asked me. "The pension that pays is exceedingly low," I said. "Nobody can live very well on it." "People can't live on ours, either," she confessed. "Children have to help their retired parents."

After that she no longer tried to propagandize me. Avid for news of America, she asked if I had brought any magazines. She particularly wanted to see those that pictured household appliances. I look longingly at them myself. Nevertheless, I was sorry that I did not have one of our women's consumer magazines; there's a tremendous interest in them, and they speak loudly in defense of a free economy.

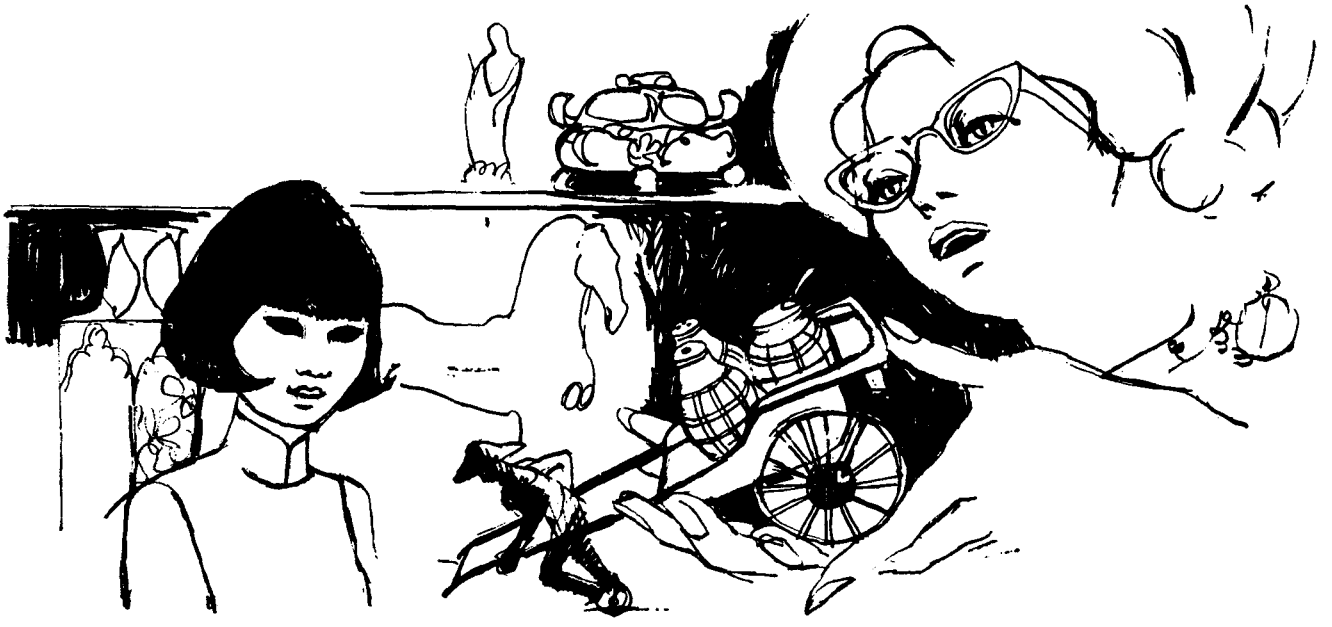
I also regretted not having with me a book of facts and figures with which to answer other of her questions. The Governmental Affairs Institute suggests taking a copy of the *World Almanac* (Doubleday) or some other reference publication, as well as copies of the HELP WANTED section of Sunday newspapers and the real estate ads. All can be useful to counter distorted impressions of the United States.

The most important things, though, that anyone can take abroad are an open mind and restraint.

WITH the best intentions in the world, however, an American traveling among predominantly colored, former colonial, or just impoverished populations sometimes faces a perplexing situation.

How, for instance, should a hard-working, self-made career girl respond to the many beggars she meets? Ours—the world's best-dressed—are easy to deny. Not so the human bundles of wretchedness and rags, the piteously diseased urchins who stretch out their hands. To how many is their role the inevitable result of deprivation? To how many a cynical means of livelihood? And what about alms to the itinerant holy men to whose religion begging is an integral? At every intercity bus depot in Morocco mendicants enter the vehicle and, raising their right hand, first and second fingers pointed to heaven, beseech passengers, in the name of Allah, to dig into their pockets. Are they less to be honored than our own clerical fund-raisers?

Pathetic waifs are the hardest to refuse, a fact that has not escaped their parents. In Spain, where beggars must at least sell lottery tickets, I determinedly ignored the pleading of a naked little



Some of the nicest things in Hong Kong are those you didn't see the first time around. Take this condiment set for example. Made from sterling silver by Hong Kong craftsmen, it combines beauty with purpose in a most attractive and unique way. Many of the other local products are equally appealing. And, of course, the tax-free imported items aren't to be neglected, either.

The same principle applies to the views. Even old China hands will admit that they are continually rewarded by seemingly new vistas of this fabulous Colony. And the increasingly widespread use of English makes it just that much easier to get around. The charm and beauty of Hong Kong improves and grows with every visit. How long is it since you've been here?

One lifetime is hardly long enough to explore this traveller's paradise.

THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

For detailed information about Hong Kong see your travel agent or write for color brochures to Hong Kong Tourist Association, 291 Geary Street, Suite 402, San Francisco, California 94102.

1967 is International Tourist Year.

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boy until I caught him surreptitiously twisting back his eyelid so that he might appear deformed. Touched by the sadness of the trick, I emotionally gave him a half-dollar—and probably the next time a bus stopped, he distorted both his eyes. Such children are usually intelligent.

"Why is it necessary that I give you a *propina*?" I asked a small Peruvian girl, thinking to teach her a lesson. "What service have you performed for me?" Frightened speechless by a totally new concept, she ran away.

In the West Indies, Mexico, various parts of Asia, indeed in New York, enterprising children seeking tips have caught on to the service angle, voluntarily "guarding" cars, flagging down taxis, opening doors, scurrying underfoot to polish one's shoes.

Wherever one goes off the beaten path, there are beguiling little boys who ask to be your guide. Although at Angkor "cigarettes for me papa" were sufficient reward for a nine-year-old Cambodian acting as impromptu scout, others like him, shrewdly aware that youthful enterprise appeals to Americans, are sometimes banditti when it comes time to pay them.

"You are English, memsahib?" asked a Nepalese boy who was politely following me on a shiny new bicycle in Katmandu. "No, American." "I like very much the Americans," he said. "I am studying at the American school."

Completely charmed by him and the throngs of tots who squealed, "'Allo! Bye-bye!" as he led me in and out of ancient temple courtyards, I was in a benign mood when the lad remarked, "I like very much to have a book, memsahib." "What sort of book?" I asked. "I like very much a Nepalese-English dictionary." As we parted I gave him 5 rupees (about 70 cents) as a contribution to his scholarship. "No, no, I like the big one," he said, pointing to a 10-rupee note in my hand. "Don't be a little pig," I told him. The next day three other small scholars—these in tatters—also expressed a desire for a Nepalese-English dictionary.

In an article reprinted in *Atlas* magazine, the Italian novelist Alberto Moravia viewed as menacingly American a request by a young Nepalese bicyclist for 20 rupees to buy "a book about all books": "A book about all books. In this extraordinary invention are expressed both the Asiatics' hope of possessing at one stroke, as though by the touch of a magic wand, all of European culture and also the modern, rather American idea of the extracted, the digested—in short, the industrial product that saves time and money." Mr. Moravia also pointed out that there are no book vendors in Nepal.

Again in Madras I heard from a chamber man, or room bearer, the melting refrain: "I like very much the Americans." And, expressing his sorrow over John F. Kennedy's death, he added that he wished he had a picture of the President. Later he wrote me:

> DEAREST MADAM/SIR, I must really thank you for the lovely book of Mr. Kennedy and family which my family enjoys very much. I will always keep it and pray and thank you'll each time we see it. My daughter Mary Elizabeth liked the book very much and kisses the picture of Mr. Kennedy each time she sees it.
>
> I hope you are keeping in the pink of health which we always pray for.
>
> By the way I hope I am not asking for to much. You promised me an old wrist watch [I did not]. If you are coming to Madras, please do not forget my humble request. . . .
>
> With our united love and kisses, I thank you.
>
> YOURS OBEDIENTLY.
>
> P.S.
>
> DEAREST MADAM/SIR. This will be a real surprise to you but let me introduce myself to you. I am the Room Service Steward. My name is ———— ———, and ———, my bearer, showed me the lovely book you sent him, which I will also like to have. By the way, sir, I was recently married, and I would like to know if you could get me a ladies wrist watch. . . .

He, too, likes very much the Americans.

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

This article is adapted from Miss Girson's book *Maiden Voyages: A Lively Guide for the Woman Traveler*, just published by Harcourt, Brace & World.

Editorial

Continued from page 24

tion recently cited evidence of young girls being sold into prostitution and domestic drudgery throughout Latin America—this slave practice being particularly bad in Mexico, with the highest prices obtained from brothels near the Texas border.

In 1964, after nearly a decade of lobbying, the U.N. appointed Mohamed Awad of Egypt to examine world slavery country by country. He sent a questionnaire to all U.N. members; forty failed to reply at all and some, including France, were flippantly arrogant. To those certain that a modern world is a more enlightened one, the fact of the continuing plague of slavery is only a degree less shocking than the cold-blooded attitude of the U.N. toward its eradication or, for that matter, even so much as recognition that this incredible evil of antiquity not only exists but is actually increasing. That a world tribunal would hesitate to debate the right of one human being to own another is something pretty staggering in A.D. 1967. —R.L.T.

WIT TWISTER #6

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon
this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *Pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:

The old man — — — — — — a
yellow grin.
Dark yellow stained his
— — — — — — and chin.
Tobacco was his meat and drink;
He chewed it more than
— — — — —, I think!

(*Answer on page 54*)

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Watcher Along the Border

Orbit of China, *by Harrison E. Salisbury (Harper & Row. 204 pp. $4.95), records the insights and impressions gained by a veteran Communism-watcher during a 30,000-mile journey along the Chinese border. Marvin Kalb, diplomatic correspondent of CBS News, wrote "The Volga: A Political Journey Through Russia."*

By MARVIN KALB

IT WAS not by chance that the first *New York Times* dateline from Hanoi since the Vietnam war bloomed into an international crisis belonged to Harrison E. Salisbury. Few American reporters have spent more time roaming through the hinterlands of Communist empires, or devoted more energy to explaining Communist policy to the American people. At a time when the Cold War is giving way to a hot war this is an assignment of immense significance.

Salisbury headed the Moscow bureau of the United Press during the wartime year of 1944. He returned to Moscow for *The New York Times* in 1949 and remained there until 1954, covering the end of the Stalinist era and the emergence of Nikita Khrushchev's easier brand of Bolshevism. In 1955 Salisbury was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. He was back in the Soviet Union in 1959, again in 1961, and, most recently, last summer, when he traveled with his wife along China's jagged border—a 30,000-mile journey in search of understanding about the world's most populous nation.

Orbit of China is his report on that trip. Like so many of his other books, it is perceptive, well-written, and informative, and worthwhile for anyone interested in China and her tortured relations with the "long-nosed barbarians" of the world beyond her still ill-defined boundaries, her ideological disputes with Russia, her snarling hostility towards America, her nuclear weapons, and the "great cultural revolution."

Salisbury returned from his journey convinced that "China and the United States were far advanced along a course which could lead only to nuclear war." Wherever he went—and he traveled far and wide, to Hong Kong, Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, Burma, India, Sikkim, Siberia, and Japan—he talked with experts and swapped impressions with ordinary people; and always he found fresh evidence to reinforce his somber conclusion. To Salisbury, the "nightmare of population and food" explains much about Chinese economic and foreign policy. There is simply too little food for too many people. One day, he believes, China will be driven north or south—in any case, beyond her borders—in a desperate gamble for more land and therefore more food to feed her sharply accelerating population.

Like most American reporters, Salisbury could not get a visa to Peking. That is why he had to travel along China's periphery, peering near-sightedly, as we all must, across her ideological checkpoints in Hong Kong or Sikkim or Siberia. While frustrating as a journalistic device—perhaps even misleading, for the shape of China's reality can be fuzzy and distorted when seen through the eyes of others—this kind of long-distance reporting is valuable. And it does provide revelations about life along China's borders; for example, the role of the Central Intelligence Agency in Laos; the six new American air bases in Thailand, two of which are capable of handling the strategic B-52 bombers; the company of Chinese Communist troops that reportedly guards Peking's mission in Laos; Burma's strong man Ne Win; the new pro-Western foreign policy of India, prompted by China's 1962 attack; the probable existence of Soviet missiles in Mongolia, trained, no doubt, on China; the squadrons of modern MIG jet fighters in Vladivostok; the surprising presence of more than a hundred West German, British, and Dutch specialists in Lanchow, China's big nuclear site.

There is much more, too—fascinating vignettes and important insights, amplified by a veteran Communism-watcher to whom we are all once again indebted.

Look Through the Bamboo Curtain

China After Mao, *by A. Doak Barnett (Princeton. 287 pp. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $1.95), and* ***China: The Other Communism,*** *by K. S. Karol (Hill & Wang. 480 pp. $7.95), consider the background, current status, and future of a troubling land. Harry Schwartz wrote "China" and "Tsars, Mandarins, and Commissars."*

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

THESE two volumes are representatives of some of the better fare now being offered those who would learn more about China. Ironically, though, A. Doak Barnett's book—based on lectures he gave at Princeton last year—is essentially high-level interpretive journalism, while that by K. S. Karol, a French newspaperman, is more academic in tone, the product as much of his extensive library study as of his travels for several months throughout China.

Professor Barnett is, of course, one of this country's best known and ablest academic China-watchers. His book—consisting of 117 pages of expository material and 167 pages of translated important Chinese documents—provides valuable information. His three chapters summarize very well much of China's history under Communist rule, as well as Mao's ideology and some of the key issues involved in the problem of succession to Mao.

Barnett's central thesis is that "change in China's leadership and policies is possible," which is hard to dispute. From this flows his advocacy of a flexible American approach, one capable of showing China's leaders that violent, extreme measures will be counterproductive, yet encouraging by positive responses any signs of reasonable and moderate policies in Peking. This recommendation is sound, but so general that both the Johnson Administration and many of its opponents could argue that they believe in such a course. It is the specific issues and choices that are difficult.

What will happen in China when Mao leaves the scene, we simply do not know, as Professor Barnett acknowledges. His view, however, is that "over the long run the central competition will be . . . between the radicals, extremists, hard-liners, Leftists, and ideologues, on the one hand, and the conservatives, moderates, soft-liners, rightists, and pragmatists on the other" or, more simply, between the supporters and opponents of Mao. In the long run, he thinks, the latter will win out. It is unclear how extended this long run will be.

Useful as this little book will be in current discussion, its brevity has inevitably forced Dr. Barnett to slight many important factors and to state his conclusions somewhat dogmatically. The range of possibilities before China is much broader than the pro-Mao and anti-Mao conflict he foresees, and after

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the events of recent months even the stability of Communist rule in China is at least open to more question than Professor Barnett assumes. This reviewer wishes Princeton had asked him to give twice as many lectures as he did, thus providing Mr. Barnett greater opportunity to give us more adequately the benefit of his scholarship.

A much richer tapestry is woven in Mr. Karol's book. China travelogues are by now no novelty, but his towers above most of them on several counts. Though he knows no Chinese, Mr. Karol brought to that land the background of a veteran journalist dealing with Communist affairs as well as the personal experience of having lived as a citizen first of the Soviet Union and then of Communist Poland. He was thus able to make fruitful comparisons that Professor Barnett's much briefer volume for the most part eschews. And, though no China expert, Mr. Karol has apparently read widely in this field so that his perspective on China goes back a number of decades. Finally, he was granted interviews by Chou En-lai, Chen Yi, and other lesser though significant figures.

There are numerous important observations scattered through this book. Thus the author suggests that China has departed from the Marxist model by becoming the "remarkable incarnation of the egalitarian dream of impoverished peasants." And he makes another important point in noting that China "is compelled to repeat the experiment of 'socialism in a single country'—comparable to that of Russia under Stalin—and at the same time retains a revolutionary spirit which makes one think of certain of Trotsky's postulates rather than those of the former Soviet dictator." It is this Chinese fusion of Stalinism and Trotskyism that eludes much current comment.

Perhaps the most fascinating single section of the book is Mr. Karol's report on what Soviet attachés in Peking told him after Premier Kosygin's visit with Mao there in early 1965. The Soviet informants claimed that Mao speaks only the Hunan dialect, not Mandarin, which explains why he does not appear on television. If true, this may explain, too, why Mao kept silent at last year's great "cultural revolution" rallies.

The attachés also told Mr. Karol that Mao, in Chou En-lai's presence, said to Kosygin, who had just listened to a slashing anti-Soviet statement by Chou, that Chou En-lai was really Russia's friend and "has illusions about you."

There is an annoying anti-Americanism in this book, particularly regarding Vietnam, and a good deal of almost naïve sympathy for the Chinese Communists. But these defects aside, Mr. Karol's is one of the most important and informative books written by a Western reporter visiting China in many years.

Eastern Eyes on the Western World

The China Reader, *edited by Franz Schurmann and Orville Schell (Random House. Vol. I, 322 pp., hardbound, $6.95, paperback, $1.95; Vol. II, 394 pp., hardbound, $6.95, paperback, $1.95; Vol. III, 667 pp., hardbound, $7.95, paperback, $2.45), presents a selection of writings from both Chinese and Western sources since the eighteenth century. C. T. Hu is on the faculty of Columbia University Teachers College.*

By C. T. HU

SINCE last summer the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has gathered so much momentum and affected so profoundly all aspects of national life in China that the future of that nation now appears to be all the more problematic. In light of China's enormous capacity either to contribute to world stability or to cause disturbance, the present state of uncertainty has heightened interest in Chinese affairs on the part of peoples everywhere. The "little Red Book" of Mao has become a bestseller the world over; young men and women are holding Maoist parties, and the Red Guards' uniform has been adopted by some in England as the new sartorial fashion. While these may be dismissed as no more than fads, the turbulence in China does give rise to the demand for a more sophisticated interpretation of the Chinese phenomenon and a new key to understanding China, past and present.

The China Reader, in no fewer than three volumes, is designed precisely to provide such a key. The Chinese enigma has become increasingly baffling because of the absence of historical parallels. With the Sino-Soviet split now virtually complete, even the Soviet experience no longer has much to tell us about present Chinese development, still less about the future. The *Reader,* therefore, seeks to find explanations for the many pressing questions through a body of carefully selected published materials, historical and contemporary, Chinese and Western. Each major section of the documents is preceded by an interpretive essay, while the individual pieces are introduced by brief and cogent remarks.

There is a simple but logical scheme for the organization of these volumes. Chronologically it begins with the eighteenth century, when the decline of the last imperial dynasty began to set in, and ends with the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, in the throes of which China finds herself today. The three volumes are titled, respectively, *The Decline of the Last Dynasty and the Origins of Modern China; Republican China: Nationalism, War, and the Rise of Communism,* and *Communist China: Revolutionary Reconstruction and International Confrontation.* These are exceedingly telling titles, because they pinpoint the theses of the volumes. Moreover, while each covers a specific period of time and develops the major themes peculiar to that period, it is obvious that the first two volumes are intended as background, against which the picture of China under Communism is brought into sharper focus. In view of this, the *Reader* is unquestionably the largest undertaking of its kind, contributing significantly to a systematic study of China under Mao Tse-tung; for it has not only succeeded in linking China's past with her present but also in combining the best tradition of Western Sinology with the modern social sciences.

After even a cursory examination of the contents one is impressed with the painstaking care that has gone into the selection of materials. The choices are guided by the fundamental consideration that China must be studied not so much as a cultural entity or an ancient civilization, but as a member of the family of nations. As a result, there is a balance between what is indigenous and what is foreign, between China looking out and the Western world looking in. The character of a China bound by tradition and the character of the challenge from the West are both rendered clear, and interaction between the two forms the central theme for the China in transition. After all, the real source of conflict between the China of today and the Western world at large lies in none other than the difference in their world-view in the ideological sense and the question of what position China should occupy in terms of *Realpolitik*. Therefore, to study China either in isolation or as others see

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her is inadequate, for it tends to distort the picture and lead to erroneous and often dangerous conclusions. It is in this sense that a meticulously balanced presentation of materials becomes a particularly noteworthy achievement.

Equally impressive is the wide range of materials covered. In addition to state papers, imperial edicts, personal observations of Old China Hands, and official pronouncements of different types, there are included in these volumes the writings of some of the most highly respected scholars and journalists in the China field, on a variety of subjects that are essential for the understanding of China. Somewhat unorthodox, but in this case refreshingly poignant, is the inclusion of literary works by Wu Ching-tzu, Lu Hsun, and Mao Tse-tung. So arranged, *The China Reader* is not only an important source of information and interpretation for the general public, but also a highly useful reference for the specialists. In so far as the selections go, the author-editors have achieved their declared objectives of relevance and readability.

The introductory essays, pleasingly readable and short, highlight the major theses and provide the necessary framework for meaningful reading of the selections. The essays are marked by an admirable sense of balance and a subtle appreciation of the forces of history. At the end of the introduction to Volume III the authors remind us that "the gulf between America and China was created not by the paranoiac visions of the Chinese, but by a long history of relations between China and foreign powers. . . . Both sides will have to make some drastic changes in their ideological views of each other and their practical relations with each other before hostility can be succeeded by coexistence." Few could disagree with the authors' emphasis on the all-important factor of Maoist ideology, which determines the way in which the Chinese look at the world and their position in that world. It is this visionary ideology that is most frightening to Americans, whose world-view is totally different. And these three volumes give, among other things, at least one good answer to the question as to how and why the Chinese have come to accept the Maoist beliefs.

Lately, the publication of a reader or a collection of published materials, usually in excerpt form on a chosen topic, has been apt to raise a few skeptical eyebrows because of the abuse of this practice by some who seek to affix their names to bound volumes and thus to lengthen their lists of publications. The standards set by the *China Reader* hopefully will encourage others to aspire to a similarly high quality of work and will discourage those with less noble intentions.

Literary Scene

Continued from page 30

book of poems illegally printed in occupied Europe (1942), universalizes his thoughts on the wold's woes :

If God exists, I'm sure that he's asleep;
He fashioned man and then he dozed away.
When he wakes up he'll mutter in alarm:
"I never should have meddled with that clay."

One is reminded of our Walt Kelly's quip: "God is not dead; he's just unemployed."

With the traditional themes of nature, love, death, memory, etc., the tone becomes more decisive and heartfelt. Thus, the "Autumn" of Lojke Krakar, survivor of both Auschwitz and Buchenwald:

The storm has wiped out the traces of love in the sand
And from the long Shore of Remembrance the unclothed lovers
Have since gone their separate ways.
In the place where they were, autumn gales shriek over the sea,
And above their bed the spider is weaving its web,
And the sun is still longing endlessly, bitterly for them.
Now the girl's picture, spattered with blood-red wine,
Is eagerly fingered by lecherous drunks at the inn,
While at the windows November rain is weeping
The end of their love—and he with the drunks in the inn
Stammers some slurred account of their rich secret.

A fortnight ago I found myself in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, standing inadvertently on a new metal grave-cover for Thomas Stearns Eliot. Never again can we say that only Longfellow represents America there. Are we justified in thinking of Eliot as an American? When this question was put to him, the Anglican poet paused for a moment and replied: "I'm not sure, but whatever Auden is, I'm the opposite."

—Robert J. Clements.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column Three should read: 3D, 10C, 2I, 5H, 1J, 6A, 9E, 4F, 8B, 12K, 11G, 7L.

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Starring as Egotist

Robert Morley: A Reluctant Autobiography, *by Robert Morley and Sewell Stokes (Simon & Schuster. 285 pp. $6.95), expresses the actor's devotion to the good things of life and his frequently iconoclastic attitude toward the theater. Brooks Atkinson was for many years drama critic of The New York Times.*

By BROOKS ATKINSON

IN THE pages of a book—"a reluctant autobiography," as it is called—Robert Morley's comic act becomes just the least bit tiresome. The humorous condescension, the grand manner with the overtone of mockery, are bright and lively on the stage. In a book they look self-conscious.

I make this remark reluctantly. For the comic point of view towards the foolishness of civilization should not be taken lightly. If it is not a palliative it is certainly a rebuke. "Show me the man who has enjoyed his school days and I will show you a bully and a bore," Mr. Morley observes in passing, thus exposing one of the most irritating frauds of respectable society. His easy manner accomplishes more than the earnestness of a social philosopher.

Nor is Mr. Morley's hedonism to be underestimated. He likes all the good things of life—food, comfort, wealth, fame, and appreciative audiences. Since these are things suspected of being either trivial or immoral, his devotion to them brings order into the universe. He is his own best example: "Life has treated me kindly," he says, "and should she suddenly withdraw her favor I hope I shall always be mindful that for over fifty years the sun has shone on my back." (He is fifty-nine years of age, which leaves only nine years unaccounted for.)

Most of Mr. Morley's contemporaries are analyzing their ids and seceding from a civilization they regard as beneath them. Mr. Morley's acceptance of what he has makes him good company. Ibsen would not approve of his irresponsible attitude towards life, but Shakespeare would. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Sir Toby inquired in a rhetorical question that has made temperance intolerable for four centuries. Since Shakespeare is on Mr. Morley's side—and on everybody else's—it is a little startling to discover that Mr. Morley does not like Shakespeare. He says he has reached the age when he can no longer endure the spectacle of his contemporaries acting Shakespeare. He has seldom been able to finish a Shakespeare play, *The Tunnel of Love,* by Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries, being more to his taste. In addition to Shakespeare he dislikes Beckett, Ionesco, Pinter, Brecht, and Anouilh, because they are not as funny as Maugham, Lonsdale, and Coward. Scratch a wit and you discover a Tory.

Although I do not share these antipathies, I am not complaining or quibbling. I did not like *The Little Hut,* perhaps only because Mr. Morley was not playing in it at the time. But my feeling of incipient ennui over *Robert Morley* is derived from its deliberate archness. It is a collaboration between Mr. Morley and Sewell Stokes, co-author of the play *Oscar Wilde,* in which Mr. Morley achieved stardom in 1936. Some of the book is in the form of an interview with Mr. Morley, Mr. Stokes playing the part of Mr. Bones. But each author has written other sections of it independently. The book jacket photograph shows both of them cleaning their respective spectacles with their respective handkerchiefs and looking at each other quizzically. Their expressions indicate a hope that their book is a lark.

But I can't help wishing they would come to the point—a date, perhaps, or a solid fact. Are they writing a nonautobiography, or are they not writing an autobiography? Keeping the ball in the air keeps Mr. Morley professionally abusive, overbearing, and impudent. He is always on. In the top echelons of the theater there is a style of sardonic self-derision that turns everything upside down: a man boasts of his failures, dotes on his disasters, and is vain about his ignorance. Mr. Morley scrupulously adheres to that convention by noting that his father was a compulsive ne'er-do-well, his aunts were eccentric, and his mother regarded the theater as beneath the dignity of cultivated people. Only his sister understands him, he says, which is the reason "why she and I meet only two or three times a year." And when he is in top form Mr. Morley takes pride in social bumbling.

Probably he is a man of good instincts and manners. His family looks so radiant and happy in their photographs that he must have charm at home. But in order to maintain the pose of the book he has to behave like a professional egotist and chide his collaborator for being stupid. "You know nothing, Sewell," he exclaims, as though only he were educated and enlightened. "Come off it," I am inclined to mutter, after 100 pages of Mr. Morley's persistent cleverness.

A pity. For he has some shrewd things to say that sound iconoclastic and are probably true. For instance, he declares that almost any actor can act a star part because a helpless audience is under obligation to find something in his style, appearance, or personality that warrants stardom. He hates directors, particularly good directors. He thinks they love rehearsals because they love to dominate the stage. As might be expected, Mr. Morley is also good on critics: "I think of critics rather as Johnson thought of patrons, and I've looked it up often enough to remember. According to him, they look with unconcern on a man struggling for life, and when he reaches ground they encumber him with help."

A man who can say things like that can't be all bad. In fact, Mr. Morley is very good indeed—a definite personage, a tall, imposing man with a long face, a massive head, and a look of startled disapproval. But as a "reluctant autobiography" *Robert Morley* is too brilliant. It needs a director.

With Dickens

By Thomas John Carlisle

My old
curiosity
has gone
shopping
to dicker
for a well-worn
silver thimble
to ease
my needle-point
and for
a platter battered
with the nicks of time
but carrying
a stagecoach
and a roly-poly
passenger
with stouter
wit than modern
minds permit.
How many
guineas
shall I give
for artifacts
well-made
well come by
and well-kept?

Answer to Wit Twister, page 50, bared, beard, bread.

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Way of Seeing

Continued from page 31

paper item about a young stewardess who was swept to her death when the plane's emergency door suddenly sprang open. Terror is in every line of the poem, but it is horror emphasized by a distant, almost detached, feeling as the girl plunges, seeming to float,

> Still neat lipsticked stockinged girdled by regulation her hat
> Still on her arms and legs in no world and yet spaced also strangely
> With utter placid rightness on thin air

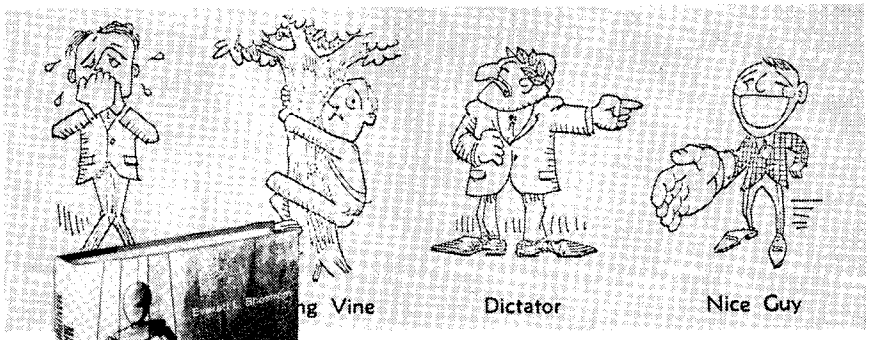
sensing, in a void of calm, and even appreciating the quiet aspects of earth as it rises to meet her,

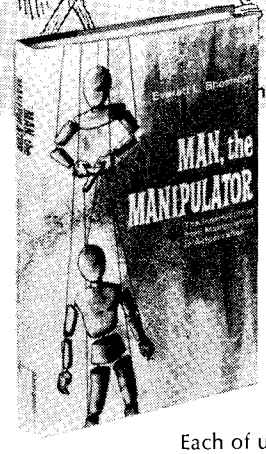
> . . . seeing mortal unreachable lights far down seeing
> An ultimate highway with one late priceless car probing it arriving
> In a square town and off her starboard arm the glitter of water catches
> The moon by its one shaken side scaled, roaming silver My God it is good . . .

The impact of an event, personally experienced or experienced through others, acts upon Dickey like a welcome blow. He has an immediate response to violence as if he were glad to be challenged to equal vehemence, as if he believed that men were living more and more lifelessly, dependent on mechanical things to do their work, their entertaining, and what is left of their thinking. He echoes Synge's demand for a poetry fortified with the strong things of life "to show that what is exalted or tender is not made by feeble blood." At the same time, he is conservative in religion, ambivalent about war, and skeptical of social progress. He does not attempt to do anybody any good. He is no reformer concerning anything, not even poetry. His is a voice that is passionate in its own way, reverberating yet reserved, owing nothing to any predecessor except, here and there, to Roethke, one of Dickey's few admirations.

His is, in short, a moving poetry, a poetry utterly unlike the fashionable unemotional flatness of statement. Always there is a direct confrontation with the human as well as the inhuman condition, always a new slant on the familiar, a fresh idiom that makes the image no mere feat of phrase but a provocative insight.

This is writing at once tender and firm, warm-hearted and free-tongued; its exuberance is endearing and may well be enduring. For me this is the poetry book of the year, and I have little doubt that it will prove to be the outstanding collection of one man's poems to appear in this decade.





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By EVERETT L. SHOSTROM

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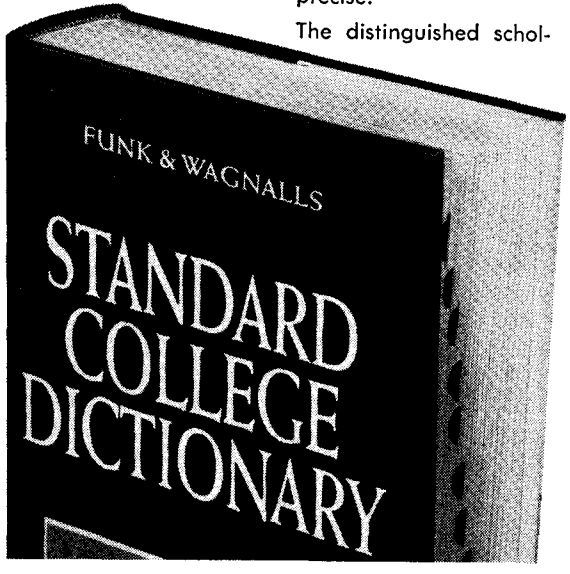

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Book Letters

Continued from page 29

ity" movement against a few students and state officials when you have over twenty thousand federal troops at your back, as in the case of Meredith at Ole Miss.

RAY TINDEL.

Blountstown, Fla.

PROFESSOR KONVITZ IS unaware that "Eric Hoffer's 'kind of people' who feel that they do not 'owe anybody . . . a damn thing'" happen to constitute a much greater proportion of our country's population than university professors. It hurts to see life as it is especially when it is contrary to one's adopted ideals. Perhaps Eric Hoffer can best explain the Konvitz phenomenon and its sundry variations. In *The Ordeal of Change* he says: "The intellectual's concern for the masses is as a rule a symptom of his uncertain status and his lack of an unquestionable sense of social usefulness."

RAYMOND SVITRA.

Chicago, Ill.

IT'S ENTIRELY POSSIBLE that Hoffer is more sympathetic than our liberal friends. At least he considers the Negro his equal.

ANNE FRAHM.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

A BADLY WRITTEN BOOK can be more inflammable than anything devised in Watts, Hough or the West Side of Chicago. I submit that Mr. Hoffer has made no contribution to racial understanding in America.

ESMO WOODS.

Chicago, Ill.

Ready for Jack Rabbits

IN ANSWER TO MOLLIE C. AUGUST, who writes that the concentration camp in Tulelake is being kept "in readiness" [*SR*, Letters to Book Review Editor, Apr. 8], the only thing that the area is in readiness for is the jack rabbits and ground squirrels. All the original barracks inhabited by Japanese-Americans have either been torn down or moved (we lived in a moved barracks for a while, as homesteaders) and the remaining administration buildings have been converted to private dwellings, a store and garage.

ELEANOR BOLESTA.

Tulelake, Calif.

Unfair to CPs?

I FOUND SOMETHING AMUSING and—at the same time—sad in Mrs. Kister's letter [*SR*, Apr. 8], commenting, "The McCarthy era is over when a writer can state in a national magazine that he was once a member of the Communist Party." Amusing because I think there is hardly a national magazine of any consequence in the United States which does not regularly publish the writings of former members of the Communist Party, and people widely known to be such. Sad because there is no national magazine which publishes the writings of present members of the Communist Party of the United States.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

New York, N.Y.

Nightmare

Continued from page 36

lish weeks? Factual data alone cannot constitute a good story, and it is to Lieber's credit that the levels of experience he is concerned with are not limited to the physical, do not border on the supernatural, and cannot be disposed of in terms of the psychological.

Three of the eleven survivors play leading roles. Isaac Wolfe—a fortyish adventurer who has been a British commando, an anti-British terrorist in Palestine, and an auto mechanic—assumes unofficial command of the vessel. His grim, cold-blooded detachment makes him both a repulsive figure and a magnetic if unlikable leader. Betsy French, a young girl-about-town with sordid escapades in her unhappy, mixed-up past, falls in love with Isaac. Byron Holt, a society gadabout and advertising executive, grumpily yields to Isaac's domination after becoming too weak to exert leadership himself, and after he has had an under-the-tarpaulin fling with Betsy.

The others include a small boy and assorted weak, elderly, or hopelessly passive individuals who serve as foils for the Isaac-Betsy-Byron triangle. In the course of their three weeks at sea the small boy and three of the adults die of starvation and exposure. And one man is killed—for the sake, supposedly, of the remaining survivors. Flashbacks and stream-of-consciousness sequences show us what Betsy and the two men are really like, making them take on the vitality of people we've known or might someday know. The way Lieber brings his characters to life, and his description of what Isaac and Byron did when it seemed that continued survival would be impossible, prepare the reader for the crux of the story.

THIS crux, posed by means of sharp questions, extensive legal proceedings, documentation from historic records, and an unraveling of the plot, involves a tangle of issues: the justifiability of peacetime murder-for-survival, cannibalism, and the relative guilt of passive accessories to a crime.

In the second portion of the book, which works out these issues, one finds somewhat less artistry and character development than in the first. Nevertheless, there is continued suspense and excitement, as well as sufficient subtlety of narrative technique to sustain the reader's intense interest. An added dimension of meaning is provided by the supposed narrator of the entire series of events, a self-righteous, money-minded reporter who sold the story to the mass media and made a fortune. Who, one is tempted to ask, might some of the principals be in real life? And whom might such a man as the reporter represent?

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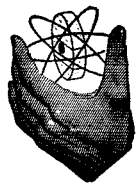

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

WERE COMETS THE MIDWIVES AT THE BIRTH OF MAN?

"CAN man, without invoking supernatural intervention, explain his own presence on earth in simple and direct relation to the existence of earth itself as a planet of the yellow star he calls the sun?

"A Canadian geophysicist, Professor Robert J. Uffen, of the University of Western Ontario, not only thinks so but has put together a theory to tell the story. If future scientific discoveries support his hypotheses, Professor Uffen will rank in history alongside such original thinkers as John Kepler and Charles Darwin."

* * *

The two foregoing paragraphs were first published in this space in July 1963. They are reproduced now because subsequent confirmation of their prescience, after accumulating slowly for four years, climaxed unexpectedly at the annual meeting of the American Geophysical Union at Washington, D.C., in mid-April 1967.

The new research findings reported to the AGU last month may be more readily interpreted if they are read in the context of Professor Uffen's original argument, which ran as follows:

> Planet earth came into being through condensation of cooled gases and dust left over after the sun took shape from a cloud of the same starstuff. The gravitational force generated by the whirling of the new-formed globe pulled the dust and gas together into a solid mass, which the increasing pressure—abetted by radioactivity—heated until the chemical elements within melted. The melting freed the elements to move and readjust themselves according to their respective molecular weights. Acting in response to gravity, iron dropped into the core of the globe from all directions on the periphery.

Now one of the unusual characteristics of iron is the ease with which it acquires magnetic properties. And one of the greatest remaining mysteries of nature is the interplay between magnetism and electricity. Magnetism gives rise to electric current and electricity produces magnetic force. The phenomena may be said to provoke each other when their paths cross. For example, radio and radar waves are magnetic pulsations moving out perpendicularly on all sides from an electric current passing through a wire. On the other hand, electricity springs up in coiled wires when they are spun on an axis perpendicular to the force lines of a magnet.

Throughout the time that the earth was forming, a powerful electrical wind blew out from the sun even as it blows today. Crossing the earth from Venus on its way toward Mars and the planets beyond, this solar wind reacted with earth's iron core (which, meanwhile, was growing by accumulation as the planetary melting proceeded outward toward the crust and permitted more iron to migrate downward) and created a primary field of magnetism.

The thickening core of earth grew hotter and hotter. The heat rose steadily toward the crust of the planet. The seething metals churned upward with

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—*Bill Barrett—London, Ontario.*

Geophysicist Robert J. Uffen, author of the evolutionary theory described in the accompanying report, is now chairman of Canada's Defense Research Board in the Department of National Defense at Ottawa.

the heat and then fell as they cooled, forming convection cells analogous to thunderclouds in the sky on hot summer days. The circular and elliptical paths that these cells followed had to cross the primary magnetic field previously created by the solar wind blowing over the earth's iron core. And this movement generated electric ring currents within the core perpendicular to the planet's axis. The rings of electricity in turn generated outward from themselves (like the radio waves from an antenna) the great doughnut-shaped lines of magnetic force which now shield the earth from the most violent blasts of the solar wind.

Today some of the sun's electricity is deflected by the magnetic doughnut, some is captured for periods of time in what are presently called the Van Allen radiation belts, and some sneaks down to earth through the doughnut holes at the planet's poles to light the night sky with aurorae.

What must earth have been like before the magnetosphere was created to ward off the worst of the solar hurricane's force?

Professor Uffen supposes that life of any kind would have been quite impossible in those days. He thinks that after the protoplanet began to form, perhaps 4,500 million years ago, some 2,000 million years of melting and convecting and differentiating of elements would have passed before the earliest possibility of primitive life—nothing bigger than a molecule—arose. Then, while the core of the earth was still fluid and growing outward, and while the mantle above the core was probably altogether molten, small thermal convection cells would have been bubbling around everywhere, creating a welter of weak magnetic fields that formed and collapsed and then reformed and collapsed again, too chaotic to provide consistent shelter from the sun's stormy outpouring. Nevertheless, conditions of that ancient past would have been such as to allow the formation of a crust on the earth, the gathering of waters onto the crust, and the condensation above the crust of a thick and murky atmosphere which breathing creatures could not survive because no free oxygen was in it.

The living process which ultimately produced the human animal definitely became possible, in Professor Uffen's opinion, about 1,500 million years ago. At that time, he believes, the innermost core of the earth had solidified, there was a fluid core around it, the mantle above was cooling and continents probably were drifting about on the gradually hardening crust. The convection cells in the outer core and the mantle then were large enough to generate powerful magnetic fields around the planet.

These magnetic fields were dependent, however, on the continuous motion of the convection cells. The convection depended on the heat that was rising from the earth's core. The flow of the heat was unsteady; sometimes it would subside, and the convection would momentarily cease. The magnetic fields would either collapse or reverse themselves.

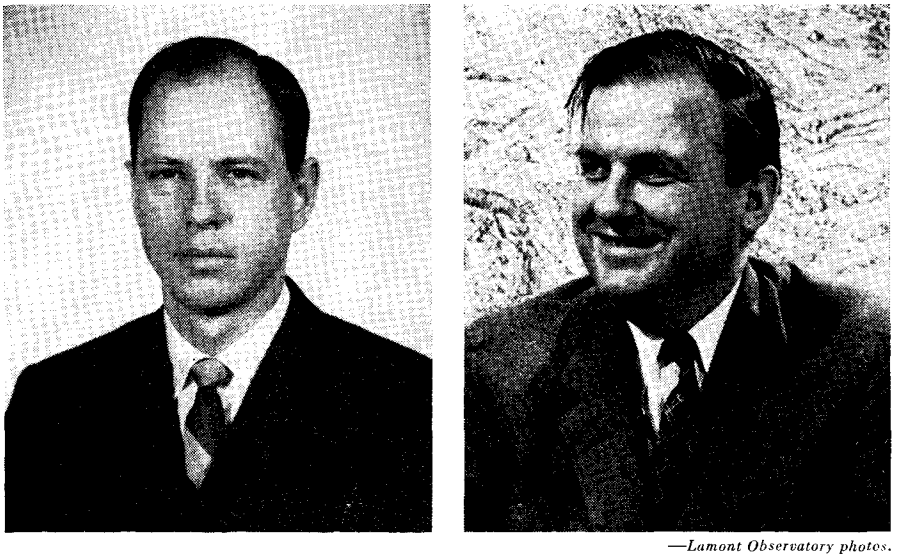
During the next 1,000 million years —from 1,500 million to 500 million years ago—Professor Uffen hypothesizes that life passed through its earliest phases. The magnetic field of the earth became stronger and stronger, holding off those solar radiations that were violent enough to destroy life. The field reversed itself many times, however, in response to the periodic pulsings of heat from the earth's core. During these reversals, the Van Allen radiation belts spilled their cargo of radiation and sped up mutation of the primitive life forms then existing. Sudden bursts of solar radiation would have been as effective for this purpose as X-rays have been in the famous heredity studies of fruit flies.

BEFORE Professor Uffen published the gist of his theory in the British journal, *Nature*, it was known that the rocks of the earth's crust retain whatever magnetic orientation prevailed when they were molten. It was known, too, that some rocks are magnetically oriented in one direction while others are oriented in the opposite direction. It was known further, from fossils buried in the rocks, that there had been periods in the past when many species of living organisms abruptly died out and other periods when many new species suddenly sprang up.

Not known, however, was whether the dyings-out and springings-up of living species occurred at the times of the magnetic reversals, or, indeed, whether the reversals recorded in the rocks were simply flip-flops of magnetic fields of equal strength or whether the intensity of magnetic pull in one direction fell to zero before the pull in the opposite direction asserted itself.

If Professor Uffen's ideas were correct, the fossil dates of dyings-out and springings-up would not only have to coincide with the dates of the magnetic reversals, but the magnetic field of one orientation would have to collapse at least briefly before a field of opposite orientation arose. Otherwise, the cosmic rays would never get through the magnetosphere at earth's equator to create a new environment for species to adapt to.

The first fossil evidence of species change that was clearly coincidental with a magnetic reversal came in 1964, the year after *SR* published the Uffen theory. Two Cambridge University re-



—*Lamont Observatory photos.*

A Tennessee-born graduate student in geology, Billy Glass (left) was extending Charles Darwin's theory of evolution last month at the same time that the Tennessee legislature was voting against repeal of a state law prohibiting public school teaching about evolution. Lamont Geological Observatory's famous innovator, Bruce Heezen (right) grins approval of his young protégé.

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searchers working as guest scientists at the Scripps Oceanographic Institution at La Jolla, California—C. G. A. Harrison and B. M. Funnell—dated tiny marine animal skeletons in Pacific Ocean bottom sediments at the same level of time where the sediments bore marks of a magnetic shift. Harrison and Funnell fixed the dates by sampling the amount of potassium and argon in the sediments. Potassium turns into argon through a precisely timed series of transmutations, so a comparison between the argon that has been created and the potassium that remains will tell how long the transmutations have been proceeding in that particular sediment sample.

The significance of this initial Scripps observation escaped general notice until oceanographic research vessels of Lamont Geological Observatory, sailing from the Hudson River Palisades, undertook a systematic analysis of cores cut from the floors of several oceans.

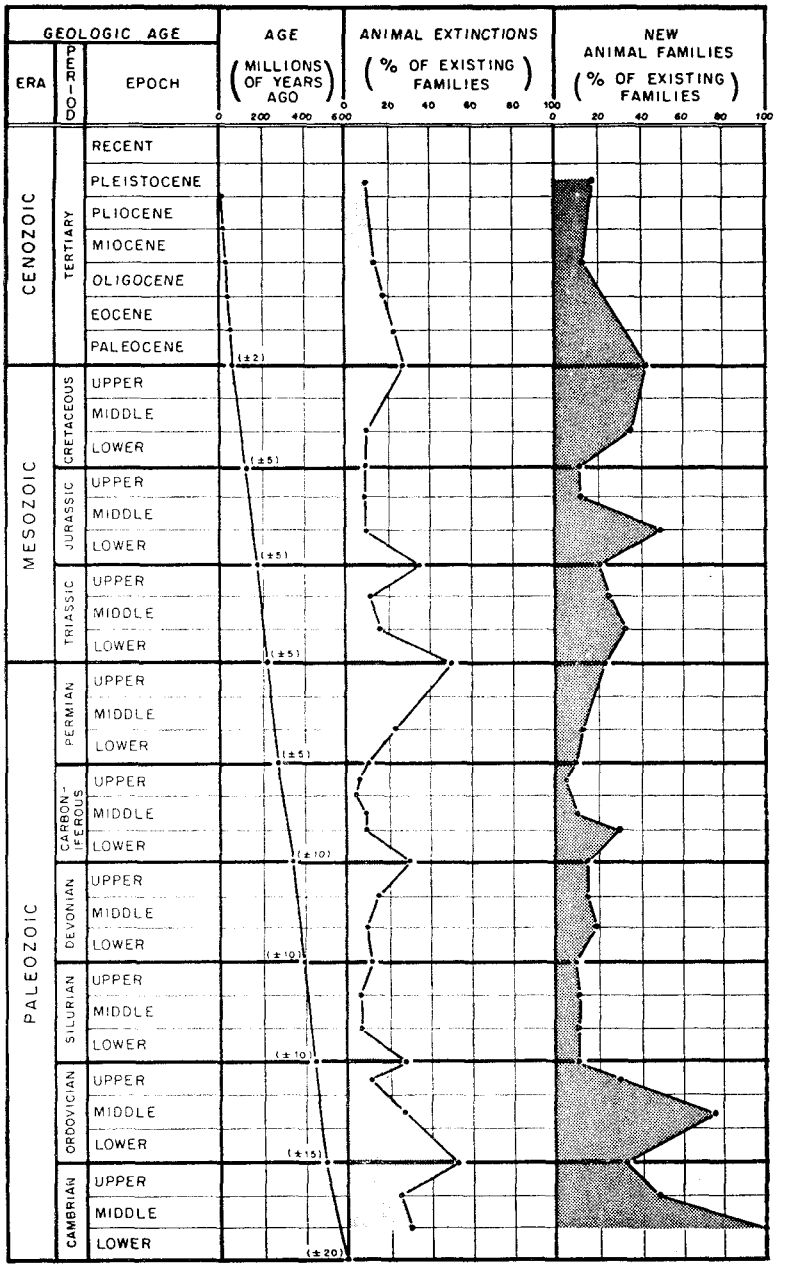
Prime mover of the Lamont enterprise was Dr. Bruce Heezen, the geologist who, with the help of a young female assistant, Miss Marie Tharp, had identified the mountain ridge that bisects the floors of all earth's seas [see "SURTSEY—CHILD OF AN EXPANDING EARTH," *SR*, July 3, 1965]. Heezen was especially interested in the magnetic correlations because they enabled him to measure the speed with which the mid-ocean ridge is widening.

In 1965, one of Heezen's graduate students, J. D. Hays, reported four sequential zones of species change in each of more than eighty ocean bottom cores. In 1966, another Heezen Ph.D. candidate, Billy Glass, found two different magnetic reversals to be closely associated with two different mutations in marine life.

"THE coincidence or near coincidence of faunal changes with reversals in these cores suggests a causal relation," said a paper co-signed by Glass and published in *Science*. "It has been suggested that at the time of a reversal the intensity of the earth's dipole field must have decreased to zero; as a result, the earth's surface would have been subjected to a higher incidence of cosmic radiation than normal, which may have caused a higher mutation rate that strongly affected the revolutionary process."

The names of three other men from Lamont who joined Glass in signing this research report are clues to reconstruction of the story of Billy Glass's later accidental adventure that may in time make him one of the memorable figures of science. The names are: Neil Opdyke, J. D. Hays, and John Foster.

Opdyke's name stands first because he heads the paleomagnetic laboratory at Lamont. Without his help, none of the events that followed could have happened. For the magnetic orientation of rocks must be measured by a magnetometer that spins a rock sample very fast within a man-made magnetic field. Ocean bottom sediments are much more frail than rocks are. If sediments were to be spun at the same speeds as rock samples, the sediments would disintegrate. To avoid such a catastrophe, Foster, a young subordinate of Opdyke, invented a low-speed spinner.



—*After John F. Simpson in "Geological Society of America Bulletin."*

Mutation of life from one congregation of species to another during planet earth's history is reflected in the graph above, an exhibit at the 1965 Symposium on the Mutational Process at Prague, Czechoslovakia. Causes of the peaks in the rate of disappearance of old species and appearance of new ones are still debated. If Uffen theory is correct, mutations are speeded up by periodic bursts of cosmic radiation normally diverted from earth by the planet's magnetosphere but allowed to reach earth during momentary collapses of earth's magnetic field.

HEEZEN had tried to study paleomagnetism in sediments a decade before—as scientists at the Carnegie Institution of Washington had done fifteen years before him—but he had failed. Perhaps because of Heezen's efforts, Foster suspected the value sedimentary magnetism might have in studies of the earth. Not wishing to become involved in such research himself, however, Foster asked Heezen to indicate someone who might undertake the task. And Heezen proposed Glass.

Billy (his proper and legal name) Glass is a dark-haired, soberly handsome Tennessean, son of an electronics engineer at the famous X-10 installation of the United States Atomic Energy Commis-

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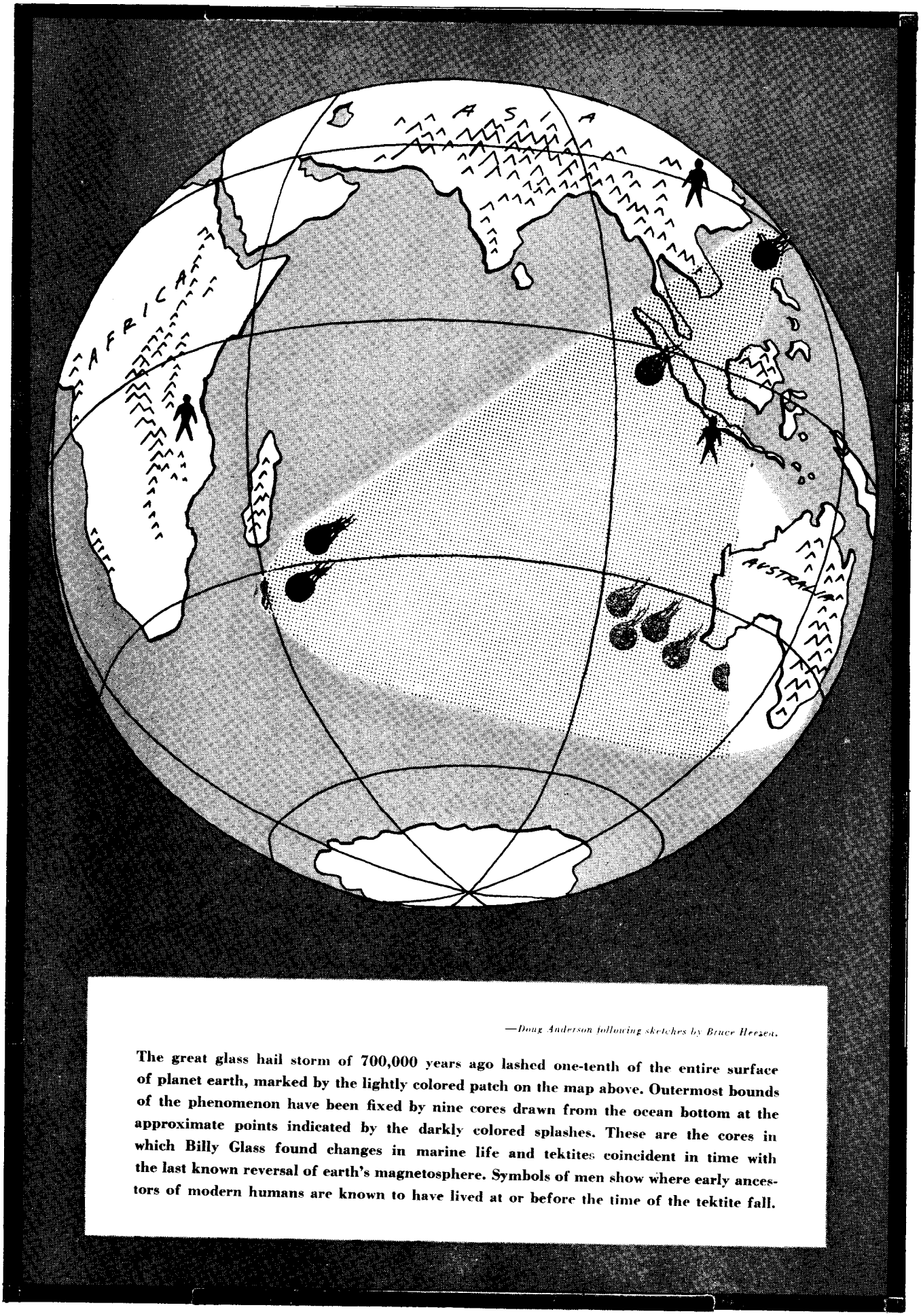

—*Doug Anderson following sketches by Bruce Heezen.*

The great glass hail storm of 700,000 years ago lashed one-tenth of the entire surface of planet earth, marked by the lightly colored patch on the map above. Outermost bounds of the phenomenon have been fixed by nine cores drawn from the ocean bottom at the approximate points indicated by the darkly colored splashes. These are the cores in which Billy Glass found changes in marine life and tektites coincident in time with the last known reversal of earth's magnetosphere. Symbols of men show where early ancestors of modern humans are known to have lived at or before the time of the tektite fall.

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sion's Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Billy had come out of the University of Tennessee with a degree in geology, uncertain whether geology or oceanography would make the happier career for him. After wavering between Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Columbia University's Lamont Observatory, he chose Lamont and landed in Heezen's zone of influence.

What should Billy's Ph.D. thesis subject be? Heezen gave him a familiar Pacific sea mount to practice on; but it led to no new line of problems worth a bright young man's pursuit. Serendipity intervened then, in the shape of a National Science Foundation complaint that nothing had been done in return for a certain grant NSF had given to Lamont. The grant had been intended to produce a map of the bottom of Antarctica's Scotia Bay. In response to the NSF prod, Heezen put Billy to work on this map.

The eighty-odd cores that Hays had worked on had all come from the Antarctic. Hays encouraged Billy to explore the region further. So when Heezen told Billy of Foster's proffer of use of the slow-spin magnetometer in Opdyke's paleomagnetic lab, Billy was ready and eager to study Antarctic sediments in the spinner.

Billy's first discovery in the Antarctic cores was a clear correlation in time between marine species changes and the last known reversal of earth's magnetic field 700,000 years ago. That did not entirely surprise him. But as he peered through the microscope lenses at his core samples he was puzzled by tiny glints of what seemed to be individual glassy objects.

A fellow student in the Heezen menage, David Folger, happened to walk through the lab while Billy was mulling over the glints.

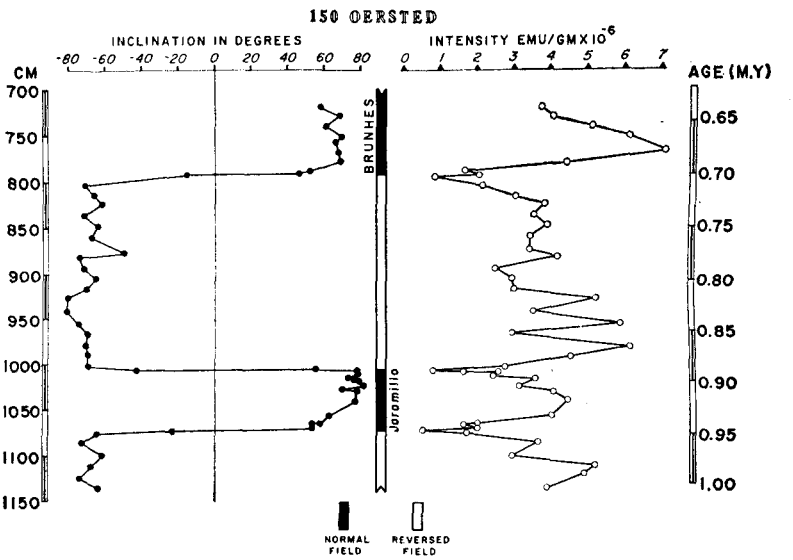
"Look at this!" Billy exclaimed. Folger looked.

"What do you suppose it is?" Billy asked. Folger said, "Might be tektites."

Billy and Folger had studied tektites together in a course taught by the noted meteorite authority, Professor Brian Mason. They recalled Mason's saying that tektites were glassy phenomena of unique chemical composition, somewhat like obsidian but not truly comparable to any terrestrial glass or stone. The tektites had obviously been formed in a vacuum at extremely high temperatures, and somehow had been dropped onto the surface of the planet. Most of them were quite small spheroids, flanged buttons, or dumbbell shapes, but some were irregularly shaped chunks as big as a man's head. They were strewn over the globe at widely separated intervals, in seemingly discreet patches—in Central Europe, in West Africa, on the eastern seacoast of the United States, in China, in the Philippines, in Malaysia, and in Australia.

Their origin had been hotly debated through the years. One popular argument held that they had been torn from the moon by meteors and showered onto the earth. Another theory said they were melted bits of earth blasted out by meteors. Nobel laureate chemist Harold Urey said they were the drippings of comets that had exploded high in earth's atmosphere.

All the known tektite strewings had been dated, with interesting results.



—*From "Earth and Planetary Science Letters."*

Confirmation of geophysicist Uffen's theory that earth's magnetic field has collapsed repeatedly in the past can be seen in the above graph of paleomagnetism recorded in crustal rocks during last million years. Note that at point where magnetic field reverses 700,000 years ago (marked 0.7 million years on the chart) intensity of magnetic pull fell to zero and then rose again. This zero interval is the period when cosmic rays, normally repulsed by earth's magnetosphere except in polar regions, could have bombarded the planet from pole to pole, thus provoking spurts of mutations in life forms.

Those found in Texas and Georgia (along with one isolated tektite located at Martha's Vineyard off Cape Cod) were 35,000,000 years old—the same age as glass discovered in a meteor crater in Libya, across the Atlantic and most of the breadth of the African continent. The tektites in Czechoslovakia were 15,000,000 years old—the same age as glass in the Ries Kessel, a well-known crater in Germany. Tektites found along the Ivory Coast of Africa were 1,500,000 years old—the same age as a crater in Ghana. And all the tektites in the Orient, including those strewn over the southern half of Australia, were 700,000 years old.

Billy Glass checked his remembrances of Mason's lectures against the tektite literature in the Lamont Observatory library, and then analyzed the chemical composition of the microscopic bits of glass he had found. Not only did the glinty stuff in the core samples prove identical to the stuff of tektites, but the color of the glass in each of Billy's cores matched the color of tektites previously recovered from the land nearest to the point in the sea bottom from which that particular core had been drawn. Although Billy's glass objects were many times smaller than the tektites that had been found on land, they were nonetheless intact entities and therefore must have fallen directly into the water from the sky; had they been eroded from the land into the sea, they would have splintered, for they fractured easily upon being subjected to stress.

When Billy told Heezen about the tektites in the cores, the older man's instinct called for a broader survey. Since the sediment samples already examined had come from the northern slope of the undersea ridge between Antarctica and Australia, Heezen suggested looking at other cores which the Lamont research vessels had taken home from waters distant from the polar region. Nine among those that Billy chose presented him with a startling piece of evidence: one not far south of Japan, one off Sumatra in the northern Indian Ocean, two off Madagascar in the southwestern Indian Ocean, and the remainder in the southeastern Indian Ocean off Australia. All of the nine were 700,000 years old. All bore the unmistakable signal of the last known reversal in the magnetic field of the earth. And the tek-

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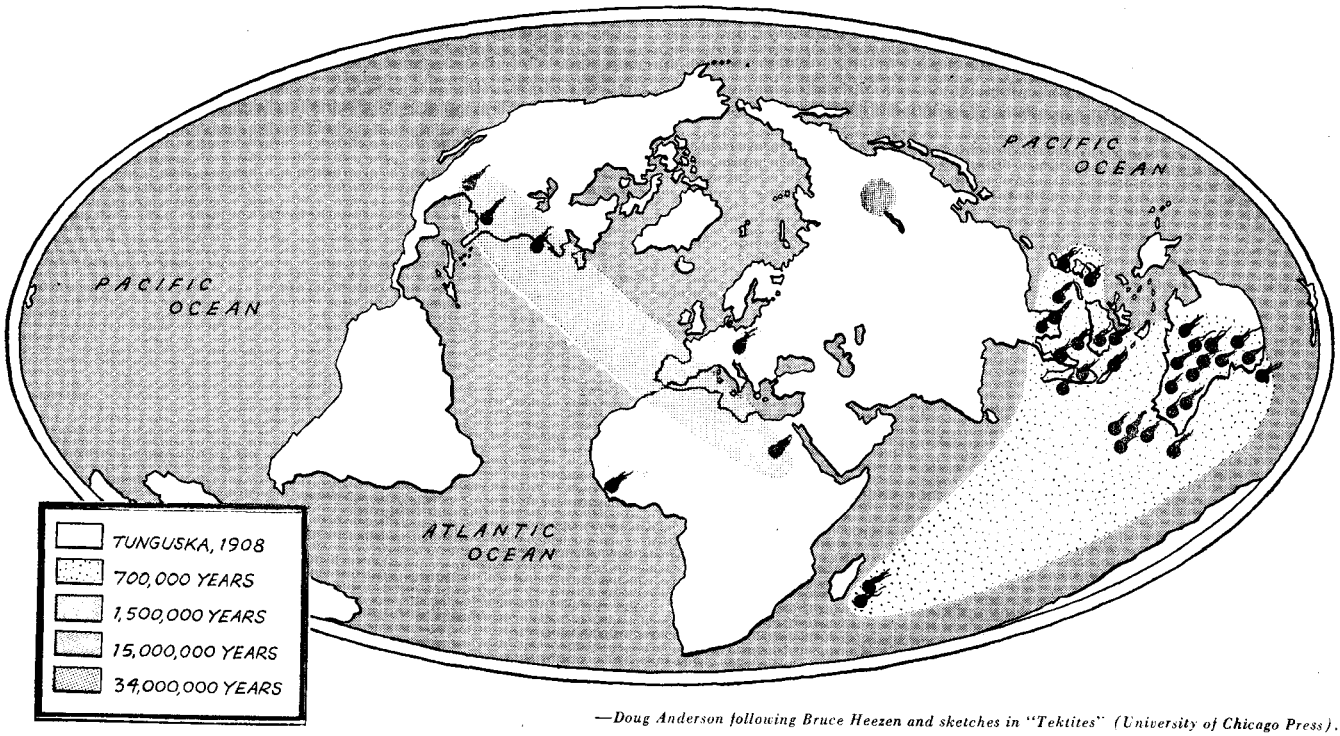

—Doug Anderson following Bruce Heezen and sketches in "Tektites" (University of Chicago Press).

Known tektite falls of last 34,000,000 years—hypothetical relationships to glass in known craters are indicated.

tites in all of them had been formed at the same geological moment when they were deposited on the ocean floor.

What this meant was that a storm of glass hailstones had swept across the vastness of the Indian Ocean from China to Africa at a time when primitive men were first appearing in Asia and on the islands south of that continent. These men weren't the earliest men to populate the earth. British archeologist L. S. B. Leakey has taken 2,100,000-year-old hominid bones from Olduvai Gorge in East Africa. He has estimated that the humanoid line branched off from the line of the apes at least 10,000,000 years ago. Yet the two-footed mammals who lived around Peking and on Java 700,000 years ago were unquestionably among the ancestors of modern man; their descendants would have felt the genetic consequences of a magnetic field collapse that occurred then, and they may have been physically scourged by the glass hailstones.

As a tyro in science, Billy Glass could report to his more sophisticated geophysical colleagues only the barest facts about his discovery. And he did report in simple prose in a paper read at the April 1967 meeting of the American Geophysical Union in Washington under the title, "Tektites in Deep-Sea Sediments." Professor Heezen, however, had an obligation to consider and discuss the wider implications of his student's observations. So Heezen read to the AGU members a companion paper headed, "Tektites and Geomagnetic Reversals." In this paper, he speculated on the possible nature of a common cause for the appearance of the tektites coincidentally in time with changes in the fossils of marine organisms and the reversal of the earth's magnetic field.

Urey had proposed that tektites might be the ablated remains of exploded comets. His suggestion fitted many of the physical parameters of tektites, including their glass-like composition and their apparently instantaneous formation at high temperatures under vacuum or near-vacuum conditions. Such conditions prevail in the outer reaches of earth's atmosphere. But only Urey's formidable reputation as a Nobel Prize-winner really stood behind his theory. No one had ever seen an actual fall of tektites.

Heezen studied the literature in search of a possible link between Urey's idea and a known cometary explosion. Fortunately, one of the newer books in the Lamont library is *Giant Meteorites*, written by the Russian author E. L. Krinov for Pergamon Press. Part III of that book is devoted to the comet that exploded over the Tunguska wilderness north of Lake Baikal in the year 1908. Krinov's description of the investigation into the Tunguska comet is the most detailed that has yet been published and includes news of the discovery of globules of glass around the explosion site.

Although none of the many eyewitnesses of the Tunguska explosion had seen the tektites fall at the time the comet blew apart, none of the Soviet scientists who excavated the disaster site questioned that the glass globes had come from the comet.

On the strength of this only known phenomenon of its kind, Heezen built an hypothesis.

Apparently, he told his confreres in AGU, a comet exploded in earth's atmosphere 700,000 years ago. The cometary mass must have been considerable, for it strewed 300 million tons of glassy debris from the neighborhood of Japan in the western Pacific all the way across the Indian Ocean to the vicinity of the southernmost tip of Africa.

Such an enormous blast might reasonably be supposed to have had "mechanical or electromagnetic consequences on the magneto-hydrodynamic motions of the earth's core," Heezen wrote. As Professor Uffen pointed out in 1963, it is the motions within earth's core that hold the planet's magnetic field in place.

Put into layman's terms, Heezen's proposition amounted to this: Comets may have been the midwives at the birth of the human species.

How often has the magnetosphere collapsed? On an average of four times in every million years, Heezen says. This, he emphasizes, is an average figure. The actual length of any interval seems unpredictable by any known statistical pattern.

Have all magnetic reversals been attended by cometary visitation? Heezen thinks an expeditious way to find out might be to check the relationship between the recognized tektite strewings outside the Indian Ocean (see map above), the times of magnetic reversals, and the times when marked species changes are seen in fossils.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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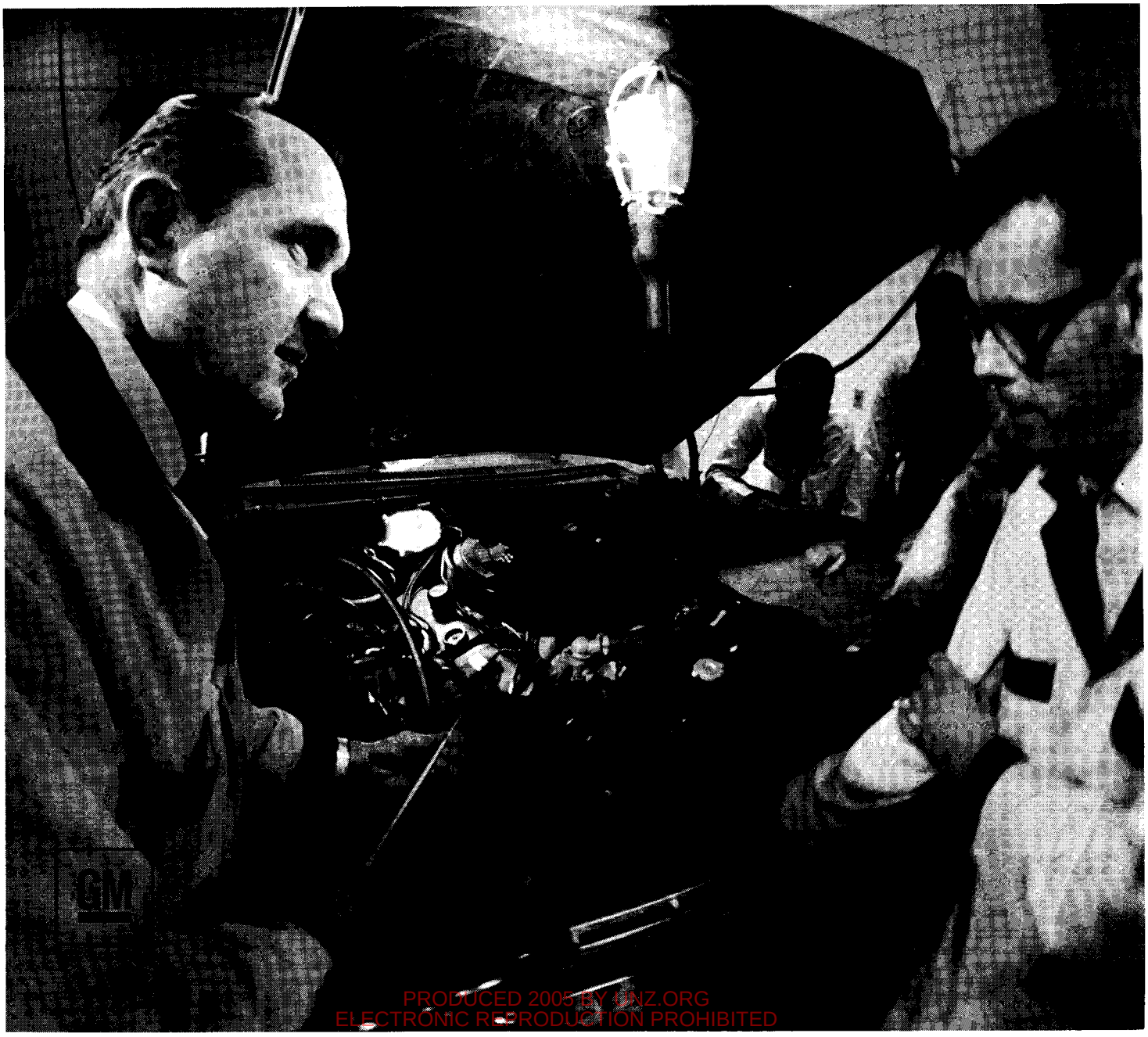

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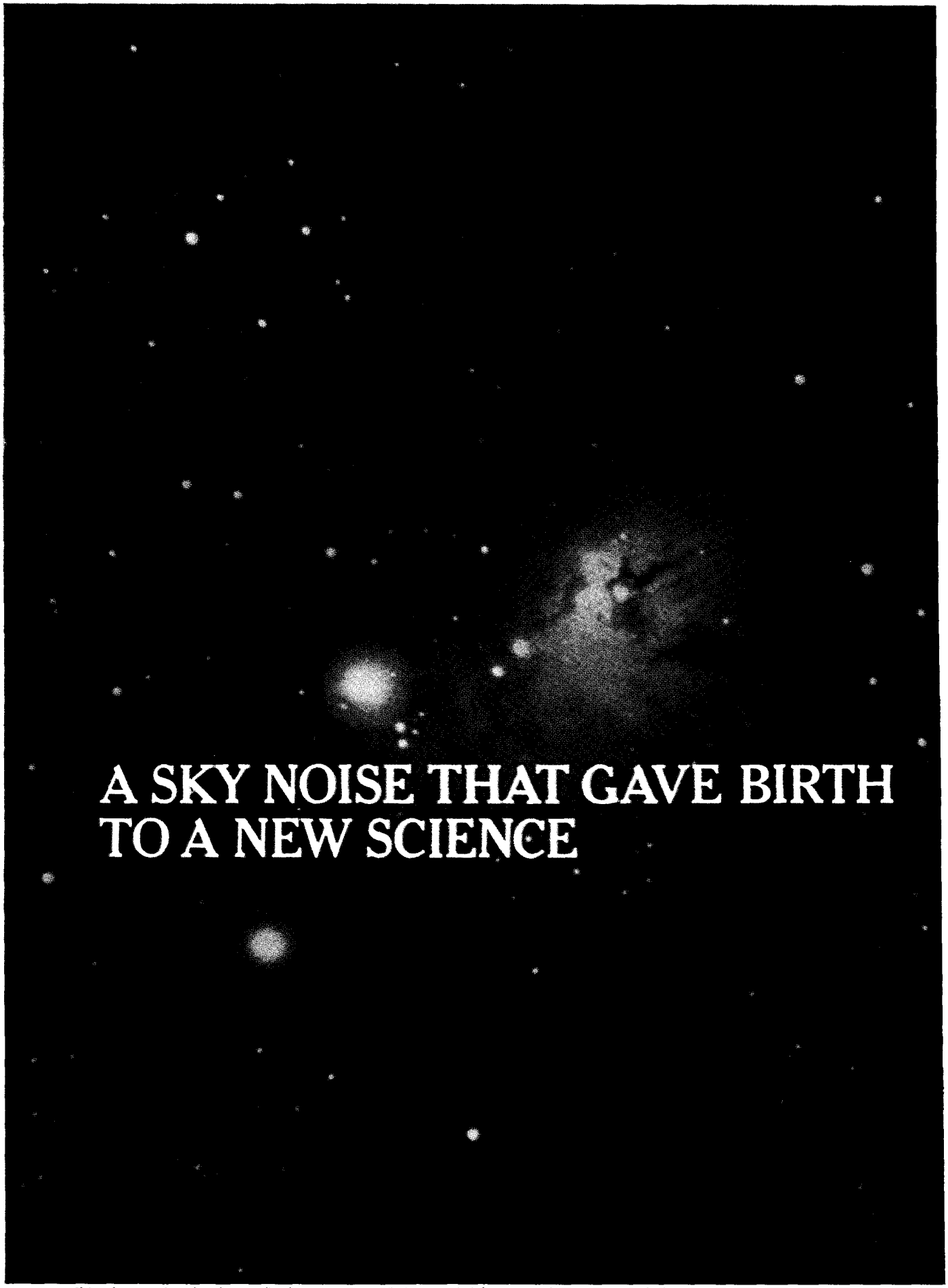

A SKY NOISE THAT GAVE BIRTH TO A NEW SCIENCE

This photo, taken by the 200″ telescope at Mt. Palomar, Calif., shows the Lagoon Nebula in the constellation of Sagittarius. It was in this direction that Jansky located the source of the mysterious sky noise. (Photo courtesy of Fels Planetarium, Phila., Pa.)

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Man has always studied the heavens. He has photographed, measured, and recorded. Yet, for all his efforts, his knowledge was limited to what he could learn from beams of light.

Then, in 1931, a researcher at Bell Telephone Laboratories caught a glimpse of something more.

He was Karl G. Jansky, a young engineer fresh out of the University of Wisconsin. His first assignment—in 1928—was to track down the sources of radio noises which interfere with overseas and ship-to-shore communications.

Jansky began listening for these noises with the finest equipment then available. He modified a standard low-noise receiver and designed some additional pieces himself. The "ear" of his rig—erected at Holmdel, New Jersey—was a 100-foot-long rotatable directional antenna adapted from a Bell System design then used in Long Distance telephone service.

Discovers Strange Noise

Jansky swung his antenna through a complete circle every 20 minutes. Gradually he realized that the "noise" he had been studying was really three noises: one from local thunderstorms, another from distant thunderstorms, and a mysterious "steady hiss static."

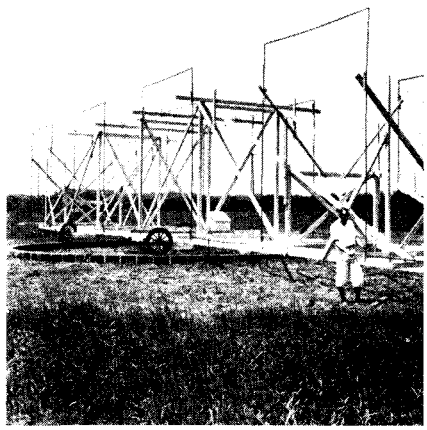
Jansky concentrated on this hiss. He found that its source drifted across the sky, that it came from the direction of Sagittarius, part of which is shown in the picture to the left. In this direction, too, lay the center of the Milky Way, our galaxy. After several years of work, Jansky was able to confirm that the galactic center was indeed the source of the hiss.

He thus gave the world a new view of the skies and a whole new science: *radio astronomy*.

Radio Versus Light

Light—a kind of radio signal, but at extremely high frequencies—has certain limitations. It is obscured by clouds and the sun is so bright that little else is seen in the daytime sky. Radio astronomy knows no such problems.

It was World War II that sparked today's widespread interest in radio astronomy. Radio communications, detection, and guidance mushroomed. When cosmic noises interfered, scientists remembered Jansky's findings and became familiar with his concepts. After the war, newly developed sensitive antennas and receivers became available and radio astronomy became a major science.



Karl Jansky with an early antenna. When he aimed it at the center of the Milky Way, he heard a peculiar kind of hissing static.

Now there are well-equipped centers throughout the world. In the United States they number in the dozens; the largest is the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, West Virginia.

Earth's Galaxy Now Visible

Radio astronomy allows us to "see" for the first time the major portion of our own galaxy . . . once obscured by interstellar dust and gas. It has led to the identification of a new class of galaxy-like objects called "Quasars" (quasi-stellar radio sources) by the powerful radio signals they emit. (True stars—other than our own sun—are too distant to be detected in their normal state by radio.) And it has enabled us to make a radio map of the skies much as the ancients did for visible celestial bodies.

Radio astronomy may have provided a clue to the history of the universe by discovering Cassiopeia A, an exploded star shrouded in luminous gas. Bell Laboratories scientists, receiving its noise in 1964, found—as had Jansky—an unexpected signal. Princeton University physicists had predicted such a signal; they suspect it is a remnant of ten-billion-year-old heat. If so, this means that the universe was once a vastly smaller "fireball."

A Classic Discovery

The story of Karl Jansky's discovery is a classic example of an important aspect of science. Jansky did not set out to "invent" radio astronomy. His real problem was to investigate and try to overcome the static that often interfered with long distance radio communications.

But his inquiring mind perceived a new and unexplained phenomenon hidden in a mass of data. By recognizing its importance, Jansky made a significant contribution to man's store of knowledge, quite apart from the solution to his original problem.

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SOME PROBLEMS

By JOSHUA LEDERBERG

RECOGNITION of basic scientific research as one of the major expressions of the aspirations of Western culture is a milestone in human intellectual history. It represents for American achievement a movement no less creative than the renaissance of the arts was for Europe after the Middle Ages. Starting with physics and chemistry, the wave of scientific insight has reached biology and medicine, and is beginning to enrich our understanding of the most important aspects of human personality. Medical research is a major branch of this movement: Specific applications to disease problems rest on man's fundamental understanding of his own nature and of his relation to the universe.

The scientist, however, is not necessarily the best judge of the social utility of his own work, or of that of science in general. His motives in doing research are irrelevant to the consequences of his work for the community. In fact, it is fair to say that society exploits the poetic fascination that motivates many academic scientists, eventually capitalizing on applications that no one could have foreseen. It may even be that research work loses rigor and sharpness of focus if the research worker himself is too sensitive to the unpredictable implications of what he is doing.

It is important that such utilities be discovered as soon as they can be useful. This discovery, though, is a function of a whole community of basic and applied scientific effort. To place the burden on individual projects would be the surest possible way of stifling the most creative and the least predictable advances in scientific understanding. From my own experience, I do not know any scientific or technical advance of importance that did not make utterly unexpected demands on knowledge from unpredictable sources.

This is all preface, and the statesman might reply: "I have heard all this before; I might almost be willing to believe it. Nevertheless, are we making the most effective allocation of our resources for the public good? Are we doing all we can to 'make sure that no life-saving discovery is locked up in the laboratory?', as President Lyndon B. Johnson has put it? How can we achieve the President's expressed wish for the most constructive 'payoffs in terms of healthy lives for our citizens?'"

These are questions of technological development, not of basic science. Many discoveries in physical science have resulted in practical utilities rather quickly. Only six years passed from the first observation of nuclear fission to the first demonstration of man's ability to make the earth uninhabitable, and a hardly longer time intervened between enunciation of the principle of the transistor and the actuality of portable TV. Can we not emulate such rapid progress in biomedical research? What are some of the difficulties and challenges? Can we also foresee some of the stressful and unwanted side-effects of some branches of biomedical technology?

May I first comment on some of the difficulties and obstacles. Some of them reach far beyond biomedical science; they are among our most pervasive social problems. We cannot consider the manipulation of human nature in a vacuum that ignores religious and political controversy over the proper bounds of what we propose to do; we cannot evade poignant ethical and moral concerns for life and death.

The homeliest examples may be the most instructive. It takes very little biological science to know that babies who do not get enough to eat are unlikely to develop into healthy, socially well-adjusted, and economically productive adults. Throughout the world—even in this country—there are at least a few children who are not getting the benefit of this scientific information, because their parents can't afford it. As important as I believe the furtherance of basic science to be, if I had to choose between it and the applied science of feeding hungry children, I would choose the latter. But I would also ask why that particular choice was obligatory; why is it not made over a wider range of priorities?

Only a question of scale distinguishes this question from many others of economic allocation. Some hundreds of patients with kidney disease are still dying each year essentially because they can't afford an artificial kidney. It is also true that we might be unwise to sink all of our resources into this year's technology, when the technology is advancing rapidly. But, meanwhile, there is a simple economic discrimination for the chance to live. Is this a problem chargeable to biological research? If we deal with it on the customary scale for basic research, the cost will inevitably be several hundred more lives than if we gambled a few hundred millions of incentive money to distract some mechanical engineering inventiveness away from washing machines into kidneys.

Can we provide economic incentive for such a new industry? If so, how? And how do we relate federal seed-money for technology affecting human life and health to a body of talent embedded in profit-oriented commerce?

In the long run, skilled manpower is the limiting factor in making the best of existing knowledge freely available, though better techniques could be developed to make more effective use of the scarcest kinds of people. The educa-

—*Stanford.*

JOSHUA LEDERBERG, a native of Montclair, New Jersey, and a product of New York City public schools, Columbia University, and Yale, won a 1958 Nobel Prize "for studies on organization of the genetic material in bacteria." Dr. Lederberg is Professor of Genetics at the School of Medicine, Stanford University. He is also Director of the Lt. Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Laboratories for Molecular Medicine, dedicated to basic research in genetics, developmental biology, and neurobiology for new attacks on the problem of mental retardation. He has related responsibilities for research programs in instrumentation, computers for laboratory use and in study of mechanized intelligence, and the detection of planetary life. The text on this and following pages was excerpted and adapted from testimony he gave to the U.S. Senate Committee on Government Operations Subcommittee on Goverment Research.

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OF INSTANT MEDICINE

tion of the patient population is also of utmost importance in evoking intelligent avoidance of quackery and encouraging use of preventive facilities when they are available—for example, prenatal care and survey screening for cervical cancer.

THE discrepancy between existing scientific knowledge and public availability and acceptance of that knowledge is immediately visible in attitudes on narcotics. The medical case against alcohol and tobacco is overwhelming. Yet these agents are tolerated by the Establishment. This might seem to reflect a principle that the law hesitates to intervene against determined self-abuse by legally competent adults, despite the enormous social problems generated by easy availability of these commodities. In this context, the savage recriminations against marijuana are incomprehensible, except insofar as the pronunciation of any synonym of "hashish" amounts to spitting in the face of organized society. The failure of the law to follow pharmacological science and discriminate carefully among different drugs in some relationship to their actual hazards encourages defiance of the law in far more damaging ways, such as taking LSD and opiates. In general, the law on narcotics remains the despair of rational medical science, and is a testimony to the power of symbols of conformity.

The situation is even more complicated where conflicts of religious belief still enter into public policy. For a long time the importance of birth control for the health of the family has been universally conceded, but a militant religious minority nevertheless has opposed the spread of the appropriate knowledge and only grudgingly acquiesces in its availability now, even to members of other faiths. Since contraception has been practiced throughout this period by the whole middle class, the practical consequences of this perverse class discrimination have been to deepen the gulf between rich and poor, by class and by race.

The Johnson Administration has finally gathered the courage to insist on a rational policy in furnishing birth control information. Perhaps we need not resuscitate what may be a settled controversy. However, a similar conflict is following a similar course in the related field of therapeutic abortion. A scientific understanding of man is of the utmost importance for social policy here in several ways.

Most important is the discovery of a number of catastrophes where the continuance of a pregnancy can be predicted to result in a deformed child, or in serious physiological or psychiatric injury to the mother. Techniques for safe interruption of pregnancy are now well established. More to the point, biological science offers no support for the theological speculation that fertilization of the human egg immediately results in a "human being." On the one hand, the fertilized human egg differs from that of an ape in a finite number of DNA components; on the other hand, any tissue of the human body, including cells of the menstruum regularly discarded by every woman, has in it the same hypothetical potential to participate in a developmental process. The egg does eventually develop into a human being, but only gradually does it become differentiated from the forms of other animals. By the time a viable infant is in being, we have no doubts about enfolding him into the species; but every scientific observation shows his development to be a gradual elaboration of the potentialities ultimately inherent in every cell.

If we are to ask honestly about impediments to utilization of scientific knowledge for human benefit, we must include these strictures despite their relationship to religious controversy. The consequence of a dogmatic position on therapeutic abortion has not been to prevent the practice. Instead, abortion has been forced underground. Perhaps a sixth of all pregnancies are now terminated illegally under conditions that are a serious medical and psychological hazard to a million women every year. Judging from trends around the world, we may hope for a gradual transition of authority in this area from the penal code to private morality, where it has a place I would not presume to intrude upon. Our political problem is how to respect the conflicting passions intensely held by different groups of constituents, giving the utmost latitude to individual liberty where it does not intrude on the welfare of the whole group.

The questions I have just discussed help to illustrate the complexities of applying merely scientific attitudes to human problems. Allocation of resources is likely to remain subject to the same complexities.

Medical *molecules* are even more valuable fruits of biomedical investigation than are elegant medical *machines* like the artificial kidney. It would be highly desirable to subject the whole process of drug research to an operational systems analysis and attempt to rationalize it once for all. Under the impact of federal support for research in medical schools, and an aggressively defensive patent policy connected to that support, fundamental biochemical research is becoming less and less effectively coupled to the actual development of useful drugs in the pharmaceutical industry. Indeed, with more effective regulation of drugs, and appropriate demands for more rigorous testing, and with legislative interest in drug pricing, there is serious danger that risk capital for drug development will be choked off, that a larger and larger proportion of capital investment in that industry will be devoted to the promotion of existing agents—the few that have passed the scrutiny of an agency pressed to assure impossible goals of absolute security and perfect efficacy. Attention to promotion versus research is also encouraged by the growing bewilderment of an over-busy medical profession unable to maintain its own ability to assess new drugs discriminately and therefore increasingly reliant on the drug industry's slick ads and detailmen for expertise.

Here the ultimate problem is the inability of the medical profession to keep faith with the demands of the times. By failing to maintain its own capacity to judge the merits of new agents, it has abdicated its responsibility to a federal agency that inevitably must follow the most cumbersome procedures towards monolithic judgments about drug safety and efficacy. In the process, a great deal of flexibility is lost; only those drugs can be allowed even on the ethical market which are safe for the average practitioner, who is assumed to be guided by the fine-print disclaimers and precautions in the manufacturer's literature. To the extent that only an enlightened minority of practicing physicians remain in contact with modern medicine through systematic postgraduate training, the profession as a whole will remain at the mercy of self-interested

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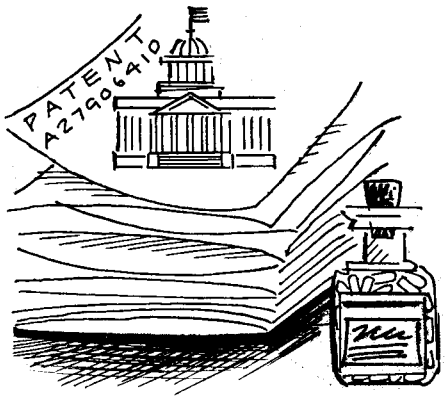
advertising, which does have to be policed by a regulatory bureaucracy. The profession itself must accept the responsibility of qualifying its membership; the government could, however, accelerate the process by recognizing a gradation of responsibility that can be assumed by practitioners with more sophisticated training—an end toward which the roster of qualified drug-experimenters is a useful step.

The expertise of the medical profession is, however, so vital to our national well-being that we should begin to consider more far-reaching measures. The most essential is the reinvigoration of our centers of medical education to encourage the training of many more physicians over a wider variety of skills and specialties. Some of these centers must also be dedicated to the continuing education of mature physicians. We have modern techniques of dissemination at our fingertips—wideband communications, computerized information-retrieval videotape libraries — but we have not yet learned to apply them to this vital use, more out of perplexities of economic policy than because of technical limitations. One of the fundamental difficulties is that the time of the mature physician is so valuable he can hardly afford even his present efforts at continued self-education. The organized profession's tacit attitude that every physician is equally and identically perfect offers the most limited encouragement to his self-improvement.

It should be possible to devise tax incentives or even more direct subventions to encourage a more positive trend. Consider, for example, the career scholarship proposal. A meritorious fraction of medical students should be offered full scholarships covering their own living expenses and the cost of their education throughout their initial training period, which usually runs at least seven years after the college degree. These scholarships would, however, be loans rather than gifts: Means of repayment would be not in cash but in credits earned through 1) later national or community-oriented service, 2) regular intervals of postgraduate education, the credits partly compensating for time taken from practice, or 3) time spent in clinical teaching, as is now generously volunteered by many of our finest specialists. If the prorated cost of education were included in the stipend, the system would already provide a big step to funding the needed expansion of medical education, and the students themselves would constitute a very broad selection committee for allocation of support to beneficiary institutions. Such a program is undoubtedly self-liquidating in terms of the tax yield from improved earnings, but even if it were not, the social interest even exceeds the personal interest of the physician in his own continued education.

Analogous approaches are worth considering to encourage the most creative deployment of the resources of the drug industry. In view of the restraints on profiteering on drugs, secondary incentives for risking capital in research are essential. The operations of FDA ought to be financed by a manufacturer's excise tax on drugs amounting to, say, 25 per cent of their wholesale value, or about 10 per cent of the consumer price. However, the company's research and testing costs (its investment in innovation) should be credits against that tax. Furthermore, companies that contribute matching funds to university research should be able to participate fairly in patents in which the government now would retain a preclusive interest, and even worse, a vaguely defined bureaucratic involvement. The lack of clear definition of the scope of government interest in patents that bear any relationship whatsoever to federal health research support is an intolerable barrier



to industrial-academic cooperation. Perhaps we might altogether bar patents for the more fundamental aspects of drug innovations, and leave the patenting privilege open only to the fruits of the later, costlier development work for which industry is better suited. For example, a drug might be patentable only at the stage where it could qualify for FDA approval. The interested drug company might be allowed some period of time after preliminary registration during which to pursue the development work, for the registration itself entails a substantial commitment of effort.

Every possible measure should be considered to minimize the commercial value of a brand name on a drug in favor of the actual merit of the innovation in the drug itself. Another way to approach this problem might be to relax the law that requires a prescription to be filled by the brand-specified product, so as to encourage the use of generic names. Physicians must, however, be left the discretion to specify a particular formulation and manufacturer.

A new superstructure of precepts and institutions needs to be consolidated for the rapid and orderly extrapolation of fundamental biological research findings to human problems. This realm has seen most extraordinary advances within the last decade, especially in elucidation of the genetic material, DNA, and the chain of events that links DNA to the synthesis of the proteins from which cells are made.

Clinical research on human beings is incredibly slower and more expensive than comparable work on microbes and laboratory animals. It is also fraught with grave moral problems. Whenever any one of us gets effective medical treatment, he benefits from the risks, inconveniences, and sacrifices of others who have participated in the clinical trials to prove the efficacy of that treatment. Knowing consent must regulate the repayment of this moral debt to our predecessors. Moreover, risks to patients in clinical experimentation should be covered by a new form of insurance. It is enough that the subject volunteers his body. Financial redress for bad luck should be charged as an explicit cost of the research and not be confined to consequences of culpable negligence.

But the most stringent bottleneck at present is in trained people. The very clinicians who might be best able to do this kind of research are the busiest people in the community, working overtime in the care of patients. If we are to get good clinical research, these men need relief. Our medical schools must have financial support adequate to enable the hiring of two in place of one person to do the work of three. And we must take a new look at the manpower goals of and recruitment for medical education.

Besides the manpower shortage, clinical research suffers from serious difficulties in the collection of data on the life-histories of human beings. For example, in 1955, at least 4,000,000 children were inadvertently inoculated with a virus, SV-40, that contaminated some polio vaccines. Subsequent studies on the geographic incidence of various diseases have shown no relationship to the distribution of SV-40 exposure, and we can possibly breathe a sigh of relief that this was not the worst medical catastrophe of modern times. However, our health data management is so bad that it would be almost hopeless to correlate individual cases of future disease with past exposure to this virus. We are confined to rather general comparisons of time and geographic trends, which would be quite insufficient to detect risks which, while far short of catastrophic, would generate considerable alarm if attached to other drugs.

The same concern attaches to other

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drugs now in widespread use. For example, the oral contraceptives as a group have been exonerated from any acute, substantial risks—compared, for example, to the hazards attached to the normal pregnancies they are intended to avert. It is very difficult to evaluate very low-level, long-term hazards—or, for that matter, incidental benefits—with our existing techniques of population study. A number of different agents and dosage forms are already on the market, and after ten years are past it will be quite useless to get reliable information on exposure-history by retrospective interrogation of a woman who may turn up with some or other disease which might or might not be within the range of average expectation.

SITUATIONS like these cry out for definitive registration of patients and their treatments. But there would be a justifiable outcry of potential invasion of privacy if data like contraceptive prescriptions were centralized. The concept of the computerized data bank has already been introduced before Congress, and vigorously criticized. Within the existing legal context, I would have to support such criticism. Compulsory registration of personal information has already reached the margins of abuse, and it makes little difference whether the data are managed by a computer or not. However, so long as transactions within the Executive branch of the federal government are virtually insulated from judicial overview, the private citizen would have little recourse against political blackmail. I believe the dilemma may be soluble through legal definition of the rights of privacy—by making the divulgence of personal information from the data bank a crime that can be punished by the courts. Since the courts will not act against the President, the data bank should be confided to a semi-public corporation, which would be vulnerable to judicial oversight according to the law established by Congress for privacy. It would not be difficult to construct computer-coding techniques to ensure the registration of every access to privileged information. The Bureau of the Census has in fact operated under a system of privileged information for many years, with no known example of abuse. Like the Census, a data bank would have a purely statistical function and should never be used without consent to impinge in any way, good or bad, on the life of an individual citizen.

When we come to the problem of replacing natural body organs with mechanical substitutes, the gaps again are likely to be technological rather than scientific; that is, they depend on great investments in design and development, with a relatively small distance of untraversed knowledge to cover. The artificial kidney is the outstanding example of a device whose utility was proved long since, and for which cost factors have been the outstanding obstacle. No very fundamental obstacles stand in the way of similar developments for the heart or lung, and the payoff is that much larger in proportion to the incidence of serious diseases affecting the heart and lung. This kind of engineering is, however, extremely expensive, of the order of hundreds of millions of dollars—comparable to the investments we make in weapons systems, nuclear energy spacecraft, or supersonic aircraft. Our health statesmen have yet to learn that they can think in these terms and carry Congress's enthusiasm into support of the necessary gambles. Much the same can be said for extensions of the human limbs and senses: Only a rather large amount of money stands in the way of very substantial improvements in artificial arms, legs, and fingers, or in surrogate eyes and ears.

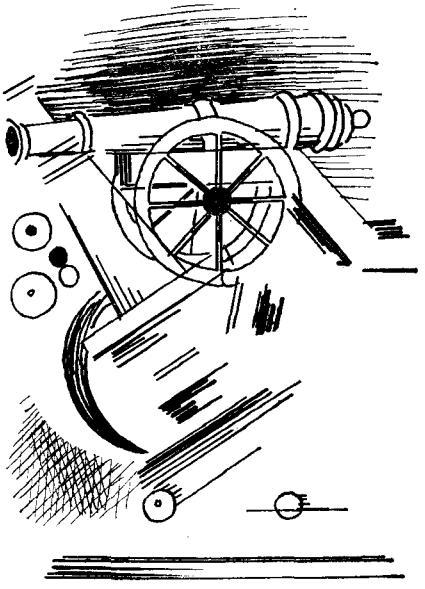
These remarks take for granted the need for substantial federal participation in the research and development costs of medical machines. The arguments for this need are more compelling than those which have been put forward for the supersonic transport. There are inordinate discouragements for private capital; the investor would face the likelihood that even if his risk paid off, the social attitude against "profiteering" would keep him from making any really substantial return. Even after a successful device has been engineered, it must then undergo very costly certification, and after that may still be liable to civil litigation in the event of unforeseen shortcomings. More important, a new industry must be vitalized on a large scale to pool the diverse talents needed for real innovation in medical machines. The necessary combination of biomedical and engineering skills does not exist.

The highest overall social payoff of any of the applications of system engineering now visible clearly lies in modernization of the hospital. Following quickly behind that is analysis of the research process itself. There are many sophisticated instruments, or more broadly, services—for example, the sequence-analysis of proteins, or the calculated synthesis of known sequences—which now occupy an enormous amount of routine effort in academic laboratories and belong in just the same category. Once again, university scientists have been too accustomed to think very small, in terms of their individual project budgets, to specify the kind of development support that would ultimately magnify their efforts.

With the leadership of the Department of Defense, other science-oriented agencies have begun to realize that large-scale facilities like computers, expensive though they are, have become indispensable for the full realization of the intellectual capabilities of scientific research workers at the universities. Why is it traditionally defense, rather than health, that commands such leadership?

Engineering support for development work is not in competition for the same manpower needed for the conduct of scientific and medical research. It has, however, been suggested that funds for target-oriented work in health be allocated in competition with those for basic research. The logic of this competition eludes me. As our civilization grows more complex and its problems more demanding, we should and do place an ever-higher premium on intellectual attainment and our institutions for education to it. The fastest possible growth of individual educational accomplishment remains the most plausible goal of our efforts in that area, a principle that could well furnish the backdrop to questions about where we should accept a plateau in supporting science.

When it comes to technological development, we have a much larger ag-



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gregate investment than we do in basic research at our educational institutions. That investment is, by necessity, spent very abundantly for national defense. We must learn how to allocate the resources we do have for technology – mostly contracted with industry – to meet our own priority decisions among defense, health, urban affairs, and all the other needs of our society.

Important as it is, the optimization of our economic resources to encompass biomedical science and technology is only part of a larger political and social problem. The application of science to biology has reached near the fundamental secrets of life, and whether it be twenty years or 200, we are still very close to the ultimate scientific revolution: the precise control of human development. Wise decisions about the uses of such power can be made only in a climate of effective communication between the political and scientific communities, in one of continuing mutual education about social purpose and scientific opportunity. If we demand narrow payoffs too quickly, we may indeed get them, as we already have—and then find ourselves with nuclear weapons but insufficient means of control and inspection—with splendid automobiles and unmitigated smog – with innumerable healthy babies and an inadequate base of population control. Our capacity to react quickly to the next generation of technological problems, the progeny of the first payoffs, depends on the broadest base of scientific knowledge and the techniques of new discovery.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Orbital Correction

I HAVE just read your April 1 article, "Einstein's Angel and the Empty Temple," and the short articles which followed it. Among them was a diagram of the earth-moon gravitational system and a discussion of the recently confirmed extra moons orbiting the earth.

You pointed out that these two moons are dust clouds in the lunar orbit. One is leading the moon, the other is trailing. These two orbital locations correspond to two of the five Lagrange points, named for their discoverer.

The article goes on to state that these points lead and trail the moon by one-quarter of a circle. This is a minor error. In fact, these points are respectively 60 degrees ahead and behind the moon.

I bring this to your attention in thanks for your many fine science articles.

You may be interested to know that there are two Lagrange points of the same kind in association with the planet Jupiter. They each contain several planetoids, the so-called Jovian asteroids. These have been well observed for many years, while the lunar dust-clouds have only been observationally confirmed very recently.

Dr. Roger Broucke here at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory has worked on these and related problems for over two years. He is probably the world's foremost researcher in the field. His fascinating discoveries have amazed many of us, and it is for this reason that I became aware of these phenomena.

PAUL MULLER,
Jet Propulsion Laboratory,
California Institute of Technology.
Pasadena, Calif.

O See Can You Say?

DR. GRANT SWINGER ["Swinging with Owl One," *SR*, Apr. 1] was remiss in his failure to mention the basic work of speech and hearing pathologists in animal speech. We are already looking ahead to the time when we will be confronted professionally with defective speech in animals. I myself have applied to several foundations for a grant to finance my research project, "Articulation Errors and Stuttering in Parakeets," a study occasioned by the many referrals of young parakeets by veterinarians and animal psychiatrists to my speech clinic.

BEATRICE ALDRED,
Speech and Reading Clinic.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

"Of course, you understand that all wisdom dispensed is conditional upon the outcome of events in China."

Laser History

THE ARTICLE, "The Laser's Grandfather," by Grace M. Spruch [*SR*, Mar. 4], well explains the interrelationship of Alfred Kastler's research to the development of the laser. On the other hand, the author oversimplifies the contribution of T. H. Maiman and, further incorrectly, implies that the now highly successful ruby laser was suggested by others.

Among scientific circles it is generally accepted that both the laser and lasing action was first demonstrated by T. H. Maiman, who (with the help of colleagues at the Hughes Research Laboratories) independently redid the spectroscopy of the ruby crystal, proposed its use, properly fabricated a sample from a commercially grown boule, built an exciting or pumping apparatus (which used a standard electronic Xenon flash lamp), and then demonstrated stimulated emission (lasing) in the optical region of the electromagnetic spectrum. The result was announced publicly and soon after verified by others.

RALPH F. WUERKER.
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Grace Marmor Spruch, author of the article referred to above, responds as follows:*

IT WAS NOT my intention to minimize the importance of Maiman's contribution. If greater emphasis was put on the contributions of some others, it is because a distinction can be made between technological achievements and scientific achievements, the latter being achievements that increase the fund of basic knowledge.

Schawlow and Townes, in a paper in *The Physical Review* in 1958, set forth the general scientific principles governing laser action, and suggested classes of materials that would be suitable. In 1959, in a paper presented at The First Conference on Quantum Electronics, Schawlow considered ruby as a particular laser candidate; he discussed the energy levels that might give rise to laser light, and the form the laser would take. It is true that he concluded, obviously incorrectly, that the pumping power requirements (of the lamp used for excitation) were excessive. But the incorrect conclusion concerned technology; the scientific principles had been clearly and correctly enunciated in the literature by Schawlow and Townes.

It is to Maiman's credit that he persisted despite Schawlow's conclusion, and applied sufficient skill and effort to make a major (largely technological) advance. There is no question that, in 1960, laser action was

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first demonstrated by Maiman, in ruby. That was stated explicitly in my article.

GRACE MARMOR SPRUCH.
New York, N.Y.

University Medicine

SINCE YOU COMMENTED at length on "Planning for Medical Progress through Education," a report submitted to the executive council of the Association of American Medical Colleges by Dr. Lowell T. Coggeshall ["Who Should Govern Medicine?" *SR*, June 5, 1965], you may be interested in a report of progress the association has made toward consideration and implementation of some of his recommendations.

Dr. Coggeshall recommended that the philosophy and objectives of the AAMC not be restricted to emphasis on the medical school, but that it be more broadly conceived in terms of service to the nation and community, as well as to members. After extensive discussion, the institutional members adopted a statement of objectives which reads:

> The purpose of the association is the advancement of medical education. In pursuing this purpose, it shall strengthen, expand, and cooperate with all educational programs that are important to the nation's health, with particular concern for the entire span of education and training for the medical profession and health sciences. The association will foster studies and research, provide means of communication and forums, and perform services necessary to program and policy decisions that the above broad objectives require.

Dr. Coggeshall also recommended that the association change its organization to provide for participation by other organizations and institutions. At its business meeting in November 1965, the institutional members of the association took action to convert AAMC's former teaching hospital section into a new "Council of Teaching Hospitals" and to amend the bylaws to enable this new council to have one voting member on the executive council of the AAMC.

When development of this council was announced, a large number of hospitals expressed interest, and, by September of 1966, 320 teaching hospitals had become members of the council. Of these, eighty-one teaching hospitals had been nominated as the voting representatives of medical schools, 149 additional hospitals had been nominated by medical schools on the basis of the importance of their affiliation for medical education, and ninety additional hospitals had been judged as meeting the requirements for membership. In the fall of 1966, the AAMC added a full-time member to its staff to work with this hospital teaching council.

At its annual business meeting in October 1966, the AAMC took action to encourage active participation in its affairs by members of medical school faculties, authorizing the development of a "Council of Academic Societies," which is to nominate four members to the executive council of the AAMC —two from the basic sciences and two from the clinical sciences. Broad guidelines for determining which societies should be eligible for membership in this council were decided upon; specific societies to be represented must be proposed by the AAMC executive council and agreed to by a vote of the institutional members. It is the hope of the AAMC that through the "Council of Academic Societies" key members of medical school faculties will work with each other and with the association in developing appropriate responses to the major challenges facing medical education.

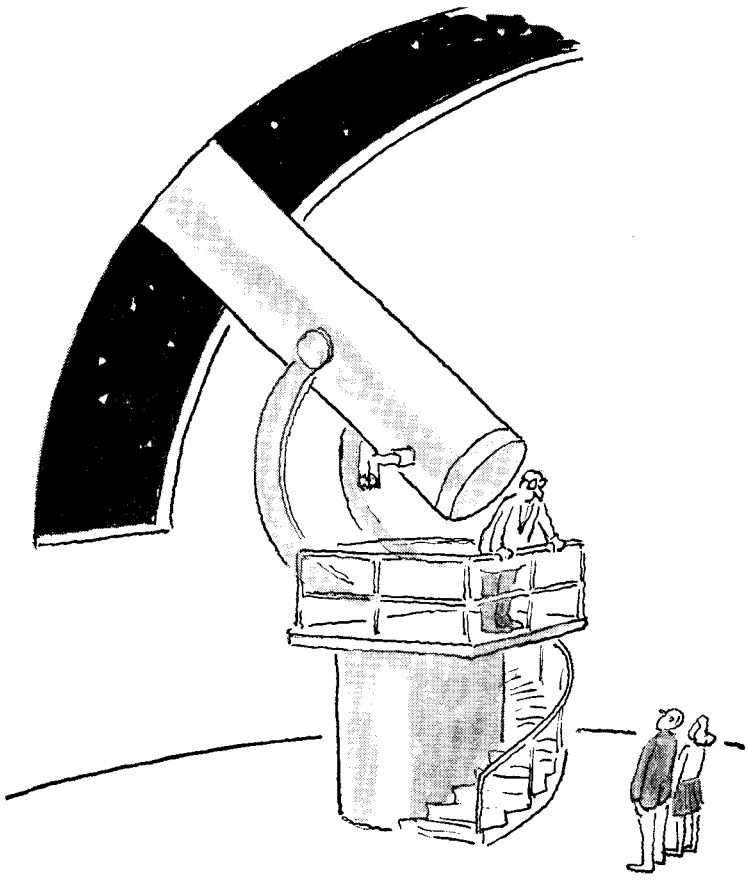
At the same business meeting of AAMC, the institutional members requested AAMC's president to appoint an *ad hoc* study committee to review the statements on training for family practice and the graduate education of physicians, consider the possible impact such programs might have on the medical educational system, and how changes resulting from such programs might affect the relationship between medical schools and extramural groups and institutions, and prepare a concise analysis of the issues involved. This analysis is to be used as a point of departure for discussion in regional meetings of the AAMC at the earliest possible date. After such discussions, the *ad hoc* committee will draft a statement of AAMC's position on this important topic and a set of suggested guidelines for member institutions contemplating the development of such programs.

Dr. Coggeshall's report of two years ago also recommended that the AAMC develop effective means for active participation in its affairs of educators or organizations in the allied health professions. The association has appointed a special committee to develop specific recommendations to this end.

In the meantime, the AAMC has developed an office in Washington in space leased from the American Council on Education. This office is the locus for the activities of AAMC's executive director, the director of the division of teaching hospitals, the associate director of the division of international medical education (who is responsible for an important project supported by the Agency for International Development, and for a special study of the trends in the design of biomedical libraries), as well as for the editor of a newly developed *Bulletin of the Association of American Medical Colleges*, which summarizes national events in medical education.

The proximity of AAMC's new Washington office to the American Council on Education has helped bring close liaison not only with the American Council on Education, but with the Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges, the Association of American Universities, and the National Academy of Sciences, as well as a long list of federal agencies administering programs of the greatest importance to medical schools and medical centers.

ROBERT C. BERSON, M.D.,
Executive Director,
Association of American
Medical Colleges.
Washington, D.C.



—*Wm. O'Brian.*

"Dad, may we use the moon tonight?"

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Everglades

Continued from page 23

disaster. But rescue did not necessarily restore what had been lost, and awareness of park needs did not prevent the Corps from dumping more than 2,000,000 acre-feet into the Atlantic and the Gulf during 1966. In late November 1966, when I was last there, the Tamiami gates were closed, the water on the park side was 18 inches lower than in the conservation area to the north, and water levels throughout the park were generally lower than they had been the year before.

Despite some recovery among the more volatile species, the Everglades is in sad condition. Bird populations are down and it is estimated that no more than 5 per cent of the alligators have survived. Frank Masland, former chairman of the Advisory Board on National Parks, Historical Sites, Buildings, and Monuments, reported in March 1965 that "where in 1950 I saw so many gators I didn't bother to count them, and where ten years ago in East River, in Lane Pond, and North River . . . I would see fifty to seventy-five each, this year I saw none." He would have seen no more in 1966. No study has been made of the recovery of the alligators, but it is certain to be slow, as slow as the recovery of the habitat and the food species. Some of the habitat may be a long time coming back, for the dry years encouraged the succession of woody plants that have turned former swamp into dry land and permitted the increase of such land species as raccoons. And raccoons love alligator eggs as much as they love the eggs of loggerhead turtles.

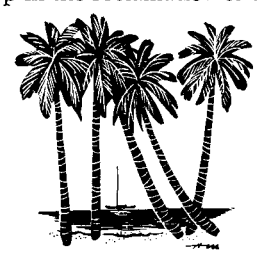
Though drought, flood, and fire have occurred naturally in the past, the possibility of recovery was greater before men began tinkering. An instance is the damage from Hurricane Donna in 1960—much of it from seawater blown inland, where it destroyed freshwater vegetation. The damage would have been less and would have healed more quickly if normal flows of fresh water had been flushing the sloughs.

THE water study report being prepared by Col. R. P. Tabb will have to deal with many problems, as will Congress when it ponders the report—such problems as the distribution of control between state and federal agencies and the issues of priority and apportionment of water among users. On policy questions the best he can do is to provide a factual basis for Congressional decisions on the main disputed points, and clarification of the role of the Corps in the management of the water. By assuming that its authority extends only to flood water above the 12.5 stage in Lake Okeechobee, the Corps has relinquished to Florida full control of all but flood water in a project constructed by a federal bureau and financed 80 per cent by federal funds. Congress may question that relinquishment. It may likewise have to say what it meant by including, as part of the enabling legislation for the C&SFFCP, House Document 643, with its assurances to Everglades National Park.

Practically, the Park Service has only three ways of obtaining a judgment: a ruling by the Attorney General, which might not be enforceable; a decision in a court case brought in its behalf by some conservation organization (it cannot itself bring suit); or an act of Congress directing the Corps to design and create the works that will assure the park water of proper quality, in proper amounts, and at times which approximate the natural flows. Colonel Tabb indicates that he would find instructions from Congress the most satisfactory solution to the dispute. So would everyone else familiar with the problem, except, perhaps, the C&SFFCD and the growers whom it has been favoring with water. The best hope is that the report will not be long delayed, and that Congress will act to insure the future of the park.

Yet Colonel Tabb is undoubtedly correct in his belief that the park can never be independent in the sense that it can control its own destiny. Its destiny now, with the flood control project substantially completed, is linked with that of conservation and flood control districts whose purposes are antithetical to its own. And while it would be improper to anticipate the contents of Colonel Tabb's report, it is fair to take note of his public and private statements. He does not talk like a man who believes that the park has any priority to water, either because it represents a higher land use or because it has a priority built into the amended Rivers and Harbors Bill; he talks like a man who feels that the users of South Florida water are equal, and that the water must be divided among them. And he admits that agricultural interests did not suffer for water during the years when the park was dying of thirst.

Any apportionment of water is likely to be harmful to the park, for without its indispensable minimum it ceases to exist as the Everglades. Moreover, every new step in the reclamation of adjoining lands is a threat. The Southwest Dade Project, for example, is a canal and levee that will cut off fresh water which normally flows from the north and east into the most significant wildlife section of the park, the Anhinga and Taylor Slough. In acknowledgement of the section's importance, the District has agreed to pump into the park 3,000 cubic feet per second. But this water will have gathered from the agricultural lands a burden of both pesticides and fertilizers. Hard pesticides could go all the way through the Everglades' complex food chains. Fertilizers would encourage the growth of clots of algae that clog natural water flow through the sawgrass and swamps. And more of the same trouble may be anticipated from nearby Collier County when the inevitable boom reaches there.



Worse, and much more immediate, is the threat from Canal 111 in the South Dade Project. The canal has the double purpose of draining lands east of the park and of providing a barge access to the testing center of Aerojet General. A recent announcement that no more solid-fuel rockets will be built may have put the testing center on the shelf, but there the canal is, completed except for the removal of the "plug" of earth that keeps the freshwater flow from the tidewater.

The Park Service has been fighting the removal of that plug for a year, for according to their studies and a study by the United States Geological Survey, the opening of Canal 111 without an adequate salinity barrier will have serious consequences. It will lower the fresh water level and permit the intrusion of salt water inland. This, in turn, will have unknown effects on the Biscayne Aquifer that underlies the region—but worse, it will open a passage for wind-and-tide-driven seawater to overflow the levees and damage fresh-water environments within the park. It would take no great tide, no great wind—that part of Florida is scarcely two feet above sea level. And because the natural flow is from Canal 111 toward the park, whole rich wildlife environments can be altered and killed by salt water.

The Corps thinks a salinity barrier is not necessary and is bound to be expensive. The District says it is on the point of being sued by its members who want the country east of the park drained. And Florida's political representatives, on the basis of the January 24 decisions, now seem to have thrown in with the District and the Corps. Test wells are to be drilled to facilitate checking on the state of the underground water—ignoring the fact that it is the *surface* water that is vital to the park (both the fresh water it will lose and the unwanted salt water it may get). An ecologist is to be employed, though the park already has a

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good one, to keep an eye on the effects on the wildlife. If damages are evident, then the plug will be put back in and the Park Service can apply to Congress to order the Engineers to construct a salinity barrier. In view of the history of "cooperation" between the Corps and the Park Service, the Park Service is not likely to be overjoyed at this prospect. Much of the history of that section of Florida in this century has been new projects to correct the effects of the projects just built.

To these concerns must be added the immediate and localized threat to the Anhinga and Taylor Slough—real but difficult to measure or predict—as a result of a decrease in fresh-water flow and a consequent increase in the salinity of the estuarine areas. Florida Bay, for example, has saline characteristics in its estuaries, inlets, and creeks that permit many species of commercial and sport fish as well as the valuable pink shrimp to breed here, and the fry stay in the protected waters until they are big enough to risk the Gulf. Increase the salinity and many species cannot live here; and of those migrant species which can make the adjustment, the young will be forced to leave earlier, with greater loss to predation.

Furthermore, many of the park's rarest and most beautiful—and most endangered—species of birds nest on Florida Bay's mangrove islands and feed on the swarming estuarine life. They suffer from the effects of increased salinity for the same reason they suffer from the drying up of the sloughs—a reduction in the productivity of the feeding grounds. According to Park Naturalist Bill Robertson, the wood ibis, for one, has never nested successfully in the park when there was a surface flow of less than 200,000 acre-feet of fresh water annually. It has never failed to nest successfully when the annual flow was 300,000 acre-feet or more.

DELICATE, fragile, still no more than half understood, balanced on water and susceptible to drastic biological damage from apparently slight physical causes, the ecological world of the Everglades is at the mercy of the C&SFFCP unless it is given greater control of its destiny than Colonel Tabb in conversation is willing to grant it—and than is apparent from the decision to risk unknown damage by pulling the plug in Canal 111.

I have not seen a published reason for the delay of the water survey report. There are suspicions that it has been delayed in order to permit a prior settlement, on the District's terms, of the Canal 111 dispute. Certainly, until the submission and study of the report, the decision to pull the plug must be called hasty and dangerous, for it can cause irrecoverable losses to a park that has already lost too much. If that decision cannot be reconsidered, then every effort should be made to block its implementation by suit or injunction or a massive mustering of conservation opinion such as that which stopped the proposed Echo Park dam in Dinosaur National Monument in 1956. The report is the only proper basis upon which to make any decision that so clearly threatens the park.

Many veterans of the conservation wars will be skeptical even of the report, since in it, in effect, the Corps will assess its own project. In the past five years it has moved very reluctantly to meet Park Service demands, and it has apparently not been convinced by an opinion from the Assistant Solicitor of the Department of the Interior, who reviewed this case and concluded that the Corps had both the authority and the responsibility to release water for park needs.

Nevertheless, if the Canal 111 decision can be suspended until the report is submitted, there is some hope. It is doubtful that the Corps of Engineers wants to be known in history as the agency that killed the Everglades. It has a right to take pride in its long record of accomplishments since its first lighthouse was built in 1783, and there is nothing in its record to suggest that it lacks the skill to do almost any engineering job or that it cannot follow orders when it receives them. Neither is it certain that everyone in Florida would prefer another tomato patch or subdivision to a healthy Everglades. The No. 1 business in Florida is tourism, and one out of five tourists visits the Everglades—some of them, lately, with disappointment.

If Congress, on the basis of the Corps' water survey report or in opposition to it, should order the Corps to develop a permanent engineering solution for the Everglades water problem by building around the park's periphery a series of storage and distribution facilities that would be under direct park control so that natural flows could be simulated, and if it should direct the Corps to create structures and barriers to prevent the encroachment of salt water or polluted water, no one doubts that the Corps could do the job efficiently and well. Many Corps officers would welcome the clarification of their role, just as many would willingly put their technical skill to work in defense of wildlife and natural beauty instead of being trapped—as too often in the past—into an apparent attack on them. All they need is clear legal directives, specific authorization, and appropriations.

Given those by Congress, they can save the Everglades. Nobody else can. The most that anyone else can do is slow down the inevitable.

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VERMONT—efficiency apartment, chalet or cottage. 15 acres, pond. Mont Scieur, Chester, Vermont 05143.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breatl taking views. Weekly. Box A-25.

UNDER TWO HOURS NYC. Weekend and vacation cabi Living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms, electric kitchen. private lake in 220 wooded Connecticut acres. Swimmin bass fishing, aluminum boat. $1,000 annually. Ca 914-WH 6-9382.

AWARD HOUSE, towering trees. Hazard, Beaver Colleg Philadelphia area. Sabbatical.

CONNECTICUT—Modern rustic cabin for two. Broo Acreage. Long season. Box B-666.

For Summer Rental

CAPE COD—Private beach; cottages; 3, 4 or 5 bedroom fireplaces; pianos. Active art center, sailing, tenni music, theater. Provincetown. Write SR Box B-213.

4 ROOM COTTAGE—Lake Champlain. Ruth Everes Vergennes, Vermont.

ROWAYTON, CONNECTICUT. Furnished house fro June 23rd through Labor Day. Call 203-866-1871.

VERMONT—WESTON. Spectacular setting. Gracio living. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. Fields, brook, near recreatio Season or month. SR Box B-326.

MENEMSHA, MASSACHUSETTS—Secluded, sleeps simple, spacious. June 15th to August 15th. 91 CR 1-4425.

VERMONT—mountainside chalet, 3 bedrooms, all appl ances, fireplace. Summer, fall $250 month, $800 fo months. Box B-328.

SOUTHERN NOVA SCOTIA. 3 bedroom family cottag fully equipped. Overlooks Tusket River and Islands, a sea. July, $265 per month. References required. Bo B-711.

LONG ISLAND . . . Hampton Bays. 3 bedroom hous 2 baths, charmingly furnished, Shinnecock Bay, bo basin, ideal children, washer-drier. June-Septembe $2,500. Kesler, Box 358, Hampton Bays.

VERMONT FARMHOUSE in lovely mountain countr Swimming on premises. $125 week, $100 succeedin Brochure. Robert Hall, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

LAKE MICHIGAN HOME, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. San beach. $1,000. Box B-162.

SOUTHERN VERMONT, near Jamaica. 3 bedroom Tec built house. Deep well. $300 month. SR Box B-341.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MAINE COAST—New contemporary on rocky shore, magnificent harbor and ocean view. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. August $1,000. Box 665, Newton Lower Falls, Massachusetts.

WESTPORT, MASSACHUSETTS. Sailing, swimming. 10 room farmhouse. Quiet. $500 July. Call evenings 617-354-8123.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, Canada. House available for housekeeping vacation on private farm near secluded beach. Simple living; many outdoor activities. Home-cooked meals and household help available. Weekly, monthly rental. Write D. Black, No. Scituate, Rhode Island 02857.

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ISLAND FOR RENT—Nova Scotia. 5 room house, boat and barn, 150 acres. Auto access. $600, July 1st till; *you name it. Trask and Waite, Londonderry, Vermont.* 802-824-6567.

SWANS ISLAND, MAINE, overlooking Burnt Coat Harbor. 2 bedrooms, bath, heat. July, September, $75 week, $300 month. F. A. Pease, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts 01810.

CAPE COD, June/July, private beach. $550 month. 877, SCAFB 11978. 516-288-4456.

MAINE COAST. 4 bedroom, furnished house. Rent June/July. Box B-670.

HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

TEACHER wishes New England summer rental. Box 471, Greenville, California.

HOUSE TO SHARE

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN will share her beautiful, suburban home during summer months with cultured, interesting, independent woman or couple. Located 20 minutes from Saratoga, 10 minutes to Lake George, and 30 minutes to New England. Ideal for rest, study, trips. Box B-661.

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HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

NYC, EAST 50s, FOR SALE—Cooperative apartment together with collection of modern paintings, drawings, and prints. Large living room, bedroom, small kitchen. Low maintenance, tax deduction. Beekman Place neighborhood, conservative prewar building. Box B-357.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for swimming, tennis, lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Some summer sublets. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

LIVE IN A Mies van der Rohe Apartment . . . adjacent to Branch Brook Park . . . 25 minutes from Manhattan. Community activities: Little Theatre, newspaper, classes, clubs. Rentals from $99. Request brochure: COLONNADE, 381 Broad, Newark, N.J.

For Rent—Furnished

COMPLETELY FURNISHED APARTMENT quite near Eiffel Tower. 2 bedrooms, bath, etc. Available now to November 1st or less. $200 month. Write Scouteete, 211 rue de l'Universite, Paris VII.

For Summer Rental

SMALL, RIVERFRONT furnished apartment, Stamford, Connecticut. Businessman or woman. Fireplace, minor cooking. Private house, separate entrance. Grounds, swimming, fishing. No pets. $750 season. SR Box B-639.

SUBLET—*June 15th-September 1st:* $550. Lovely San Francisco garden apartment. Mature couple preferred. SR Box B-706.

SIXTIES, MADISON, NYC. Air-conditioned. $700 July-August. SR Box B-710.

FREEPORT, LONG ISLAND—Air-conditioned luxury apartment, near railroad, ocean, golf. $500. Box B-697.

MANHATTAN. Luxury 3½, East 60s. Terrace, high, sunsets, antiques, piano, linens, etc. June 10th-September 10th. $440 month. Box B-701.

APARTMENT WANTED

Unfurnished

EAST SIDE MANHATTAN. SR staff member, spouse and *books seek 3-5 room apartment in quiet, well-run* (preferably older) building. Now or Fall. Box B-702.

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WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. *Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine.* Tel: 207-778-2852.

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PUERTO RICO—5 acres beautiful tropical oceanfront property. Magnificent vistas, serene, private. Bargain at $25,000. *Write owner.* SR Box B-685.

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CHILDREN'S CAMP, Newfound Lake, Bristol, New Hampshire, $44,000. Contact Bement School, Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342.

CAMPS

THE ROOTABAGA COUNTRY. A nation of 50 children, 6-13, self-governing under mature staff. Fun and adventures start with unusual musical, dramatic, and craft activities and extend to the deep woods of the Green Mountains. Explorations in mathematics. Wenonah and Michael Powsner, TRUMBULL HILL, Shaftsbury, Vermont 05262.

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LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. Established 1930. 80 boys, 8 through 15. 7 weeks $600. Wilderness canoe and fishing trips. All land and water sports. Tutoring. Outstanding staff. Write Capt. L.R. Claud Robinson, 1564 Forest Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

CAMPS

CAMP CHOCONUT—Constructive Fun. 50 boys (9 to 14) learn to develop and rely on their own resources while living together. Basic program. Nothing fancy. Camping *out, work projects, carpentry, nature, farm animals,* private lake, relaxed sports. 17 miles south Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania 19035.

MONTANA OUTDOOR EXPERIENCE in Lolo National Forest. Supervised by U.S. Forest Service trained adults. Boys 12-17. 2, 4 or 6 week program. Box B-71.

GO NORTH for Fun and Adventure to Woodland in Eagle River, Wisconsin. Girls 6-16. Discover how leadership training can give you new interests, new skills, new confidence. Casual, relaxed, flexible camp life. Name your sport or activity, we have it, from riding to 'rithmetic. (Yes, study, too, if you wish, in Tutorial Center—remedial, enrichment, Elementary and H.S.). Trips, horse shows, water skiing. A great summer. Write Miss C. Hanrahan, Mr. & Mrs. G. Borck, 400 East Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois 60601.

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ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys 7-18. Six age groups. Private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse; Canadian canoe trips. Riding, riflery, fishing, tutoring. Nurses. 42nd year. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York 13066.

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TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts, Sports. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey 08318.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. THE ADVISORY SERVICE, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

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ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively *landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come* and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Director, Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

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ASPEN, COLORADO'S HEATHERBED LODGE offers magnificent High Country riding, trout fishing, Alpine flowers, birds, beauty. Write Box 530-S, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

PLAN YOUR ALASKAN ADVENTURE during our Centennial Celebration. Thayer Lake Lodge, fishermen's and nature enthusiasts' virgin wilderness retreat. Box 416, Ketchikan, Alaska 99901.

SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

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SERENE OUTER ISLAND, small quiet inn. The Golden Gull, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852. June-October.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 77)

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $7.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

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CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY!), without crowding in campsites. Savor peaceful beauty of wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $45. Box B-68.

THE YODLER—Peace and quiet, fun and frolic. Stowe, Vermont.

PUBLIC SQUALOR?—Tired of vacationing in public? Your neighbor's radio? Exhaust fumes? Washing dishes? Try BACK LOG CAMP in the Adirondacks. No roads, no electricity. Come by water—sleep on good beds in large airy tents—eat fresh food served family style. One to three day guided canoe and hiking trips offered. Cultured company. All ages. Brochure. Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA. West Harwich, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Beautiful inn for 30 adult guests. Directly on ocean. Private beach. Patios. All private baths. $10-$12 per person including Continental breakfast. Weekly and off-season rates. Suites, oceanfront apartments. Brochure: The Barrows, West Harwich 18, Massachusetts.

GURNEY'S INN . . . For the fortunate few who can afford the very best. Write for brochure. Dept. 1, Gurney's Inn on the brink o' the beach, Montauk, L.I. 516-MO 8-2345. Open all year. Keepers of the Inn, Joyce and Nick Monte.

PEACEFUL PEOPLE with pampered palates who like woodland seclusion, brook, lake, shady lawns, charming hospitality, educated wines, civilized plumbing in rustic surroundings see Hide-Away Lodge, New London, N.H. 603-526-7861.

ACAPULCO—Rent 2 bedroom, 2 bath, air-conditioned bungalow. Magnificent view. Maid service. Pool. SR Box B-202.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. Private baths, room telephones. Heated saltwater pool. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966. Telephone 617-546-6321.

BAREFOOT ADVENTURE is yours in casual Driftwood Inn. Poolside dining, bells, wrought iron, oceanfront balconies. In lush Vero Beach, good golf, fishing. Write The Driftwood Inn, Vero Beach, Florida 32960. Or call 305-562-5920.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $7 to $12 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrick, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 398-2821.

INIMITABLE, INFORMAL . . . and INTIME. Long Bay Beach Hotel, Jamaica. Just 20 rooms create more of a private house party ambience than a resort. Unhurried, unorganized, unspoiled . . . Private white sand beach, horses, patio bar, intriguing Jamaican fare. Surprisingly moderate rates. Mini-brochure on request. Long Bay Beach Hotel, Long Bay, Jamaica.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-June to mid-October. Write Dept. 4, Palmer Lodge, Keene, N.H. 03431.

VACATIONS

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LAKE MICHIGAN FAMILY VACATION RETREAT—cottages, apartments, restaurant. Children's program. Tennis courts. Pools. 1,000 ft. beach. Art, music, films, theater. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment. Own boat. Auto trips. $13.50-$17.50 daily includes 3 meals. Unlimited golf $7.50 weekly. Folder. Direct bus service from New York. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

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GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn on ocean. Informal. Modern. American, Modified, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes 2 delicious meals daily. Lower June rates. Open June 17th. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

JAMAICA, OCHO RIOS AREA. Where it is cool throughout the year. Three Villas on sea — different locations. Adults only. Strictly American Plan. Write Resort Villas, P.O. Box 299, Kingston, Jamaica.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleepaway or day. Excellent counselors. Pony. ADULTS: canoe trips, sailing, skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

ENJOY SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS on our scenic 250 acre estate. Swimming pool with sun deck, snack bar. Informal entertainment. $14.50-$28.00 day includes excellent meals. Family rates. AAA. Folder. Telephone 413-498-5341. Edwin Finch, Manager, Dept. 46, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield, Massachusetts 01360. Visit us enroute to EXPO '67.

UNCOMMERCIALIZED LAKE, MOUNTAIN RESORT. Brochure. Weld Inn and Motel, Weld, Maine.

ENJOY THE SPRING NOW at historic Mimosa Inn, Tryon, N.C., Box 1120. Brochure.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, oceanfront inn. Heated saltwater pool. Delicious meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA. Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

WOODBOUND INN and Lake Cottages. Informal resort living. June discount rates. KLH music. Handcrafts. Par-3 golf. $80-$101 weekly includes meals. Booklet. Box 21, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

VACATIONS

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Housekeeping cottages. Seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Folder C, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

BERKSHIRES: Garden Gables Inn, Lenox, Massachusetts 01240. Quiet, restful. Extensive grounds, in town. Swimming pool. Breakfast. Convenient to restaurants. Folder.

REST AND RELAXATION. Vacation resort with meals, on Lake Wentworth. Modern cottages. Outdoor sports. Bass fishing. Color folder gives complete information. Point Breeze, Wolfeboro, N.H. 03894.

RESPITE FROM REDUNDANCY: Cliffs of Maine, the blue Atlantic, a full-circle horizon, stars for streetlights. The Island Inn, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

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MEXICO! ONE MONTH $149 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—free golf—swimming—tennis—other sports. Only 3 hours from Mexico City. Shorter stays available at equally low rates. Transportation not included. For details write Hotels Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 56, Mexico 6, D. F.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

COOL AND CAREFREE by the clear blue lake. Private cottages with fireplace or lakeside chalet rooms. Tennis, sailing, Sauna, water skiing, canoe trips and lobster bakes. Children and pets, yes. AAA. Write Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts.

VACATION. Cliff House and Motels. Spectacular location atop Bald Head Cliff. Quiet, informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Pool. Golf. May 26th-October 16th. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

CRESTMONT INN, 95 Lake Drive, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania 17731. Complete family resort. Tennis, golf, (par 3 and 18 holes), swimming (heated pool, lake), theater. Tot, teen programs. Rooms, cottages. fine meals. Moderate rates. June 16th to September 18th. Folder.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

ROBINWOOD INN, Jackson, N.H. Small, friendly and informal. Pool, horses.

INCREASE AWARENESS, GAIN PERSPECTIVE, rest, recuperate. Beautiful estate facilities: lodging, nutritious meals, pool. Program: Relax-Rebound, Art Exploration, Counseling, Meditation. Evarts Loomis, M.D., "Meadowlark," Fairview, Hemet, California 92343.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dept. 3, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION . . . Maine's most accessible lakes surrounded by pine-clad mountains. Seacoast cities nearby. Free color magazine. Association, Box 16, Sebago Lake, Maine.

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MAINE COAST'S BEST! Full family fun. Four safe, beautifully spacious beaches, surfing, sailing, deep-sea fishing, yacht and boat facilities. Golfing. Historic Colonial Village. Accommodations to fit all tastes and budgets. Write Chamber of Commerce, Box 7, York Beach, Maine.

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SAN JUAN. Puerto Rico—Charming beachside cottage. Sleeps 1 to 4 persons. Air-conditioned. Maid service. From $125 weekly. Rooms in Villa, $8.00 daily. Villa Venoy, #15 Guerrero Noble, Santurce, Puerto Rico. 724-5924, New York 758-0569.

HILLCREST HOTEL. Chebeague Island, Maine (Casco Bay). $12.50-$16.00 American Plan. Golf. Brochure.

ART COLLECTORS: Like Camping? One week's rent two persons tiny beach cottage remote island, plus life-size bronze head or quarter-size figure of your sweetheart by famous sculptor (represented 16 states, 4 countries) $695. Cottage only: $95 week, including boat fare. Write Air Mail. Randolph Johnston, Marsh Harbour, Bahamas.

RELAX BY-THE-SEA at the superb Maine resort two hours from Boston. Fine cuisine, cocktail lounge, pool. Gay color folder. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

AMERICA'S FINEST Parent-Child Resort—Green Acres Hotel features complete and separate facilities for adults and children. 40 counselors, individual nursemaids for tots, resident physician. Smart entertainment, art lessons, indoor and outdoor pools, family-size suites. Informal. NYC: 212-WA 4-0830. Write Green Acres, Loch Sheldrake, N.Y.

HOLIDAY HILL—Quiet comfort—Beautiful setting—Excellent food—Midpoint EXPO '67. Brochure, Salisbury, Vermont 05769.

ARCADIA. the ancient Greeks called it, "a place of rest and delight in nature." We call it your opportunity for a complete holiday for re-creation. Others describe it as a 7,000 acre mountain property, with the 300 room Mohonk House giving you the "feel" of European resorts, only 90 Thruway miles from New York City. No liquor license. Rates for rooms, with meals, begin at $17. Please mention Saturday Review when you write or phone: Lake Mohonk Mountain House (Smiley Brothers, Proprietors), Mohonk Lake, New Paltz, New York 12561. Telephone 914-255-1000.

TWO BAREFOOT REJUVENATING WEEKS with CLUB MEDITERRANEE in Tahiti $585 inclusive from West Coast. Details Box 69, North Hollywood 91603.

EUROPE. Rent a furnished apartment in well-known resorts for your vacation. Box B-641.

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PAINTING IN THE MOUNTAINS. Top instruction. Excellent food. Breathtaking location. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia 24018.

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TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1726

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Convincing argument.	98 161 28 68 175 47 56
B. A specially lustrous pearl.	128 112 160 10 122 82
C. Turn something back into *speech or thought.*	156 65 26 133 95 32
D. What many a lady seeks to buy today at the present changing seasons (2 wds.)	152 55 165 126 109 153 164 140
E. One of the eight things which Emerson said must be given to Love.	2 158 91 79 102 67
F. Scene of 13th-cent. battle bet. Simon de Montfort and Henry III.	138 150 111 50 6
G. Deepest within.	15 69 73 106 159 42
H. Turkish title for high officials, former only meaning *prince's father.*	63 14 27 66 143 123
I. Patagonian deity to whom Caliban and his mother prayed.	178 157 108 17 96 163 52
J. Important U.S. inventor (1876 - 1958; "Delco" starting, lighting, ignition systems, etc.)	134 5 118 83 44 24 36 39 168
K. Predicament affording no escape.	71 154 139 12 18 177 21
L. Vex.	30 97 48 114 171 146
M. Daily periods which may be wearisome when "white"; entertaining when "Arabian."	37 74 4 127 23 135
N. Keats's poem about a famous elopement (4 wds. after *The.*)	110 64 77 41 129 174 7 46 147 162 104 80
O. What cows really do when they "ruminate."	9 166 136 119 94 89
P. In Hindu mythology, one of the four world guardians.	16 25 86 148 49 151 105 113 62
Q. An utterer of pithy remarks.	99 155 92 116 85 125 75 170
R. Describing many a primitive canoe, or a trench of World War I.	70 8 130 58 141 13
S. Central figure of England's perhaps greatest cycle of romance.	34 3 31 43 81 142
T. Urged on a dog team in NW America.	88 124 76 33 120 61
U. Certain features of La Belle Dame Sans Merci, as described after the hero's "kisses four" (2 wds.)	84 107 172 72 144 103 137 53
V. Genus of the catbriers; name given to quite a different plant at the florist's.	51 100 167 60 38 22
W. Something that fell over the landscape "with the setting moon" in Tennyson's *Maud* (2 wds.)	87 93 59 173 145
X. Administrative center of the Dodecanese; among England's first important "Empire builders" (1853-1902.)	131 54 20 78 176 11
Y. When the uxorious man takes action (3 wds; not listed phrase.)	121 35 169 132 117 57 90 19 1
Z. Largest fictional rabbit of them all.	115 29 45 149 101 40

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 Y	2 E	3 S		4 M	5 J	6 F	7 N	8 R	9 O	10 B	11 X		12 K							
13 R		14 H	15 G	16 P	17 I	18 K		19 Y	20 X		21 K	22 V	23 M	24 J	25 P	26 C							
27 H	28 A	29 Z	30 L	31 S		32 C	33 T	34 S	35 Y		36 J	37 M		38 V	39 J	40 Z							
	41 N	42 G	43 S	44 J	45 Z		46 N	47 A	48 L	49 P	50 F	51 V	52 I		53 U	54 X							
55 D	56 A		57 Y	58 R	59 W	60 V	61 T		62 P	63 H	64 N	65 C		66 H	67 E	68 A							
69 G		70 R	71 K	72 U	73 G	74 M	75 Q	76 T	77 N	78 X		79 E	80 N		81 S	82 B							
83 J	84 U	85 Q		86 P	87 W	88 T		89 O	90 Y	91 E	92 Q		93 W	94 O	95 C								
96 I	97 L	98 A	99 Q	100 V	101 Z		102 E	103 U	104 N		105 P	106 G	107 U		108 I	109 D							
110 N		111 F	112 B	113 P	114 L	115 Z		116 Q	117 Y		118 J	119 O	120 T		121 Y	122 B							
123 H	124 T	125 Q	126 D	127 M		128 B	129 N		130 R	131 X	132 Y	133 C	134 J		135 M	136 O							
137 U	138 F	139 K	140 D	141 R	142 S	143 H		144 U	145 W	146 L		147 N	148 P	149 Z	150 F								
151 P	152 D		153 D	154 K	155 Q	156 C	157 I	158 E	159 G	160 B	161 A	162 N		163 I	164 D								
165 D	166 O	167 V	168 J	169 Y	170 Q	171 L	172 U	173 W	174 N	175 A	176 X	177 K	178 I										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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